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THE NEW YORKER

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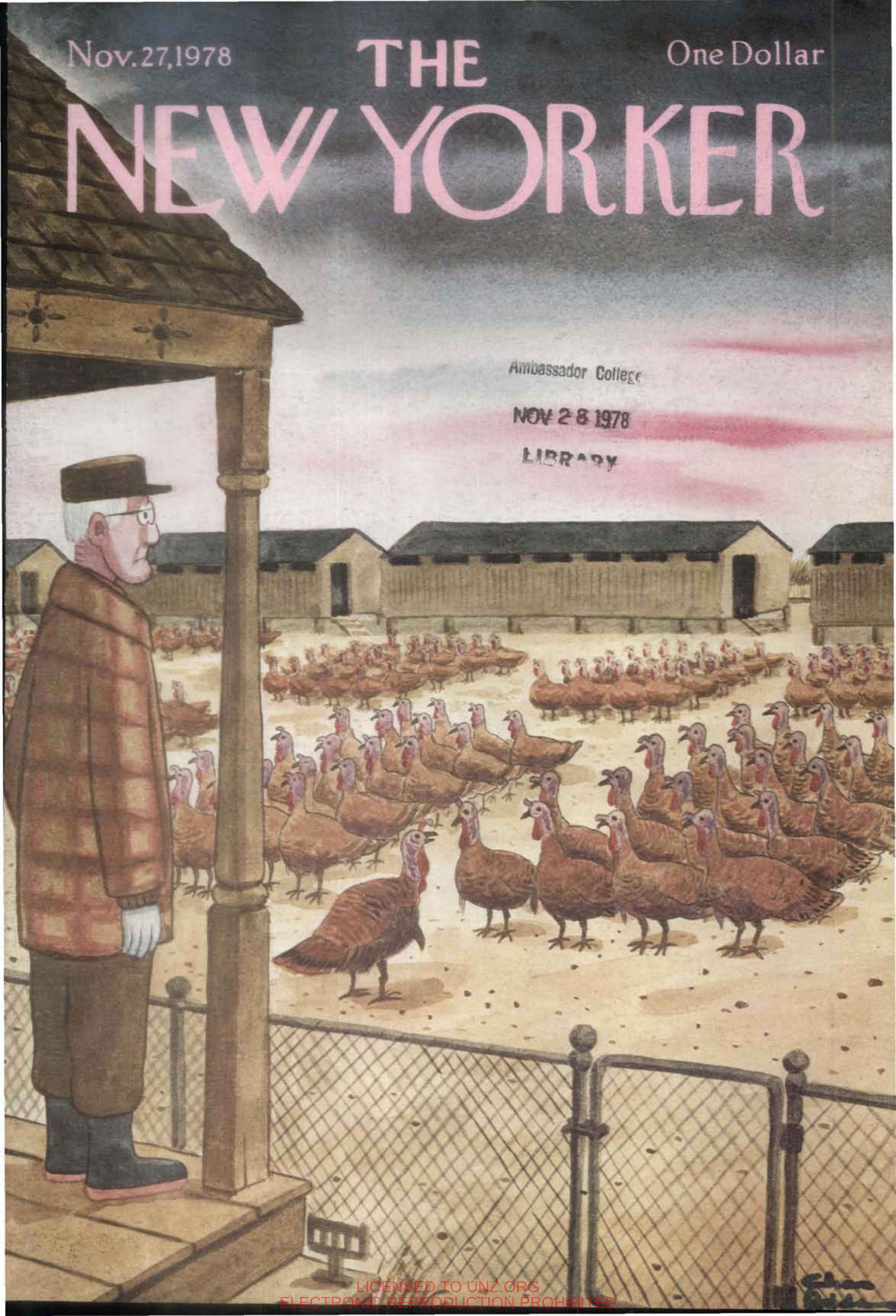

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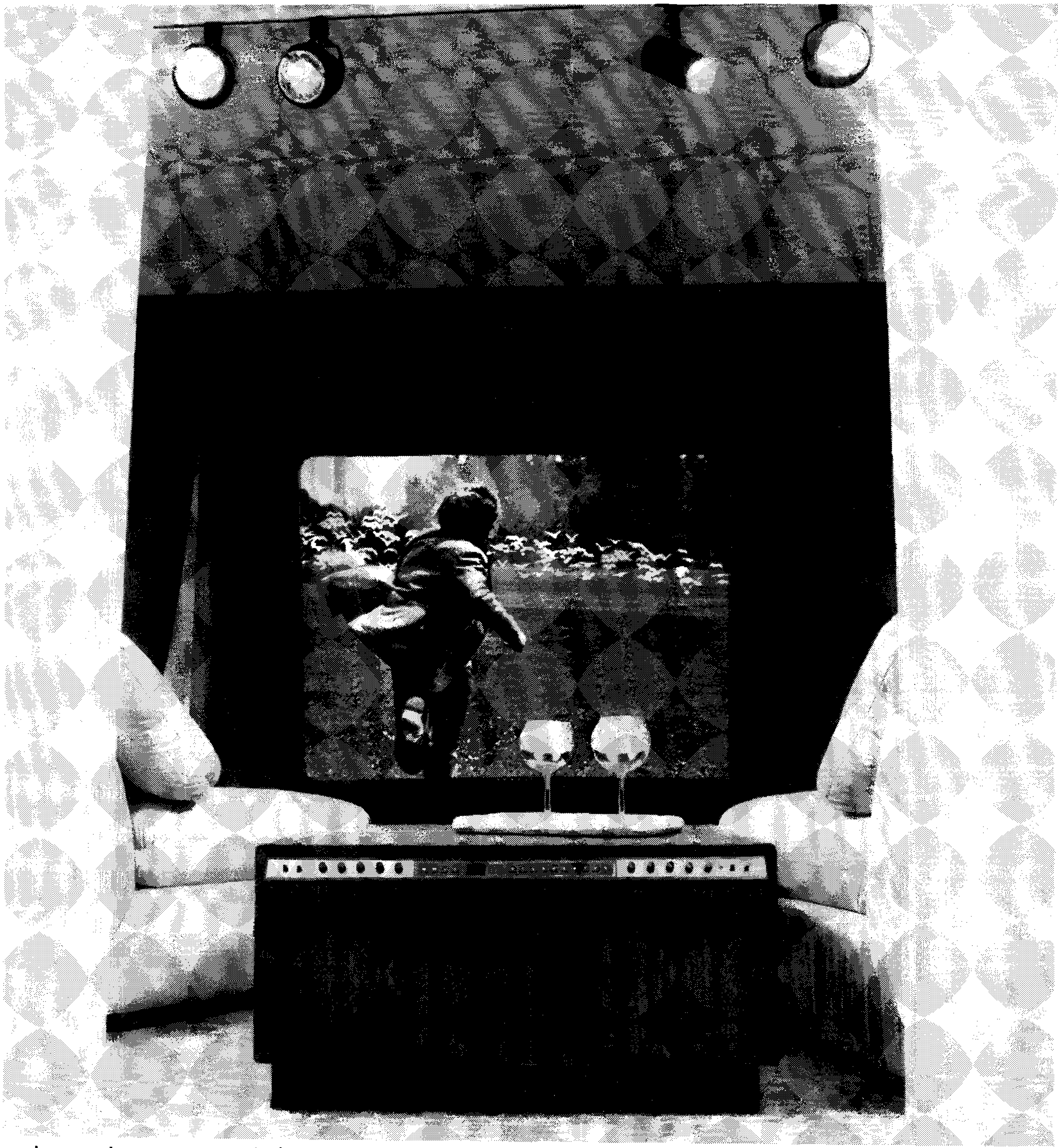

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	1	2

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 23. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 24.)

American Dance Machine—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 24, at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 3.)

Are You Now or Have You Ever Been—This rerun of the deplorable interrogation of movie personalities—"the Hollywood Ten"—by the House Un-American Activities Committee in the nineteen-forties and -fifties doesn't make much of a show for a number of reasons, among them that the impersonations by the actors on hand are indifferent, at best. Barbara Baxley (through Sunday, Nov. 26; after that, Peggy Cass) reads Lillian Hellman's well-known letter setting forth her reasons for not testifying. All the words have been taken from the actual transcript and arranged by Eric Bentley. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Crucifer of Blood—A very skillful parody of Arthur Conan Doyle by a new young playwright, Paul Giovanni. Sherlock Holmes is splendidly embodied by Paxton Whitehead, and John Wulp's settings are sensational. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Da—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Dancin'—An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Deathtrap—A stunning cast, headed by John Wood, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough to make a wonderful evening in the theatre. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Drinks Before Dinner—A play by E. L. Doctorow, with Christopher Plummer, Charles Kimbrough, Zohra Lampert, and Maria Tucci in the cast. Directed by Mike Nichols. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 22. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Emlyn Williams as "The Playboy of the Weekend World"—Mr. Williams in a one-man show adapted by him from the short stories of H. H. Munro (Saki). (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Cole Porter's musical CAN-CAN, with a book by Abe Burrows, is the third in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Eubie!—A revue filled with marvellous singing and dancing by a large assortment of gifted young people, all working in the happy shadow of the composer of the music, Eubie Blake, who is ninety-five and merry as a grig. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 24, at 2.)

Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through

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COVER: *Charles Addams*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

First Monday in October—A comedy about what would happen backstage at the United States Supreme Court if, in "the imaginary now," the President should appoint the first woman Justice. With Henry Fonda, Jane Alexander, and Larry Gates. (10/16/78) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. The musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

King of Hearts—A grotesquely overblown musical-comedy version of the pleasant little French movie of a decade ago. (10/30/78) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

Laugh a Lifetime—An Israeli-Yiddish musical, with Shimon Dzigan and Ben Bonus. (Norman Thomas Theatre, Park Ave. at 33rd St. 686-3535. Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

The Lesson—A depressing revival of Ionesco's one-acter, preceded by a deeply depressing documentary movie about the Nazi Party in California. (10/30/78) (Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Sigmund Romberg's **THE STUDENT PRINCE**, the first in this season's series of fifteen productions, will play through Sunday, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND** will follow, opening Wednesday, Nov. 29, and running through Sunday, Jan. 14. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Pins and Needles—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Platinum—Alexis Smith is the star of this musical about an aging Hollywood actress and a young rock singer, and she is the only reason for going to see it. (11/20/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 24, at 2.)

P. S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Rear Column—A play by Simon Gray. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 24, at 3.)

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The Tennis Game—An evocation, in words, music, and movement, of the behavior and conversational styles of the smart set during three eras. When George W. S. Trow, the playwright, is at his best he sounds like a fantastical Saki. The production (seen here earlier this year as a work in progress) is exquisite—staging by Timothy S. Mayer and music by William Schimmel. With Linda Hunt, Leora Dana, and Jon Huberth, among other good actors. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 26.)

Tribute—A comedy by Bernard Slade upon an unlikely subject—the attempt of a dying man to establish an affectionate relationship with a priggish son. Jack Lemmon, in the leading role, gives an extraordinary performance. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 2.)

Winning Isn't Everything—A play by Lee Kalcheim. Directed by George Abbott. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Sundays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **CHAPTER TWO:** Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 24, at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Nov. 26, at 3.). . . **DRACULA:** The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Raúl Juliá heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 24, at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,720 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 24, at 3.). . . **THE GIN GAME:** An often hilarious comedy about the misery of life in an old people's home. Sounds implausible, but D. L. Coburn performs the feat with ease. The cast consists of Maureen Stapleton and E. G Marshall. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.).. **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 24, at 3.). . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. Cy Coleman wrote the score. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.).. **THE KING AND I:** Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.). . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 24, at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY:** A curiously musty musical version of the old Hecht-MacArthur comedy. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Cy Coleman. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.).. **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8 Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.). . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving and Friday, Nov. 24, at 8, and Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 24, at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 22, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 24, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays—except Nov. 22—Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

IceDancing—A company of thirteen skaters, headed by John Curry and Jo Jo Starbuck, performing works created by, among others, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, Kenneth MacMillan, Peter Martins, Twyla Tharp, and Mr. Curry himself. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays,

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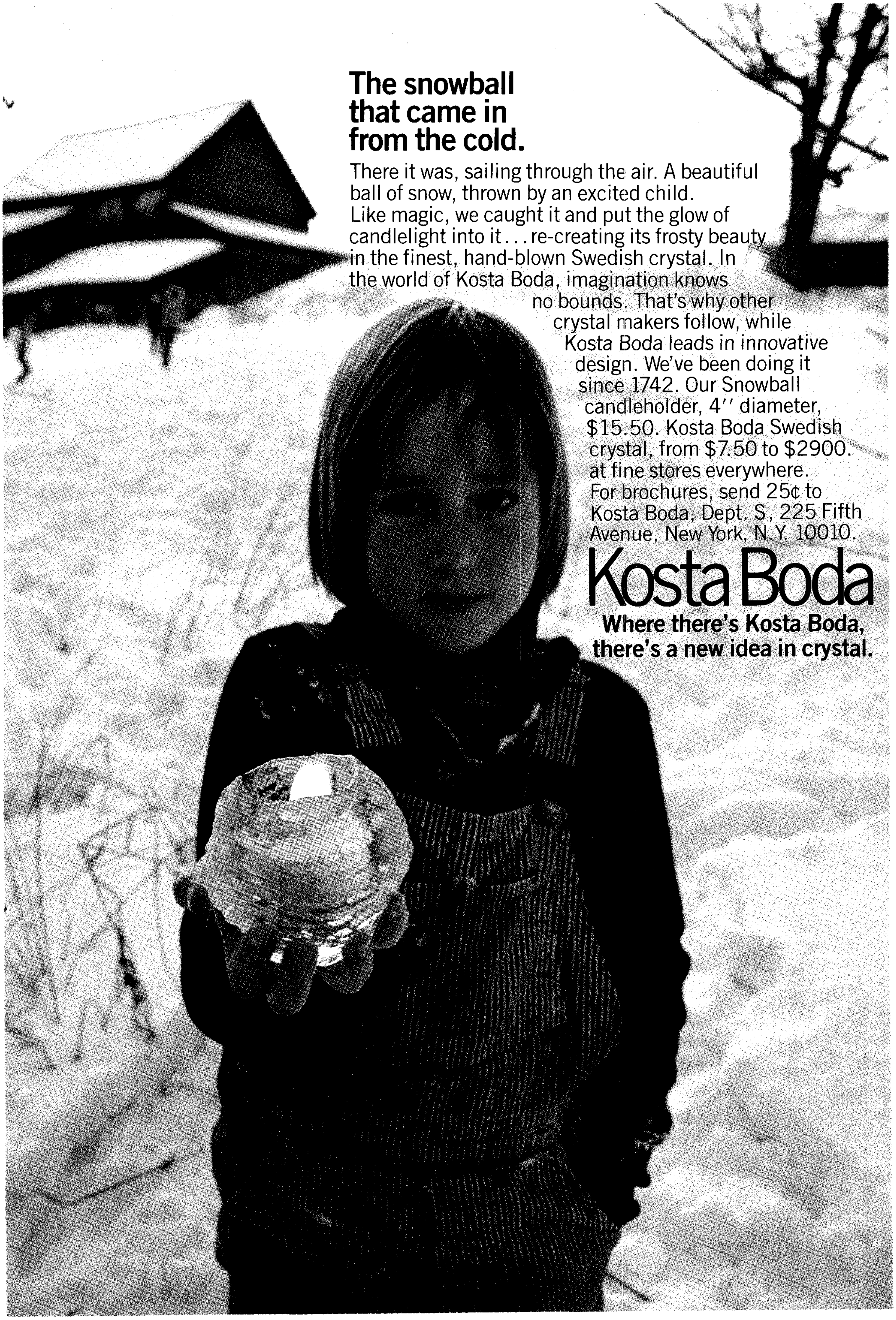

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 3.)

Circus—The hundred-and-eighth edition of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey wingding. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 22, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 3. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L. I. 516 794-9100. Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 7:30; Thursday, Nov. 23, at noon; Friday, Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 3:30 and 7:30; Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 29-30, at 10:30 and 7:30; and Friday, Dec. 1, at 3:30 and 7:30.)

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Nov. 22: "Interplay" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 23: "In the Night" and "Harlequinade." ... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 24: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "In the Night," and "Chaconne."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 25: "Interplay" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 25, and Sunday matinée, Nov. 26: "Jewels."... ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 26: "Swan Lake," "In the Night," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Thursday and Friday evening, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, and Saturday matinée and evening, Dec. 2: "The Nutcracker." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Trinity," "Chopin Preludes," "Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "A Bridegroom Called Death," "Choura," and "Jazz Calendar."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Moves," "Pas de Deux," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Trinity."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Pas de Deux," "Touch Me," and "Jazz Calendar."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 26, at 2: "Interplay," "A Bridegroom Called Death," "After Eden," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 26, at 7:30: "A Wedding Bouquet," "Chopin Preludes," "Choura," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 17—Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 7:30: "Toccata," "Blues Suite," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Revelations," plus excerpts from ten other ballets, including "Flowers" and "Cry," performed by both present and former members of the company. (A benefit performance.)... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Gazelle," "Butterfly," "Facets," and "Suite Otis."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Streams," "Cry," "Medusa" (première), and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2: "Blues Suite," "Coverage II," "Gazelle," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Congo Tango Palace," "Reflections in D," "Toccata," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Pennsylvania Ballet—A one-week engagement of "Coppélia." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 26, at 2.)

Abraševic—A Yugoslavian folk company of sixty musicians, dancers, and singers. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Several notches above your simple, basic SoHo jazz loft in its amenities and in the consistent quality of the musicians who perform here. **LEON THOMAS**, a penetrating singer and jazz yodeller, performs with his band, Full Circle, through Saturday, Nov. 25. On Tuesday, Nov. 28, Cleveland tenor saxophonist **FRANK WRIGHT**, whose style is reminiscent of the late free tenor player Albert Ayler (who also came from Cleveland), will arrive with a sextet. Mondays belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and his eighteen-piece band, the Apollo Stompers, which makes up for any shortcomings in the sound system with sheer blow power. While the walls shake, Byard leaps up from his elevated piano and runs around yelling at his musicians, goading them on. (Byard's years in the classroom, at Boston's New England Conservatory, seem to have taught him a good deal about showmanship.) Music from ten.

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Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—On SoHo's main drag. Singer Badomi De Cesare is present through Sunday, Nov. 26; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, singer Julie Kurnitz, who has been the bright spot in many Al Carmines musicals, will perform. Shows are at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Unlike the other branches of this steak-and-all-the-salad-you-can-eat restaurant chain, this one offers all the first-rate jazz you can listen to. Bassist Frank Tusa guides a trio through Saturday, Nov. 25; and on Wednesday, Nov. 29, **HELEN HUMES**, cute, cuddly, and always smiling, will move in for four weeks of blues and ballads. Music from nine-thirty until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: Singer Helen Schneider trades sets with comedian Richard Belzer through Saturday, Nov. 25; on Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 27-28, Sea Level, a Southern-rock outfit, will alternate with bluesman **ALBERT COLLINS**; on Thursday, Nov. 30, the legendary folk guitarist **JOHN FAHEY** will jog up and down his fingerboard; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 1-2, will belong to blues singer and guitarist **JOHN HAMMOND**, who re-creates the mannerisms of the Robert Johnson period. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A narrow ground-floor town-house bar with a concert-hall-sized clientele. The music is nearly always fine, but sometimes it's hard to get close enough to hear it. Pianist **BOB DOROUGH** works with bassist **BILL TAKAS** through Saturday, Nov. 25. **JIMMY ROWLES**, the house favorite, is the Sunday keyboard man. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of Rio, but without the crowds one would encounter on Copacabana and Ipanema beaches or at Carnival, and there is no rainy season. One can listen while sitting on light-gray couches or dance to live Brazilian jazz performed by a trio and a vocalist (after eleven). Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—An elegant, narrow, rectangular room painted a deep, dusty sienna. There is a dining room in the back, a bar in the front, and **BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, an elegant, seven-string-guitar soloist, and his trio sharing the middle with what is perhaps the smallest dance floor in captivity. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** has moved his court, which includes his aides bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE**, back into the Café Carlyle. Sets begin at ten and midnight. Dining.... **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, one of the best bop sidemen and composers, and Ella's accompanist for years, works in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The audiences look preppier and preppier every week, but onstage affectedly sinister young musicians—dark glasses, torn T-shirts, leather jackets, and smirking expressions—continue to pound out punk rock, which is for the most part mid-sixties (and in some cases mid-fifties) rock that has come around again on the guitar. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is in her eighties and still going strong, isn't merely good for someone in her eighties; she's good, period. Pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis assist her. Miss Hunter, who still writes blues songs, recently wrote the score for a Robert Altman movie. Sundays, **ROSE MURPHY** sings her thirty-and-more-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen; and Sundays from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place, which features New Orleans-style food and, usually, Bourbon Street-tourist music. Saxophonist **BUDDY TATE**, one of the standouts of the swing era, stands out, playing his various saxophones and flute with his trio, during dinner Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, is back on Third Avenue. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, carpeted alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand most nights; on Sunday, Nov. 26, trombonist George Masso will direct a quintet. The music begins weeknights after nine-thirty; Sundays, after eight-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three; Joe Derise and Miss Sherman show up early—at seven—on Sunday, Nov. 26. Mondays, from ten to three, **AL HAIG, MORRIS EDWARDS**, and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and Edwards.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**PHIL WOODS**, the alto saxophonist and walking memorial to Charlie Parker, leads his quartet through Saturday, Nov. 25; on Monday, Nov. 27, **ZOOT SIMS**, who plays dancing tenor-sax solos, will arrive with *his* quartet. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz hangout and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. Trumpeter **ROY ELDRIDGE** is usually on the stand, supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen, Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist and composer **BILLY**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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TAYLOR is ensconced in this bar and restaurant, which resembles an old-fashioned dining room in an old-fashioned hotel, with original turn-of-the-century posters on the walls. Taylor and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN**, perform through Saturday, Nov. 25; **JUNIOR MANCE**, an insistently bluesy pianist, will take over beginning Tuesday, Nov. 28. Music Tuesdays through Sundays from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Excellent non-anemic Tex-Mex chili, and music by Texans and non-Texans and country-rock, blues, and folkie performers. The current schedule includes Texas rock-and-roll recluse **DOUG SAHM**, who plays honky-tonk blues, San Francisco acid rock, Cajun music, Tex-Mex music, and old-reliable country-and-Western music, will sing with his band on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 22-23; Chicago-blues singer and guitarist **OTIS RUSH**, who will lead his quartet on Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 27-28; and **NRBQ**, which is scheduled for Thursday, Nov. 30. Music weeknights, from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Manhattan Theatre Club Cabaret, 321 E. 73rd St. (472-0600)—"A Lady Needs a Change," a tribute to Dorothy Fields, with Kelly Bishop, Chip Garnett, Caroline Mignini, Patti Allison, Tyra Ferrek, and Scott Robertson, is being given Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at eight-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-fifteen and ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Freddy Cole sings and plays piano nicely and in a style not unlike his older brother Nat Cole. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Just a little neighborhood place where one can run across the likes of Chico Hamilton, Art Blakey, Lew Soloff, Cornell Dupree, or Bernard Purdie—and their respective groups—on the bandstand at one time or another. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—In a city chock-full of cabarets, this club stands out as the best of the last of the sixties Village coffeehouses. The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed, but the club now has a liquor license, and brings in non-folkie performers now and then. **DAVE VAN RONK**, a bearlike lumberjack of a folkie, sings affectionate, raspy-voiced renditions of songs by Mississippi John Hurt, Jelly Roll Morton, and Joni Mitchell through Saturday, Nov. 25; on Monday, Nov. 27, the Widespread Depression Orchestra, a youthful ten-piece band, will play music from the thirties and forties; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 28-29, will be given over to exuberant Chicago blues-harp player and singer **JAMES COTTON** and his band; and on Thursday, Nov. 30, folkies Brewer and Shipley will come in for three nights. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! The **SY OLIVER** orchestra soars Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be put off by the blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. Gotham, a male vocal trio with an act that leans heavily on Boswell Sisters hits and similar campy material, appears through Sunday, Nov. 26. Beginning Tuesday, Nov. 28, singer Donald Scardino will perform, at eleven-thirty only. Shows usually at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are showcase nights. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Randy and Mike Brecker, who are brothers, successful studio musicians, and jazz-rock recording stars—their latest album is entitled "Heavy Metal Be-bop"—own this pleasant club (along with a third partner), and so far they've managed to round up a lot of worthwhile music. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 23-25, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** will lead his quartet; and the following Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, bassist Teruo Nakamura and his band, the Rising Sun, will be on hand. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

StoryTowne, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A spacious square downstairs room with decent acoustics and comfortable chairs. Drummer **ELVIN JONES** leads his latest quintet Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 23-25, and Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 29-Dec. 2. Music from about nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**ART FARMER**, who is lately playing crisper, more vigorous solos than he has played in some time, is here with a lively quartet nightly, except Mondays. On Monday, Nov. 27, saxophonist **BOB MOVER**, pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and drummer **BEN RILEY** will get together. Music from ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY**, a slapstick rock, blues, and ragtime duo—Norman Zamcheck is the pianist and composer-arranger, and Suzy Williams mugs and sings—will perform Thursday, Nov. 30, at nine and eleven, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 1-2, at ten and midnight. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Seventy-second Street may not be Laurel Canyon Boulevard, but this showcase club features a *lot* of West Coast-influenced rock bands every night except Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the Top of the Gate, funk-jazz tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine leads his quintet through Saturday, Nov. 25. Music from nine-thirty. Sundays, from seven to eleven, Bob January is in charge of a fifteen-piece dance band. Tuesdays, from nine to midnight, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—South African pianist **DOLLAR BRAND**, who now calls himself Abdullah Ibrahim and has taken up singing and playing soprano sax, too, leads his quartet through Sunday, Nov. 26; on Tuesday, Nov. 28, tenor saxophonist **ARNETT COBB**, who was billed as "The Wildest Tenorman in the World" in the forties, will arrive with a quartet. Nowadays, Cobb, who works mostly in Houston, plays breathy, curving, old-fashioned-honking R. & B. saxophone, and one doesn't run across that very often anymore. Bassist **SAM JONES** and trumpeter **TOM HARRELL** co-pilot a twelve-part band on Mondays. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Outside: dark, lonely streets and hundreds of parked semis. Inside: a cheerful bar and reputable soul-food restaurant with anachronistic sawdust on the floor. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is usually here Mondays through Wednesdays; Armen Donelian is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This Columbia-student habitat also lures in famous swing musicians. Trombonist **DICKY WELLS** and saxophonist **EARLE WARREN** and their quintet, the **COUNTSMEN**, perform through Sunday, Nov. 26; Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 28-30, drummer **JO JONES** will head up a quartet; Friday, Dec. 1, blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** will drop by with a quintet; Saturday, Dec. 2, will be devoted to stride pianist **BROOKS KERR**, drummer **SONNY GREER**, and their quartet; and on Mondays Kerr plays solo piano. Music from nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Salute to Great American Songwriters—The free concerts continue with Mary Mayo performing the songs of Alec Wilder. (Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 6.)

Foreigner and **Nick Gilder**—A benefit concert. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

Aerosmith and **Golden Earring**—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8.

Tom Waits & Leon Redbone—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 8.

Oregon—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8.

IOCC and **the Reggie Knighton Band**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

John Abercrombie Quartet (with Richard Beirach) and **Bennie Wallace Trio**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 10:30.

Jorma Kaukonen—Palladium. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8 and midnight.

Pete Seeger—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8.

Melba Moore—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, Nov. 26, at 8.

David Bromberg—With Ralph McTell and Bert Jansch. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Betty Carter—Shubert Theatre, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Sunday, Nov. 26, at 9.

Moody Blues—Madison Square Garden. Monday, Nov. 27, at 8.

Brooks Kerr—Performing the works of Billy Strayhorn. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Dalida—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8.

Grateful Dead—Madison Square Garden. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8.

Jesse Colin Young, **Livingston Taylor**, and **Jack Tempchin**—Palladium. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8.

Dave Burrell and **Michael Gregory Jackson Trio**—Public Theatre. Friday, Dec. 1, at 10:30.

Richie Havens and **Tom Paxton**—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8.

Ray Charles and His Orchestra with the Raeletts and **the Staple Singers**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.

Andrew Cyrille Quintet and **Interface**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 10:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Darrel Austin—Paintings done during the seventies by this specialist in moonlit, phosphorescent swamps populated by nymphs and tigers. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Willi Baumeister (1889-1955)—Paintings by an early nonobjective artist. Through Dec. 29. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Romare Bearden—An autobiography conveyed in richly colored collages that take him from the Carolina cotton fields to the mills of Pittsburgh. Through Dec. 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Jake Berthot—Eight new abstract paintings,

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All you need is one beautiful drop
to know why Estée Lauder was keeping
Private Collection Perfume for herself.

Estée Lauder

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and drawings. Through Dec. 9. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Emile Branchard and William Fellini—Paintings by two self-taught artists who worked in the first half of the century. Through Dec. 23. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Bernard Cathelin—A retrospective covering the past fifty years of this painter's fluent work in Russia, Japan, Malaysia, India, Mexico, Spain, and at home in France. Through Dec. 9. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Edgar Degas (1834-1917)—A benefit loan show of fifty-four works, including studies of dancers and horse-racing scenes. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

José de Rivera—This Louisiana-born sculptor, now well into his seventies, is still hammering out by hand the sinuosities he is famous for. In this show, they're made of stainless steel and polished bronze. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Otto Dix (1891-1969)—Vivid drawings and watercolors that reflect the social climate in Germany during the First World War and in the twenties. Curiously, this is the first one-man show in New York by this well-known artist. Through Dec. 16. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

William Dole—Geometric collage paintings, covering a twenty-year period, whose printed fragments include ticket stubs, marbleized paper, and Arabic lettering. Through Dec. 9. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

John Duff—A two-gallery exhibit of painted sculptures: wall and table pieces at the Willard, 29 E. 72nd St., and freestanding steel-rod pieces at 623 Broadway, just north of Houston St. (opens at noon). Through Dec. 23.

Mary Faulconer—Small, precise portraits (S. J. Perelman in a mandarin jacket, standing beside his pet myna bird; Irving Penn behind a tripod), still-lifes (cigar boxes), and building façades (a Paris charcuterie). Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

John B. Flannagan (1895-1942)—Animals carved from rough fieldstone, plus other works. Through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Meraud Guevara—Oil paintings of women and dogs by a seventy-four-year-old woman who studied under Archipenko and Picabia and now lives and works in Aix-en-Provence. Through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Salander, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

John F. Kensett (1816-72)—Pencil drawings and watercolor studies by this stalwart of the Hudson River School, who roamed the American wilderness (and Europe) making sketches for later oils. Through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Babcock, in a new location at 20 E. 67th St.)

Gary Kuehn—Monochromatic paintings. Through Dec. 9. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

David Levine—In addition to a new set of caricatures, this expert draftsman is showing a number of watercolor portraits and several landscapes of Martha's Vineyard. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Pat Mainardi—Expressionist paintings of interiors and of Vermont and New Jersey fields. Through Dec. 6. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Alice Neel—A retrospective of her drawings and watercolors. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.) . . . ¶ Drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 12:30.)

Antoine Poncet—Large, graceful free-form whorls of marble or bronze, plus a polished granite specimen nine feet tall that is too big for the gallery and stands outside on the corner. Through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Larry Rivers—This accomplished draftsman retraces his steps in these paintings and drawings, resurrecting the Dutch Master cigar series, the studies of Napoleon, the last Civil War veteran, French money, and so on. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

David Roth—Overlapping curtains of painted string plus recent works in which dime-size discs of bright-colored acrylics are painted in a pattern on a grid. Through Dec. 6. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Sculptures from the fifties and sixties. Through Dec. 14. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

May Stevens—Three wall-size paintings incorporating portraits of her associates and people she admires. The works cover the past six years. Through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Warik Wheatley—Impressionist oils. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Ta-Nisia, 741 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

Jerome Witkin—Expertly painted realist figures—the artist and his friends, mostly. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At **davis & long**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Small, charming sketches and watercolors of English landscapes and architecture, ships at sea, domestic animals, and genre subjects. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. . . . **gurewitsch**, 55 E. 74th St.: Four artists who move their studios to Provincetown in the summer—Fritz Bultman and Carmen Cicero (paintings), Leo Manso (collages), and Nora Speyer (drawings). Through Dec. 22. (Opens at 1.) . . . **kerr**, 49 E. 82nd St.: Nineteenth-century landscapes by Martin Johnson Heade, Fitz Hugh Lane, John F. Kensett, and others, whose light-filled nature scenes have been given the term Luminism. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. . . . **knowlton**, 19 E. 71st St.: Realist landscapes in many mediums by twelve artists, including Carol Anthony, Rackstraw Downes, and Helen Miranda Wilson. Through Wednesday, Nov. 29. . . . **stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: "Abstract Expressionism and Its Disciples" contains paintings by de Kooning, Kline, Leslie, Strautmanis, and others, and sculptures by John Chamberlain. Through Dec. 21.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Enrico Baj—Silk damask is one of the background materials for these portrayals of primitive-looking creatures, some of them rather bawdy, made up of seashells, toy compasses, medals, buttons, and other odds and ends. Through Dec. 9. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967) / **Jack Levine**—Paintings from the thirties and forties, the years in which this preëminent watercolorist hit full stride. Several small drawings and a number of oils are also included. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. / A show of graphics which coincides with his retrospective at the Jewish Museum. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Franco Ciarlo—This artist transfers the patterns from frescoes he has made to canvas, and, in the same manner, he has transferred an impression of a wall of an abandoned lower East Side building to a wall in the gallery. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Pinchas Cohen Gan—This artist has invented his own pictographic language, and he tells cryptic stories in it, scrawled on wood or paper. Through Dec. 6. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Charles Coiner—Bucks County landscapes, among others. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Dominic L. Di Mare—Small, mystical constructions, less than a foot high, made of hawthorn twigs, silk, and handmade paper by this artist, who lives on the California coast. The works have the look of primitive sacred objects. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Duhl, 31 W. 54th St. Opens at noon.)

John Dobbs—Drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 12:30.)

Sally Hazelet Drummond / Leigh Behnke—Minuscule dots of color in oil on canvas. / Paired watercolors, each of them showing eleven eggs, an egg carton, and an Ivory Liquid container on a table. Through Dec. 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Janet Fish / Juan Hamilton—Outsize paintings and pastels of glassware—goblets, cruets, bottles, and so on—in which the artist catches every beam of reflected light. / Bronzes and ceramics. Through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Rube Goldberg (1883-1970)—Original drawings for political cartoons, and bronzes. Through Dec. 9. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Arshile Gorky (1904-48)—Paintings and drawings that were exhibited in this room between 1945 and 1948 when Julien Levy had his gallery here. Through Tuesday, Nov. 28. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Susan Hall—Acrylics demonstrating an exceptionally fine line and delicate colors. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Howard Kanovitz—Surreal pastels that use a Photo-Realist technique. Through Dec. 13. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Vance Kirkland—A fifty-year retrospective of the works of this Colorado artist, ranging from realist watercolors of ghost towns to his large, latter-day oils depicting galactic explosions. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Yasuhide Kobashi—A screen of variously shaped terra-cotta weights that can be raised or lowered individually is the major work among numerous joking and sometimes ghoulish pieces by this descendant of a long line of master potters in Japan. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Portnoy, 56 W. 57th St.)

Alfred Leslie—This realist, noted for his heroic figures, has five new paintings, one of them his largest work to date—a triptych containing fourteen larger-than-life-size figures. Through Dec. 7. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Stephen Lorber—Realist gouaches of handwoven baskets. Through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Joan Miró—Recent works. Through Dec. 16. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—A dozen small bronzes, five drawings, and thirty prints. Through Dec. 16. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Thirty-nine pieces of sculpture done within the past nine months by this eighty-one-year-old artist, who uses abstract means to express classical themes. Of special interest are a group of low reliefs incised in wet clay before firing. Through Dec. 30. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Porter / Bruce Tippett—Sculptures of simple geometric shapes, some of them combining several shapes piled on one another. / Abstract charcoal drawings. Through Dec. 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—Paintings, many with an overall design of geometric symbols, from the last ten years. Through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Clifford Ross—Large abstract canvases. Through Dec. 7. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Theodore Roszak—A dazzling show of Constructivist sculpture, both free-standing rocket-like pieces and intricate wall boxes, combining metal, plastic, and painted wood, done during the thirties and forties. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Mark Rothko (1903-70)—A group of murals dated 1958-59, done in rich burgundies, reds, oranges, browns. This show is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Dec. 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Richard Smith—Kite-like panels of painted canvas stretched on wooden or aluminum rods and arranged in overlapping groups on the wall; one piece, consisting of five panels, is roughly nine feet tall and twelve feet wide. Through Dec. 7. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Alice Valenstein—Landscapes and seasides are implied, and sometimes frankly stated, in these small abstract watercolors. Through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Charmion von Wiegand—Collages, some using personal items (handkerchiefs, letters), others reflecting an interest in Chinese art.

AMARETTO DI AMORE, THE LIQUEUR OF LOVE, PRESENTS A LESSON IN THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

Some things require no explanations. For example, even if you don't speak Italian, if you understand love, you'll understand every word that follows.

IL MARE

"They sat on the beach, watching the waves and listening to the sounds of il mare. His eyes were filled di passione. Her shoes were filled di sand.

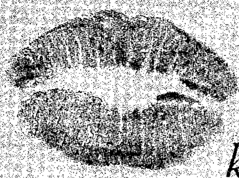
He took two bicchiere from the basket, one for her and one for him, and filled them with Amaretto Di Amore. They sipped slowly.

It was obvious from the rossore of her cheek that he was her amante. And that all they wanted from the world was non essere disturbati.

'Caro,' he said.

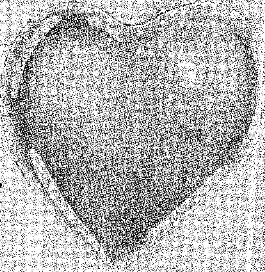
PLEASE
DO NOT
DISTURB

'Si,' she answered. 'Bacia-mio,' he said.


BACIO

And as their lips touched, her cuore beat faster and they knew it was amore."

This brief lesson in the language of love was brought to you by Amaretto Di Amore.


CUORE

On the rocks, as a mixed drink, or after dinner, its hauntingly seductive taste is a little like love. An experience that no one should miss.

GARNIER
AMARETTO
DI AMORE
Liqueur

AMARETTO
DI AMORE

56 proof. Fleischmann Dist. Co., New Hyde Park, N.Y.

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AMC

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There's a new excitement in small cars. The brand-new 1979 Spirit DL from American Motors. This car's got more than corduroy bucket seats, a sleek instrument panel, sporty looks and a great ride. It's got more than the exclusive AMC Buyer Protection Plan®

This car's got spirit.

The new 1979 Spirit, from AMC.

AMC SPIRIT

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lynton Wells / Merrill Wagner—Jagged, unpleasant-looking tree trunks superimposed in black paint on huge photographs of placid Connecticut landscapes which have been printed on photo-sensitized linen and retouched with rubbed-in raw pigment. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. / Large works involving masking tape applied to Plexiglas. Through Dec. 30. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Christopher White—This young Harvard man retired to the hills of West Virginia a few years ago, set up a studio in an abandoned schoolhouse, and taught himself to paint, intent on capturing the essence of the mountain scenery in abstractions. He now has a studio near the Fulton Street fish market but he is still painting those sunlit hills, where he returns every summer. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Susan Wilmarth—Large canvases on which the artist uses oil and warm wax to achieve the effect of rich fabrics. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Works in a variety of styles and mediums by Walkowitz, Goings, Chryssa, and others. Through Friday, Dec. 1. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sculpture—Small-scale works by Mary Frank, Kenneth Snelson, George Segal, Phyllis Mark, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Dotty Attie—Four enigmatic stories, told in alternating panels of text and illustrations, displayed on the gallery walls. Through Dec. 6. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

John Baeder / Edward Mayer—This specialist in portraying the American diner in situ has added several more specimens to his collection, including the one at Clarksville, N.J. / Sculptures made of stacked wooden laths; the pieces are naturally architectural in form, and the largest is eleven feet tall. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Lynda Benglis—What look like regal door pulls are really wall sculptures made of wire mesh, plaster, and gesso covered with gold leaf. Some of the pieces are six feet in length. Through Dec. 9. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Kent Floeter—Wall sculptures (sheet steel covered with red lead) and drawings. Through Dec. 14. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Mary Ann Gillies—Ten masks, made of wool, fibre, and wire, meant to symbolize historic heroines—Tomyris, Hypatia, and Clytemnestra, for instance. Through Wednesday, Nov. 29. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Margie Billstein Katz—Large, matlike pieces made of knotted and folded strips of canvas applied directly to the wall. Through Wednesday, Nov. 29. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Jack Lembeck—The brushwork in these abstract paintings gives the illusion of having been done on several planes. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Garry Rich—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 7. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Ernest Shaw—Jumbles of painted-steel pieces, the size and shape of railroad crossties, which look as if they had been frozen in the act of falling. The largest work here is nearly thirty feet long. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

Michael Singer—A construction fifteen feet long, thirteen feet wide, and about nine feet high, involving thin white-pine strips and bundles of reeds lashed together in nine-foot cylinders. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Cy Twombly—Ten paintings (oil and crayon on canvas) based on the Iliad. Through Jan. 20. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Margaret Wharton—Ten new assemblages made chiefly from chair parts. Some of the assemblages are constructed to look like *different* chairs, some are anthropomorphic, and some take shapes suggested by the chair they were made from—an insect that was once a garden chair. Through Jan. 6. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

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Una Wilkinson—Interiors and landscapes. Through Dec. 7. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Sanford Wurmfeld—Striking progressions of color are worked out in this artist's huge grid paintings (six feet tall and fourteen feet long) made up of lesser grids, two feet square. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Group Show—A new crop of drawings selected from the thousands submitted to the center for appraisal. Three of the eleven artists whose works are being shown are Gary Falk, who makes Minimal drawings of architectural forms, and Jane Kaplowitz, who draws lively interiors with colored pencils, both of New York City, and Robert Kitchen, of Chattahoochee County, Georgia, who paints watercolors of china vases decorated with flamboyant roses. Through Dec. 30. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays, and Wednesday evenings until 8. Closed Friday, Nov. 24.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Tina Girouard / Keith Sonnier—New works using metal ceiling materials, plus earlier pieces incorporating wallpaper and linoleum. / Four speakers in the gallery room give off the sounds (amplified) of the gallery's two telephones and the sounds picked up by two hidden microphones. Through Dec. 9. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Morris Graves—Works from throughout his career in several mediums, including tempera, wax, ink, and gouache on paper and on Masonite. Through Dec. 8. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, except Nov. 24, from 11 to 4:30.)

American Academy in Rome—A show of works done in Rome (and elsewhere) by painters who have spent a year in residence there. The five exhibitors are William Bailey, Lennart Anderson, Gregory Gillespie, Alan Gussow, and Raymond Saunders. Through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Union Carbide Building, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Group Shows—At **the new museum**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Artists from out of town, among them Tom Hatch of San Francisco, who plays carefully calculated tricks with mirrors and toy furniture; Janis Provisor, also of San Francisco, who paints enigmatic symbols in thick paint against a contrasting background; and Dan Rizzie, of Dallas, who uses simple cutout forms, acrylics, and graphite in his collages. Through Friday, Dec. 1. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)... **new york university:** The Contemporary Arts Gallery, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl., has thirty-eight works by artists who belong to the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors. The works cover the period from 1940 to 1978 and are by Will Barnet, Louise Nevelson, Chaim Gross, and others. Through Dec. 16. (Weekdays, except Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 23-25, from 9 to 9. Closes at 6:30 on Wednesday, Nov. 22.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Hilla and Bernd Becher—Photographs of grain elevators, cooling towers, blast furnaces, coal bunkers, and water towers. Through Dec. 30. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Barbara Bordnick—Polaroid portraits of women in jazz—Alberta Hunter, Mabel Mercer, Mary Lou Williams, Marian McPartland, Toshiko Akiyoshi. Through Dec. 21. (The Space, 154 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Jay Colen—Color pictures of quotidian Parisian life. Through Dec. 18. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Elliott Erwitt—A retrospective that consists of a hundred and fifty prints. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ralph Gibson—Color closeups of, for example, pebbles, the grain of a plywood board, a brick wall. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Frank Gohlke—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his photographs of Midwestern grain elevators—an ongoing series begun six years ago—which are seen as abstractions in the early works but become a part of broad landscapes in the later works. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Erich Hartmann and Jill Lynne—Both photographers are showing experimental works. The former uses laser light, and the latter uses a color copier. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Sheila Metzner—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes; first solo show in New York. Through Dec. 9. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Duane Michals—Photographs made while on a trip to Egypt, and other works. Through Saturday, Nov. 25. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Joan Myers—Hand-tinted photographs of nudes and landscapes which have the appearance of soft watercolors. Through Dec. 23. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Georgia O'Keeffe: A Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz—Fifty-one photographs (chosen by O'Keeffe from the five hundred or so that Stieglitz took of her between 1917 and 1933) are on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Show—An exhibition that covers a hundred and twenty-five years of dance photography, with examples by Cecil Beaton, James Van DerZee, George Platt Lynes, Barbara Morgan, and others. Through Jan. 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

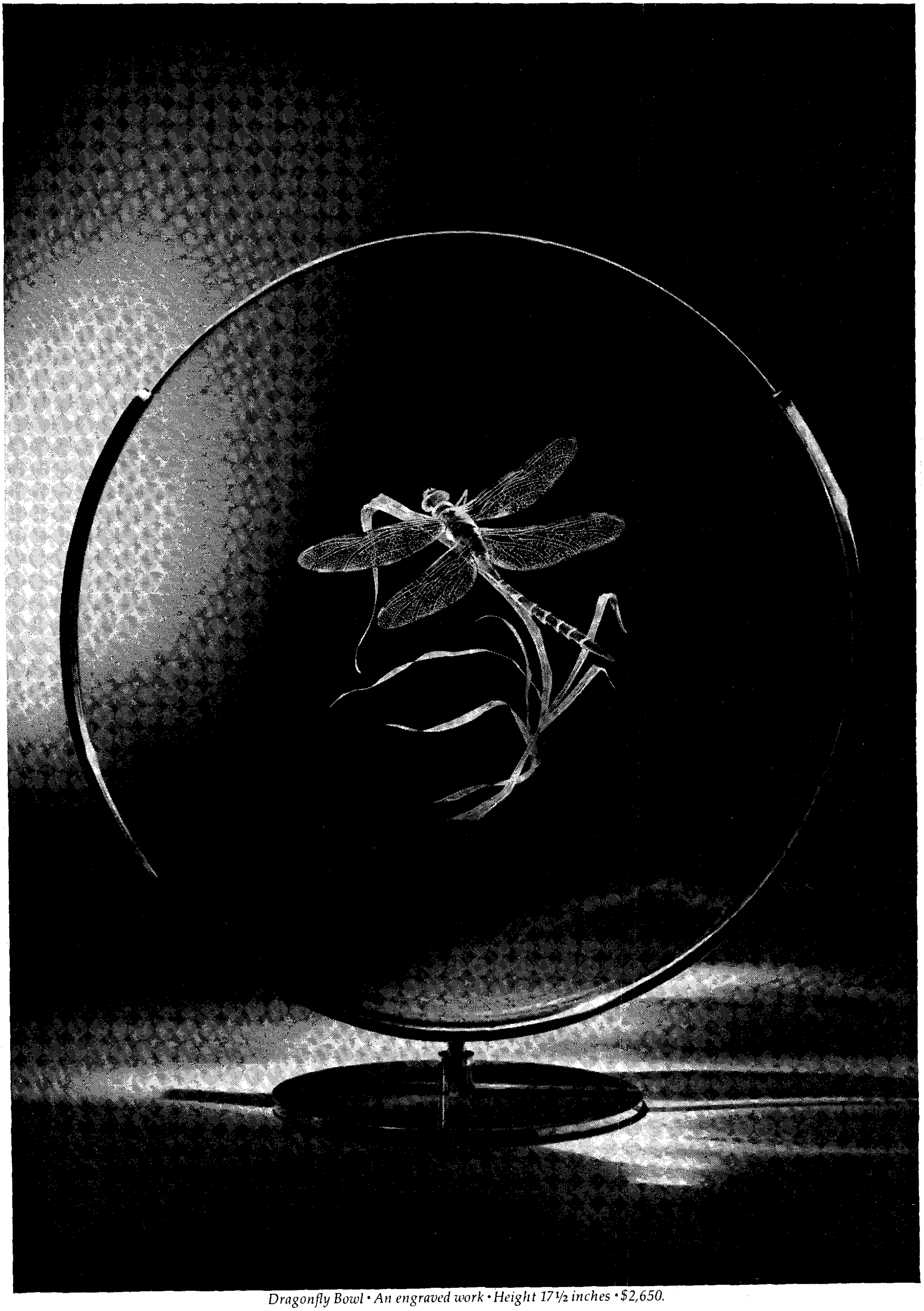
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of more than a hundred costumes worn by dancers in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, supplemented by costume and set sketches (by Bakst, Cocteau, others) and advertising posters. Starts Friday, Nov. 24. . . ¶ The seven hundred objects on loan from eight Dresden museums represent more than five hundred years of art collecting by patrons in that city. The show contains paintings (by Bellotto, Holbein, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, Rubens, Vermeer), drawings, Meissen and Oriental porcelains, armor, and jewelry. Through Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century drawings by North European artists. From the Lehman Collection. Through Jan. 28. . . . **photography:** Stieglitz's portraits of Georgia O'Keeffe. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred and seventy works by Matisse, ranging from major paintings to large paper cutouts. From the museum's holdings. Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Drawings, paintings, sculptures, photographs, and graphics produced by Russian artists in the years between 1912 and 1930. Through Jan. 2. . . . **photography:** American grain elevators photographed by Frank Gohlke. Through Feb. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A comprehensive retrospective of Mark Rothko's paintings and works on paper. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) A complementary show is at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Claes Oldenburg has built two large structures, named the Mouse Museum and Ray Gun Wing, whose interior and exterior shapes are suggested by their titles. Visitors walk inside the darkened structures to view lighted cases filled with the artist's drawings and objects. Through Sunday, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ An exhibit of early Abstract Expressionist paintings (covering the years 1935 to 1949), by Baziotes, de Kooning, Krasner, Stamos, and others. Through Dec. 3. (Open



Dragonfly Bowl • An engraved work • Height 17½ inches • $2,650.

Steuben's Dragonfly Bowl

Sheldon Fink, Roger Selander, and Peter Yenawine combine three pairs of hands and three disciplines to produce one engraved crystal design

Crystal engraving is a delicate art which calls for mechanical precision and artistic sensitivity of the highest order.

In the Dragonfly Bowl, one of Steuben's engraved works, the talents of three people are inextricably intertwined.

Sheldon Fink, painter and illustrator, is known for his drawings of creatures from the countryside; his work is represented in major museums in this country.

His dragonfly, shown with its wings outstretched, is captured in the moment of alighting on a blade of grass.

One of the most delicate designs in nature, the dragonfly has been a traditional decorative motif for centuries—primarily associated with China and Japan, but also appearing in the stylized objects of European Art Nouveau of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

This piece was engraved by Roger Selander using the two main techniques of his craft.

The design, cut deeply into the crystal by copper wheel, is three dimensional. The veined wings, enriched by the lighter touch of diamond point engraving, are immeasurably fine. Viewed through the crystal, they are as translucent as they would be in real life.

Peter Yenawine, a glass designer and member of the Steuben design department from 1969 to 1976, selected for the dragonfly a shallow crystal bowl of flawless clarity and purity, supported by an elegant, almost invisible aluminum frame.

Nothing was introduced to detract from the engraved design; the crystal is large and circular, lenslike in its conception.

As an example of the second of Steuben's three glassmaking disciplines—glassblowing, engraving, and cutting—the Dragonfly Bowl is on display at Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. (For the new 1978-1979 Steuben Glass Catalogue, send $3.00.)

Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works, and has been since 1918.

STEUBEN GLASS

daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Paintings, drawings, posters, photographs, sculptures, and graphics by George Inness, Edward Steichen, Maxfield Parrish, and other artists who worked at the turn of the century and were influenced by the Symbolist movement. Through Dec. 6. (Open Wednesday, Nov. 22, and Monday through Friday, Nov. 27-Dec. 1, from 11 to 3. Closed Thanksgiving. Open Friday, Nov. 24, noon to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive show of the arts of ancient Nubia and the Sudan dates from the fourth millennium to the twelfth century A.D. The wide range of objects includes gold jewelry, stone sculptures, ceramics, and a fresco. Through Dec. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of nearly sixty color photographs (plus slides) of desert flowers found in the American West. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Seventy-two artists (among them Elsie Manville, Robert Kulicke, and Carl Nicholas Titolo) are exhibiting paintings and drawings in the thirtieth annual Childe Hassam Purchase Fund exhibit (about one-third of the works will be bought by the fund as gifts to museums).... ¶ A memorial show of the works of William Gropper, John Koch, and Abraham Rattner. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Dec. 30.

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of classical Indian sculptures from the Gupta period, fourth to seventh centuries A.D., contains sandstone images of Buddha (Gupta-period sculptors established Buddha's "human" appearance), and Hindu temple sculptures. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Origins of Chinese Ceramics" is a show of fifty-five objects (urns, bowls, jars, the earliest dating back seven thousand years), some of which are painted, and several of which are early examples of hard-glazed stoneware. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of "Ornament in the Twentieth Century" includes many small objects such as belt buckles, jewelry, table settings, as well as the vividly colored Rolls-Royce once owned by the Beatles, and a welded-metal hippopotamus bathtub designed by François-Xavier Lalanne. Through Jan. 7.... ¶ The second annual exhibit of postcard designs (both the original designs and the cards printed from them) contains the efforts of Edward Koren, Martha Graham, Betye Saar, David Hockney, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibition of twenty-two examples of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English silver and silver gilt, in designs that range from rococo to classical. Nearly half of the pieces (bowls, tea kettles, a wine cooler) are by Huguenot silversmith Paul De Lamerie. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective exhibit of Jack Levine's paintings, drawings, and graphics, bringing together works of varying subject matter—social satire, portraits, religious themes. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A complementary show of graphics is at Kennedy Galleries, 40 W. 57th St.

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Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than ninety drawings (in pen, chalk, pencil, and wash) by Giovanni Battista Piranesi. Through Sunday, Nov. 26.... ¶ French medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. Through Dec. 3.... ¶ About forty autograph letters, generally romantic in content, composed by Voltaire, Haydn, Elizabeth I, and others. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—American samplers (by, among others, Ealli Crygier, Ruthey Putnam, Unity Lewis, Desire Ells Daman, Philura Barton, Mahala Marein, and Zelinda Wing) dating from 1678 to 1865, collected by Theodore H. Kapnek. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A survey of more than a hundred and thirty works by ceramicist Peter Voulkos. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Katharine Cornell's career is the subject of an exhibit of about two hundred objects, among them photographs by Steichen and Genthe, a portrait by Charles Dana Gibson, and costumes. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Paintings and drawings by Zero Mostel, together with memorabilia from the late actor's career. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of oil paintings and drawings by Bob Thompson (1937-66)—twenty-three works in all. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 22: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Mignon Dunn, Guy Chauvet, Louis Quilico, Ezio Flagello, and John Cheek; conducted by Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 23: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, William Lewis, and Michael Devlin; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 24: "Luisa Miller," with Katia Ricciarelli, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bini, Cornell MacNeil, Paul Plishka, and James Morris; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 25: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Mignon Dunn, Guy Chauvet, Louis Quilico, Ezio Flagello, and John Cheek; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 25: "The Bartered Bride" (in English), with Patricia Craig, Nicolai Gedda, Jon Vickers, and Martti Talvela; James Levine.... ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 27: "Luisa Miller," with Katia Ricciarelli, Mignon Dunn, John Alexander, Cornell MacNeil, Paul Plishka, and James Morris; James Levine.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 28: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Carlo Bini, and Michael Devlin; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 29: "The Bartered Bride" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Nicolai Gedda, Jon Vickers, and Martti Talvela; James Levine.... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 30: "Luisa Miller," with Katia Ricciarelli, Mignon Dunn, John Alexander, Cornell MacNeil, Paul Plishka, and James Morris; James Levine.... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 1: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Carlo Bini, and Michael Devlin; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 2: "The Bartered Bride" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Nicolai Gedda, Jon Vickers, and Martti Talvela; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 2: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Tatiana Troyanos, Guy Chauvet, Ingvar Wixell, Ezio Flagello, and John Cheek; Giuseppe Patanè. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Wednesday, Nov. 22, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 7:30 (all with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; Simon Estes, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir); and Thursday, Nov. 30, and Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30, and Friday, Dec. 1, at 2 (all with Ursula Oppens, piano, and Joseph Robinson, oboe).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti directing, with Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano, and the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

English Chamber Orchestra—Vladimir Ashkenazy conducting the second of two concerts and acting as piano soloist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Antonia Brico conducting a program entitled "Myths and Fairy Tales." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Nov. 26, at 2.)

Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra—David Katz conducting, with Samuel Baron, flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 26, at 2:30.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet conducting. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Waverly Waits—Michael Jaffee conducting an ensemble of twenty in a début program of festive and ceremonial music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries played on authentic instruments of the times. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing a program called "In Praise of Music," with the New York Consort of Viols. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

Tamás Vásáry—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Composers' Guild for Performance—A program of twentieth-century music by Mario Davidovsky and others, performed by Jean Hakes, soprano; Sophie Sollberger, flute; Robert Miller, piano; and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Hanna Lachert—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Alice Lindsay—Viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Grant Johannesen—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program entitled "The Renaissance in France and the Netherlands," with Jane Bryden, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

Bern String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

Coffee Concert—A recital by the American String Quartet, following which the artists will mingle with the audience over coffee. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Sunday, Nov. 26, at noon.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

André Watts—Piano, in the third and fourth in a series of eight all-Schubert recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 26, at 3, with Charles Treger, violin, and Laurence Lesser,

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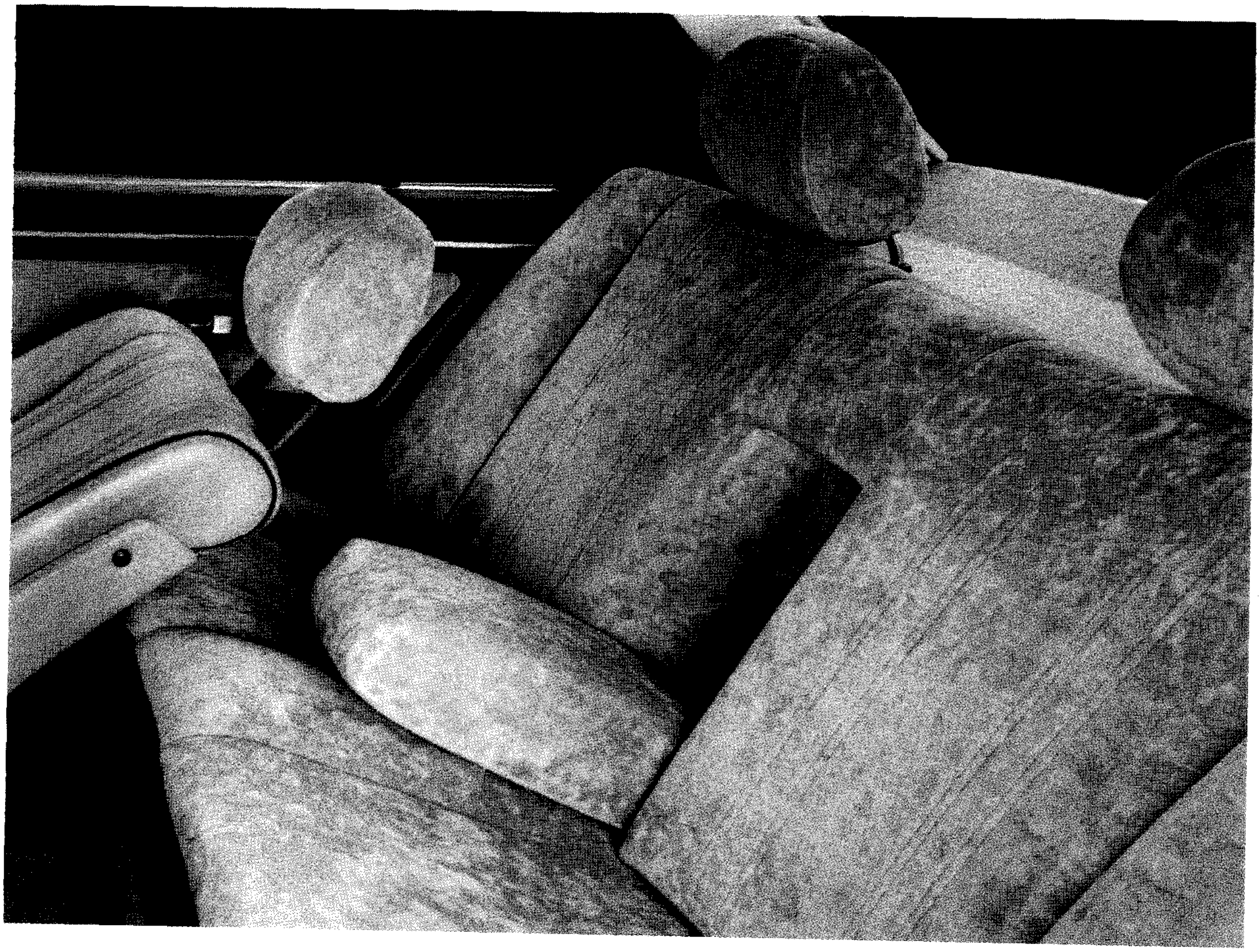

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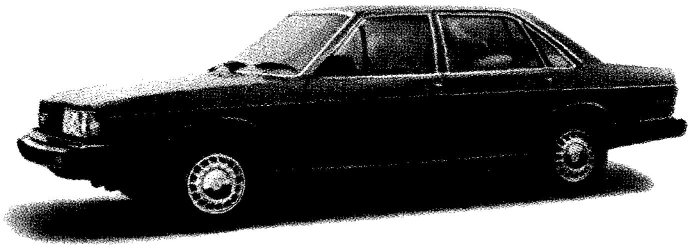

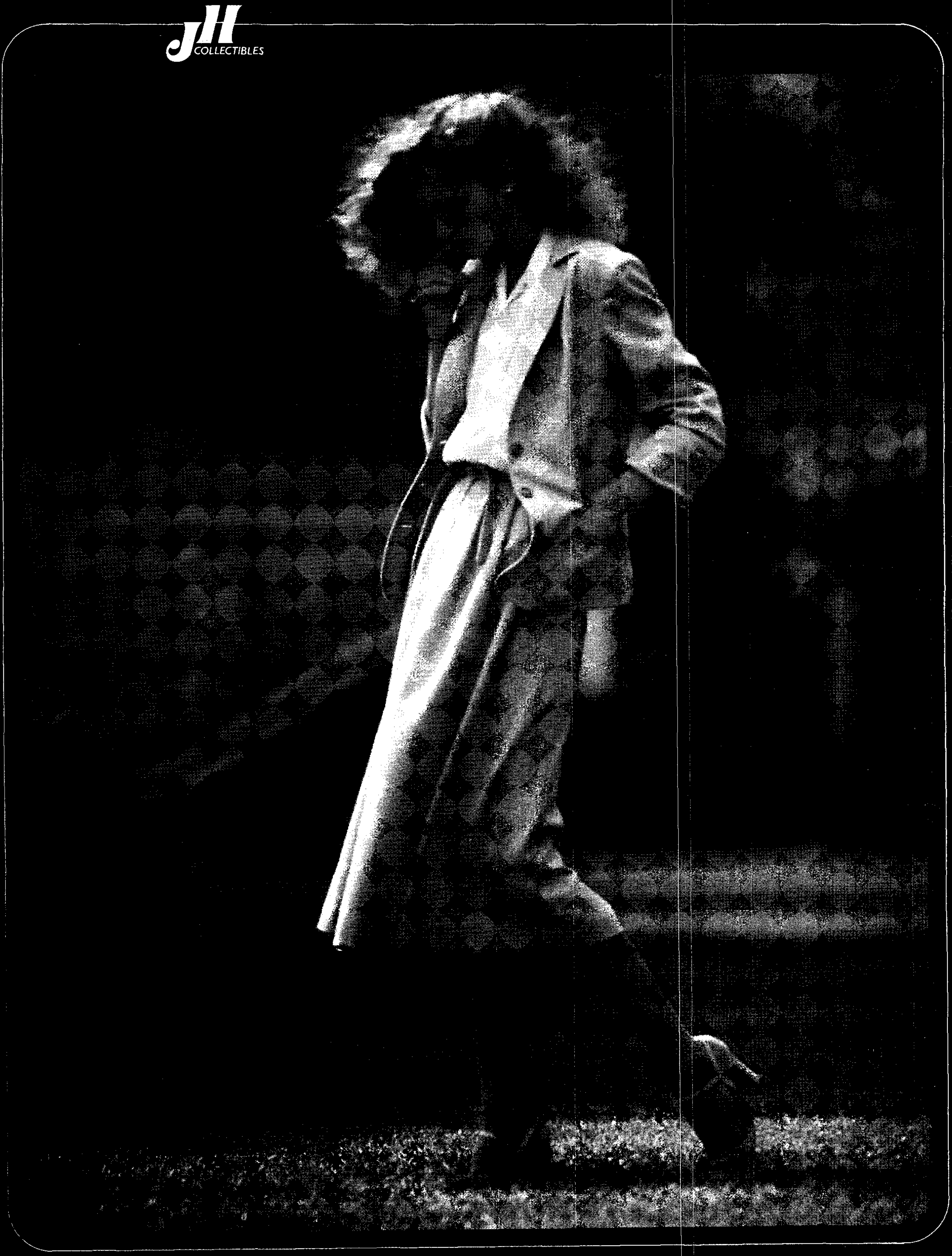

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cello; and Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8, with the Messrs. Treger and Lesser, plus Scott Nickrenz, viola, and James Van de Mark, double bass.)

Eastman Trio—With Robert White, tenor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

John Challener—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano, in a program entitled "Mostly Dances for the Keyboard." (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Horacio Gutiérrez—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 28-29, at 8.)

Anton Kuerti—The third in a series of eight recitals presenting the cycle of Beethoven piano sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Nov. 28 at 8.)

Olivier Messiaen—Peter Serkin, piano, and Tashi in a benefit concert of music by Messiaen, honoring his seventieth birthday. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Gregory Allen—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Meyer Kupferman—A program of his compositions, performed by David Wells, cello; Susan Jolles, harp; Kazuko Hayami, piano; David Starobin, guitar; David Walter, bass; and Mr. Kupferman himself, clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Raquel Bolderini—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Isaac Stern and David Golub—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

League-ISCM—Daniel Asia conducting Musical Elements in a program of music by Allen Anderson, Judith Shatin-Allen, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Jeanne-Marie Darré—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Lorin Hollander—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Il Divertimento—Michel Piguet, oboe; Hans Rudolf Stadler, clarinet; and others, in a program of early music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Theatre Chamber Players of Kennedy Center—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Marten Sameth—Baritone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

Gerard Schwarz, Paula Robison, Timothy Eddy, and Kenneth Cooper—Trumpet, flute, cello, and harpsichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 3, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Homage to E. E. Cummings—A program of solo, ensemble, choral, and danced settings of the poet's work. Ten composers and choreographers are represented. The performers are Jane Bryden, soprano; Bill Crofut, folksinger; Rebecca Perrin, dancer; the New York Motet Choir, directed by Stephen Sturk; Elizabeth Wright, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. New Orleans, Saturday, Nov. 25, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Portland, Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Golden State, Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. New Orleans, Friday, Nov. 24, at 8. (For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 25: Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick, at 1. . . . SATURDAY, DEC. 2: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 4. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 26: Giants vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Sunday, Nov. 26, at 7:35.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Sunday, Dec. 31. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Queens County Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 23; the Remsen, Saturday, Nov. 25; the Sport Page Handicap, Sunday, Nov. 26; and the Buckpasser Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 2. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 30. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 30.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Dec. 11.

ET ALIA

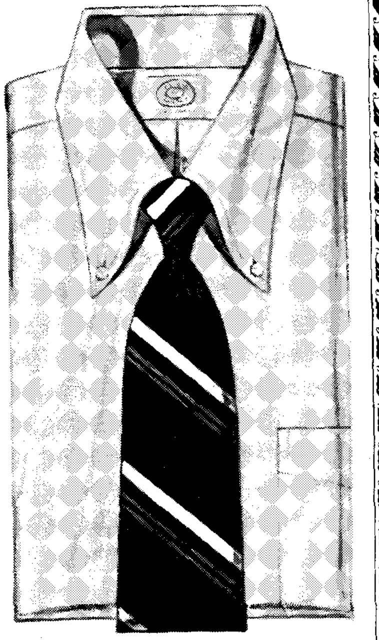
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—James Wright reading from his own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 7:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the reading.)

Discussions—"The Architecture of Cooking," a discussion of kitchen design, with Julia Child, Pierre Franey, Nicholas Polites, Paul Damaz, and Bill Stumpf, and moderator Stanley Abercrombie. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the discussion.)

Flower Shows—Forty varieties are featured in the annual Chrysanthemum Show of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden in the Conservatory. Through Sunday, Nov. 26. (Daily, 10 to 4.) . . . ¶ "The Treasure of Autumn Gold," at the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park, includes gradations of yellow and gold chrysanthemums on display in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory, as well as a profusion of varicolored mums growing outdoors. Through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Daily, except Monday, 10 to 4.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 2: Pre-Columbian art, from several owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 24, at 10:15: Dance, theatre, and opera memorabilia, including original set and costume designs of the Ballets Russes, an album of signed photographs of Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West" from the Metropolitan Opera's 1910 production, and sketches for sets in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." From the estate of Thomas Schippers and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 24-25, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco, including silver, jewelry, prints, glass, and furniture; from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 28-29, at 10:15: Books, including volumes on natural history and science, together with autograph letters of musicians and musical manuscripts; from the library of Neils Hansen Christensen and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 2: Old Master paintings, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 2, and Thursday, Nov. 30, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, among them enamelled icons, silver, porcelains, bronzes, and pieces by Fabergé, along with a family photograph album containing pictures of Czar Nicholas II, Czarina Alexandra, and their children; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 25. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.) Tuesday, Nov. 28, at 10:30: Japanese, South Asian, and other Oriental works of art; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 1, at 11 and 2: Art Nouveau and nineteenth-century sculptures, from many owners.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Nov. 26: "The Last Supper" and "Memories of Underdevelopment."
Nov. 27: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 28: A program of anthropological films by Jean Rouch.

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Bread and Chocolate."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 28: "Heaven Can Wait" and "Slaughterhouse-Five."
From Nov. 29: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Magic."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Watership Down."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Wiz."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Death on the Nile."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Watership Down."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Movie Movie."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Comes a Horseman."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Wiz."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Boys from Brazil."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Up in Smoke."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Same Time, Next Year."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Slow Dancing in the Big City."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Midnight Express."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Dream of Passion."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Magic."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Once in Paris."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Death on the Nile."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Nov. 28: "Heaven Can Wait."
From Nov. 29: "The Big Fix."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Bread and Chocolate."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Wiz."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Paradise Alley."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Midnight Express."
Theatre 2: "The Wild Geese."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"El Topo."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Midnight Express."

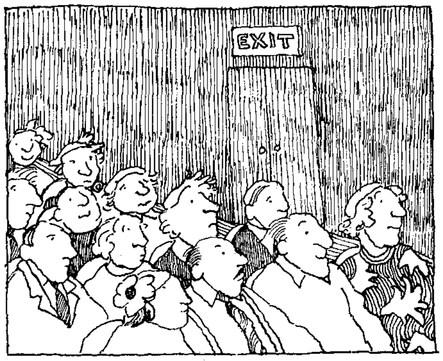
QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "A Wedding."
Theatre 2: "Interiors."
Theatre 3: "Up in Smoke."
Theatre 4: "Interiors."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Watership Down."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Caravans."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Lord of the Rings."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Interiors."



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 24. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (586-4448)
Through Nov. 28: "Foul Play."
From Nov. 29: To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Boys from Brazil."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Violette."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Days of Heaven."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Magic."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Bread and Chocolate."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Midnight Express."
Theatre 2: "Up in Smoke."
Theatre 3: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
Theatre 4: "A Wedding."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"Interiors."

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Nov. 28: "Revenge of the Pink Panther" and "The Front."
From Nov. 29: "Saturday Night Fever" and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 28: "Heaven Can Wait" and "The One and Only."
From Nov. 29: "A Wedding" and "The Boys in the Band."

TIMES SQUARE

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Comes a Horseman." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Foul Play." (†)
Theatre 3: "Saturday Night Fever." (†)
Theatre 4: "Grease."

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Death on the Nile." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Wiz." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"The Wild Geese." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Message from Space."

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Magic." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Paradise Alley." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Up in Smoke." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"Midnight Express." (†)

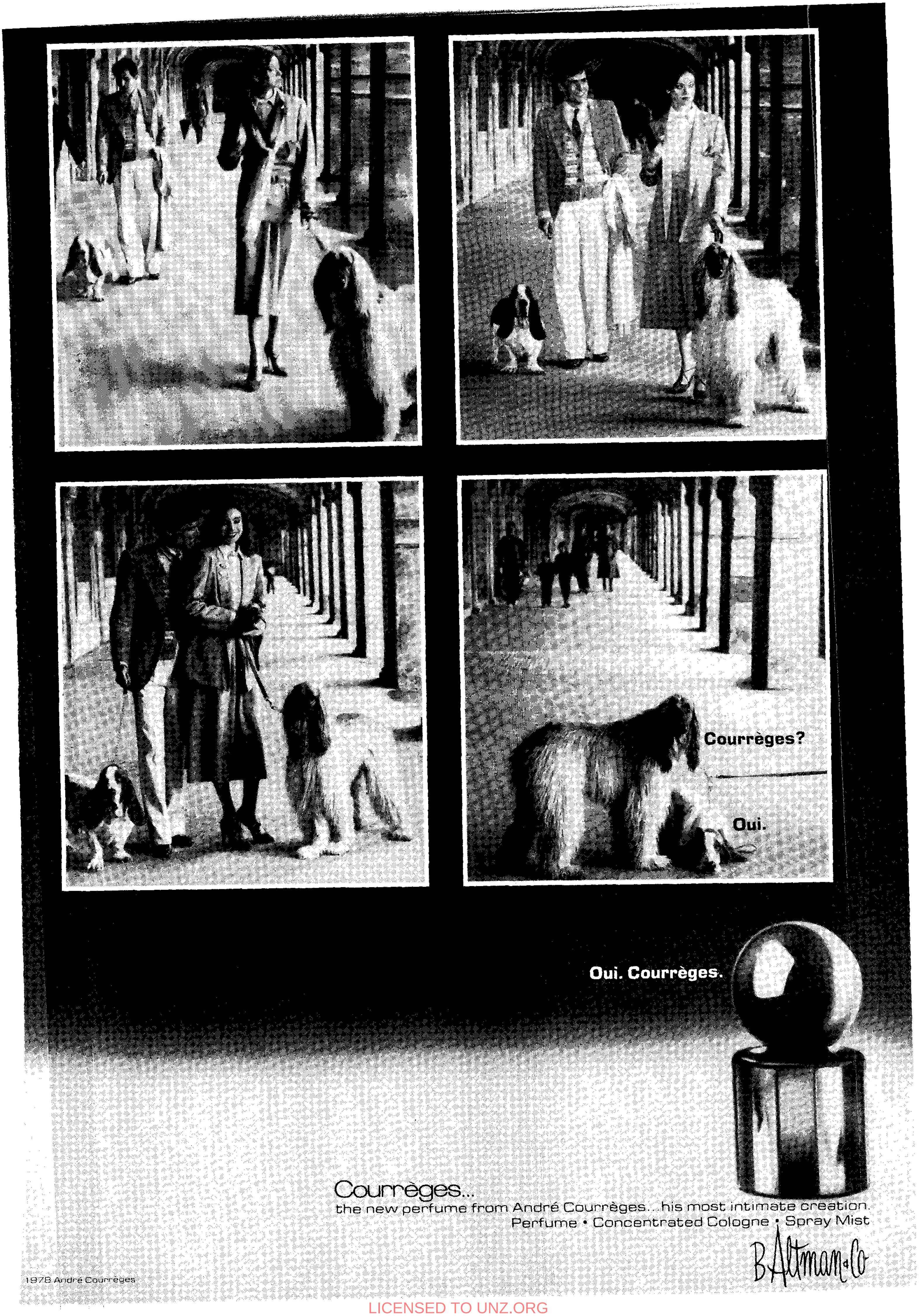
VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Goin' South."

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 22: "October" (1927; also called "Ten Days That Shook the World"), a Russian silent film, directed by Serge Eisenstein; and "Triumph of the Will" (1936), directed by Leni Riefenstahl, a documentary on the Sixth Nazi Party Congress, in 1934.
Nov. 23: "Os Fuzis" (1963), a Brazilian film, in Portuguese, directed by Ruy Guerra; and "Cuba: Battle of the 10,000,000" (1971), in French, directed by Chris Marker, a documentary film.
Nov. 24-25: "The Philadelphia Story" (†); and "Woman of the Year" (1942), directed by George Stevens, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix.
Nov. 26: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972), in German, directed by Wim Wenders; and "In a Lonely Place" (1950), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame.
Nov. 27: "Lucky Luciano" (1974), directed by Francesco Rosi, with Gian Maria Volonte and Rod Steiger; and "F.I.S.T." (1978), directed by Norman Jewison, with Sylvester Stallone and Rod Steiger.
Nov. 28: "Zatoichi's Rescue" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Satuo Yamamoto; and "Samurai Spy" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda.
Nov. 29: "The Traveling Players" (1975), in Greek, directed by Theo Angelopoulos.
Nov. 30: "Cantata de Chile" (1976), a Cuban film, in Spanish, directed by Humberto Solas; and "The Promised Land" (1974), a Chilean film, in Spanish, directed by Miguel Littin.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 22: "Lord Love a Duck" (1966), directed by George Axelrod, with Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld; and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (1957), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall, and Betsy Drake.
Nov. 23: "Children of Paradise" (1945), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès.
Nov. 24: "Seven Beauties" (1976), directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "To Be or Not to Be." (†)
Nov. 25: "Fellini Satyricon" (†); and "The Decameron" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself.
Nov. 26: "The Life of Verdi" (1944), directed by Carmine Gallone, with Tito Gobbi and Mario Del Monaco; and "The Great Caruso" (1951), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Mario Lanza and Ann Blyth.
Nov. 27: "Ivan" (1932), in Russian, directed by Alexander Dovzhenko; and "Thunderbolt." (†)
Nov. 28: "The Traveling Players" (1975), in Greek, directed by Theo Angelopoulos.
Nov. 29: "When the Clouds Roll By" (1919), a silent film, directed by Victor Fleming, with Douglas Fairbanks and Kathleen Clifford; and "Carefree." (†)
Nov. 30: "A Man and a Woman" (1966), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Happy New Year" (1973), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 23: "The Cheap Detective" (1978), directed by Robert Moore, with Peter Falk; and "Gumshoe" (1972), directed by Stephen Frears, with Albert Finney.
Nov. 24-25: "Auntie Mame" (1958), directed by Morton da Costa, with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne.
Nov. 26-27: "Distant Thunder" (†); and "Siddhartha" (1973), directed by Conrad Rooks, with Shashi Kapoor.
Nov. 28: "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977), in French, directed by Francois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Truffaut, with Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron; and "Bed and Board." (†)

Nov. 29-30: "Elmer Gantry" (†); and "Marjoe" (1972), directed by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, a *cinéma-vérité* film.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Nov. 22: "Cat Ballou" (1965), directed by Elliot Silverstein, with Jane Fonda, Lee Marvin, Michael Callan, Dwayne Hickman, and Tom Nardini; and "Lilith" (1964), directed by Robert Rossen, with Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg, Peter Fonda, Kim Hunter, Gene Hackman, and Jessica Walter.

Nov. 23-25: "Klute" (1971), directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland; and "Madigan" (1968), directed by Donald Siegel, with Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda, and Inger Stevens.

Nov. 26-27: "Sometimes a Great Notion" (1972), directed by Paul Newman, with Newman, Henry Fonda, and Lee Remick; and "The Hired Hand." (†)

Nov. 28-29: "Easy Rider" (†); and "The Wild Angels" (1966), directed by Roger Corman, with Peter Fonda, Nancy Sinatra, and Bruce Dern.

From Nov. 30: "Julia" (1977), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Jane Fonda, Vanessa Redgrave, and Jason Robards; and "You Only Live Once." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Nov. 23: "Bedlam" (1946), directed by Mark Robson, with Boris Karloff; and "The Leopard Man" (1943), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Margo and Dennis O'Keefe.

Nov. 24-25: "Miss Sadie Thompson" (†); and "Man in the Dark" (1953), directed by Lew Landers, with Edmond O'Brien, Audrey Totter, Ted de Corsia, and Horace McMahon.

Nov. 26-27: "The Godfather" (1972), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and "The Godfather, Part II" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.

Nov. 28: "On Dangerous Ground" (1952), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan, and Ward Bond; and "A Kiss Before Dying" (1956), directed by Gerd Oswald, with Robert Wagner, Jeffrey Hunter, Virginia Leith, Joanne Woodward, and Mary Astor.

Nov. 29-30: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Ray Bolger, Jack Haley, and Frank Morgan; and "The Patchwork Girl of Oz" (1914), a silent film, directed by L. Frank Baum.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Nov. 23: "High Society" (1956), directed by Charles Walters, with Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, John Lund, and Louis Calhern; and "Kiss Me Kate" (1953), directed by George Sidney, with Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ann Miller, and Keenan Wynn.

Nov. 24-25: "Murder She Said" (†) and "Murder at the Gallop." (†)

Nov. 26-27: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Ray Bolger, Jack Haley, and Frank Morgan; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen.

Nov. 28: "Green Hell" (1939), directed by James Whale, with Joan Bennett, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., John Howard, and George Sanders; and "Impatient Maiden" (1932), directed by James Whale, with Lew Ayres, Mae Clark, Una Merkel, and John Halliday.

Nov. 29: "Just Imagine" (†) and "The Floradora Girl." (†)

Nov. 30: "A Royal Scandal" (†) and "Lifeboat." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 23 at 2:30: "Un'Avventura di Salvatore Rosa" (1940), in Italian, directed by Alessandro Blasetti, with Gino Cervi, Luisa Ferida, and Rina Morelli; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2:30: "La Nave Bianca" (1941), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with a cast of non-professional actors; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 6: "Beau Brummel" (1924), directed by Harry Beaumont, with John Barrymore, Mary Astor, and Irene Rich. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at noon: "Gallopin' Gaucho" (1928) and six other Mickey Mouse cartoons, celebrating his fiftieth birthday. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2:30: "La Peccatrice" (1940), a German-dubbed Italian film, directed by Amleto Palermi, with Paola Barbara, Gino Cervi, and Vittorio De Sica; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 5: "Un'Avventura di Salvatore Rosa." . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at noon: "Gallopin' Gaucho" (1928) and six other Mickey Mouse cartoons. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 2:30: "La Nave Bianca." . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 5: "Pickpocket" (1959), in French, directed by Robert Bresson; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at noon: "Matisse" (1945), in French, directed by François Campaux, English subtitles; and "Matisse—A Sort of Paradise" (1969), directed by Lawrence Gowing and John Jones. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 2:30: "La Cena delle Beffe" (1941), in Italian, directed by Alessandro Blasetti, with Amedeo Nazzari, Osvaldo Valenti, and Clara Calamai; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 6: "Teresa Venerdi" (1941), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with De Sica, Adriana Benetti, Irasema Dilian, and Anna Magnani; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at noon: "Matisse" and "Matisse—A Sort of Paradise." . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 2:30: "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (1949), directed by Preston Sturges, with Betty Grable, Cesar Romero, and Rudy Vallée. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 6: "Inside Chinatown" (1978), directed by Michael Chin and David Goldstein. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 2:30: "Teresa Venerdi." . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 6: "La Cena delle Beffe." . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 8:30: "La Corona di Ferro" (1941), in Italian, directed by Alessandro Blasetti, with Elisa Cegani and Luisa Ferida; no English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Nov. 26: A program of films by Bigelow, De Landa, and Ferguson. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 28: "If It Fits" (1978), directed by John Marshall and Mark Erder. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"The Wedding Camels" (1978), in Turkana, directed by David and Judith MacDougall, a documentary on the Turkana people of Kenya; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Autumn Sonata—Just when Americans seem to be recovering from that fifties craziness of children's blaming everything on their parents, we're getting it back from Ingmar Bergman. Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her majestically worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. The whole film is like the grievances of someone who has just gone into therapy—Mother did this to me, she did that to me, and that and that and that. Ullmann enters into Ingmar Bergman's disturbed emotions and puts them on the screen just as he desires; neither of them does the shaping job of an artist here. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/6/78.) (Baronet.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Claude Jade, as Antoine's bride, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Cinema Village; Nov. 28.)

The Big Fix—A counterculture detective story, with a wisecracking detective—Moses Wine (Richard Dreyfuss)—who isn't the usual cynical down-at-the-heels private eye; he's warm and Jewish and disillusioned, with two sons to support from a failed marriage. The film's nostalgia for the great days of Berkeley in the late sixties—for the sit-ins, the strikes, the antiwar demonstrations—is like a form of intellectual mildew. Dreyfuss acts like a puppy surprising his master with little tricks he's thought of all by himself; you feel he wants petting after each scene. With F. Murray Abraham, Susan Anspach, Bonnie Bedelia, John Lithgow, and Rita Karin. Directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. (10/23/78) (72nd Street East; starting Nov. 29.)

The Boys from Brazil—Franklin J. Schaffner's large-scale version of Ira Levin's novel about Nazi experiments in cloning is too logy and literal-minded for suspense, and when an actor like Gregory Peck plays a sadistic Nazi geneticist and speaks in an arch-villain's sibilant German accent, you can't keep from laughing. He looks particularly bad because he's playing opposite Laurence Olivier, who is the aged hero, a famous Nazi-hunter. In fact, Olivier is the only reason to see this movie. It starts from the dumb idea that Hitler's closest associates—whom he dragged down with him—would want him cloned. Nazism here is comic-book mythology, a consumer product. With James Mason, Rosemary Harris, Bruno Ganz, Uta Hagen, and Lilli Palmer. (10/9/78) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play. (Olympia; starting Nov. 29.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Art, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Embassy 72nd St.)

Caravans—Based on the James A. Michener novel, with Anthony Quinn, Jennifer O'Neill, and Michael Sarrazin. Directed by James Fargo. (Music Hall.)

Carefree (1938)—Fred Astaire is a psychiatrist, which allows for the lovely, hypnotic "Change Partners" dance when Ginger Rogers is in a trance; Ginger gets to wear big halo hats, and she's wackily funny in some of the dance scenes. But this is one of the least scintillating of the Astaire-Rogers series; there's too much filler between the dances and what's meant to be comedy is paced much too slowly. The film doesn't have the spirit of their best films, or the Art Deco décor, either—the production numbers are performed in an ugly, cluttered country-club set. The plot is on the tedious side, and the supporting cast is less than luminous (Jack Carson, Luella Gear, Ralph Bellamy, Franklin Pangborn, Hattie McDaniel, and Clarence Kolb). The director, Mark Sandrich, should have been able to do a little more with the Allan Scott-Ernest Pagano script; the Irving Berlin score includes "The Yam." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 29.)

Comes a Horseman—This Western, set during the Second World War and starring Jane Fonda and James Caan, and Jason Robards as an evil cattle baron, is so self-conscious about its themes that nothing in the storytelling occurs naturally. Basically, the story is a variant of the evil land-grabber who is determined to take the land of the honest, hardworking rancher: now the honest rancher is a woman. But it's a film of few words (and

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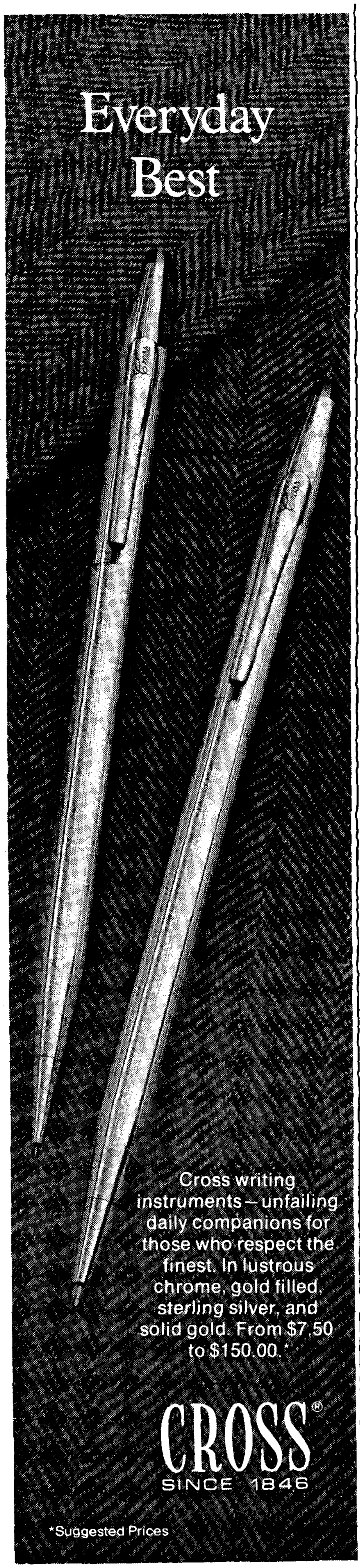
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about a quarter of them mangled by the sound recording), and the melodrama is smothered under sullen, overcast skies—how can you get involved in the conflict between the good guys and the bad guys if you can't even see them? Has the director, Alan J. Pakula, become perversely artistic, or is it that he let his cinematographer, Gordon Willis, get carried away? The film's dark, overblown pictorial style works against the exhilaration possible in the Western genre. Caan gives his lines wryly humorous readings, but Fonda's acting is disappointingly constricted, though she looks great in her tan weather-beaten makeup and tight jeans. With Richard Farnsworth, in a likable performance as the old cowhand, and George Grizzard as the banker. *From a script by Dennis Lynton Clark.* (11/13/78) (Trans-Lux East, and Criterion.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cutoff land of wheat fields that are more brightly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Cinema 3.)

Death on the Nile—Anthony Shaffer's adaptation of Agatha Christie's 1937 novel has wit and edge and structure—too much structure, as it turns out, for the methodical pacing of the director, John Guillermin. But if the over-all effect is disappointing, from moment to moment the details are never less than engaging. Peter Ustinov is an ideal fatuous, vain Hercule Poirot. With Maggie Smith, Angela Lansbury, Mia Farrow, Bette Davis, I. S. Johar, Simon MacCorkindale, Jon Finch, Jack Warden, David Niven, Olivia Hussey, Harry Andrews, and Jane Birkin. (10/23/78) (34th St. East, Loews Tower East, and Forum.)

Distant Thunder (1973)—Satyajit Ray sets this film in a torpid Bengali village in the early nineteen-forties. Soumitra Chatterji, Ray's one-man stock company, who played the passionately romantic Apu in "The World of Apu," is cast as a newly arrived Brahmin, the only educated man for miles around. "You are the jewel in our crown," the ignorant villagers tell him, and he agrees. But the far-away Second World War causes the price of rice to soar, the traditions that bind the community are eroded, and the condescending Brahmin is no longer treated as a jewel. This isn't one of Ray's greatest films: it's forced and riddled with flaws. Yet it's still a Satyajit Ray film, full of feeling and astonishingly beautiful; the women are conceived as in a dream of the past—moving in their thin, clinging saris, they create sensuous waves of color in the steamy air. In Bengali. (Cinema Village; Nov. 26-27.)

A Dream of Passion—With Melina Mercouri and Ellen Burstyn, directed by Jules Dassin. In English and Greek. (Gemini 2.)

Easy Rider (1969)—A ballad about an eastbound motorcycle odyssey across modern America. The two heroes are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. The third hero, a middle-aged, highborn Southern liberal lawyer, is brilliantly seen as the hippies' natural blood brother, and is acted with the greatest talent by Jack Nicholson. Directed by Dennis Hopper; his first film. (Regency; Nov. 28-29.)

Elmer Gantry (1960)—Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons as Bible Belt evangelists in the twenties, in a loud, striking, big-scale melodrama based on the Sinclair Lewis novel about con artists, adapted and directed by Richard Brooks. The movie cheats on the issues, but it's coarsely compelling and never boring. When Lancaster plays a kinetic, broadly exaggerated character like the lecher Gantry, you can't take your eyes off him, and Simmons is one of the most quietly commanding actresses Hollywood has ever trashed. With Shirley Jones as Lulu Bains, Edward Andrews as George Babbitt, and Arthur Kennedy, Dean Jagger, Patti Page, John McIntire, Rex Ingram, Hugh Marlowe, and Philip Ober. (Cinema Village; Nov. 29-30.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball, with the debauchery of the pre-Christian Roman world at the time of Nero as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. In "La Dolce Vita," he used the orgies of modern Rome as a parallel to ancient Rome, and now he reverses the analogy to make the same point—that man without a belief in God is a lecherous beast. The film is full of cautionary images of depravity that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy: an unconscionable number of performers stick out their evil tongues at us, and there are leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Fellini draws upon his master-entertainer's feeling for the daydreams of the audience, and many people find this film eerie, spellbinding, and even profound. Essentially, though, it's just a hip version of De Mille's "The Sign of the Cross" (also a photogenic demonstration of the highly dubious proposition that godlessness is lawlessness), and it's less entertaining than De Mille's kitsch—*maybe because no one is given a role to play;* Fellini is the only star. His pagans are freaks, and he uses Petronius and other classic sources as the basis for a movie that is one long orgy of eating, drinking, cruelty, and copulation. There's a charming episode with a beautiful slave girl in a deserted house, and some of Danilo Donati's set designs (a ship like a sea serpent, a building with many stories and no front wall) have a hypnotic quality. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous; we anticipate the end a dozen times. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 25.)

The Floradora Girl (1930)—Marion Davies as a member of a "Floradora" sextette in what used to be called the Gay Nineties. She falls in love with a millionaire (Lawrence Gray) and sticks by him when he loses his fortune. A lavish production, with a large cast including Ilka Chase, Walter Catlett, Claude Allister, and Anita Louise when she was a beautiful child. Harry Beaumont directed; the story is by Gene Markey; the gowns are by Adrian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 29.)

Foul Play—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (Embassy. . . . ¶ Playboy; through Nov. 28.)

The Front (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front; the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (Midtown; through Nov. 28.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Nov. 28.)

The Hired Hand (1971)—Peter Fonda's first piece of direction, set in an Old West that is already changing. He and Warren Oates play great friends who turn up at the house of Fonda's ten-years-older wife (Verna Bloom) after he has left her on her own to run a farm and a life for six years. She gives him a guarded welcome, with a feminine skepticism that is truly caught. (Regency; Nov. 26-27.)

Interiors—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. (8/7/78) (Quad Cinema, Festival, and New Yorker.)

Just Imagine (1930)—Perhaps the only sci-fi musical comedy ever made, this is set in New York fifty years in the future—1980. It's an oddly tacky concoction: papier-mâché skyscrapers soar into the painted heavens, stop-and-go signs refer to the traffic of airplanes, J-21 (John Garrick) is a suitor for the hand in marriage of LN-18 (Maureen O'Sullivan), and he and his pal RT-42 (Frank Albertson) pilot a rocketship to Mars. This picture was fairly shameless in what it threw together; what helped to make it a hit were the painfully broad antics of the Swedish-accented yokel comic El Brendel in the role of Single O, a Rip van Winkle character who had died in 1930 and was revived in 1980. The script and the songs are by Lew Brown, B. G. De Sylva, and Ray Henderson; David Butler directed, Seymour Felix choreographed. With Mischa Auer, Marjorie White, and Hobart Bosworth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks: Nov. 29.)

The Last Supper—A few years back, Tomás Gutiérrez Alea's oddly quizzical "Memories of Underdevelopment," made in Fidel's Cuba, startled dyed-in-the-wool reactionaries. Now, he has made "The Last Supper," set on a Cuban sugar plantation in the late eighteenth century in Holy Week. In an expression of fake camaraderie and bland religiosity, a bewigged white count, who casts himself as Jesus, invites twelve of his black slaves to an enactment of Christ's feast. A frail, overdecorated man, the count is one of Cuba's biggest sugar-growers and unable to absorb the changes of the Industrial Revolution; the slaves are a threat, yes, but they are more familiar than the strange machines he is getting from England. The feast of Maundy Thursday, filmed in brownish black and filled with the clattering of knives and forks used by people more accustomed to eating with their fingers, begins in nervous conviviality and ends with the count asleep and the slaves reverting to happy Africanism. The familiarity of that Thursday is one for which the slaves pay dearly as Easter goes on. A remarkable film from Fidel's Cuba—or, indeed, from anywhere else; it says a great deal about élitism and revolution. In Spanish. (5/15/78) (Little Theatre; through Nov. 26.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Ham-handed, wartime Hitchcock, highly regarded by many, and a big hit. John Steinbeck and Jo Swerling concocted the symbol-laden script about the ordeal of a group of survivors of a torpedoed ship; the script's chief virtue is that it provides a raucous opportunity for Tallulah Bankhead to strut her comic sexiness. The picture made her, for the first time, a popular movie star. She plays a famous mink-coated journalist who develops a yen for John Hodiak, an oiler from the ship's engine room. Others aboard the small boat include Canada Lee as a pickpocket, Henry Hull as a millionaire manufacturer, Heather Angel as a simpleton mother with a new baby, Mary Anderson as a nurse, Hume Cronyn as the ship's radio operator, and, regrettably, in terms of the didactic uses they are put to, Walter Slezak as the U-boat captain, and William Bendix as a wounded seaman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 30.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar (1977)—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. He's lost the erotic, pulpy morbidity that made the novel a compulsive read; the film is splintered, moralistic, tedious. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (10/24/77) (Midtown; starting Nov. 29.)

The Lord of the Rings—An animated film based on the J. R. R. Tolkien story, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Ziegfeld.)

Magic—With Anthony Hopkins, Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter; directed by Richard Attenborough. (Gramercy, Beekman, Paramount, and National.)

Memories of Underdevelopment (1973)—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counterrevolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (Little Theatre; through Nov. 26.)

Midnight Express—With Brad Davis, Randy Quaid, John Hurt, and Mike Kellin; directed by Alan Parker. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

Miss Sadie Thompson (1953)—Somerset Maugham's story "Miss Thompson," was adapted to the stage as "Rain" and opened in 1922, starring Jeanne Eagels. The first movie version came out in 1928, starring Gloria Swanson as the sinner-heroine, and another in 1932, with Joan Crawford. Sadie Thompson was the prototype of many of the shady ladies in exotic locales played by Jean Harlow, Marlene Dietrich, Hedy Lamarr, Mae West, Ann Sheridan, Ava Gardner, and dozens of others. But by the fifties Maugham's durable vehicle, in which the conflict is between Sadie the honest whore and the wrathful, hypocritical Reverend Davidson, had run into Production Code censorship troubles, so in this updated-to-the-Second World War version Sadie (Rita Hayworth) just seems a naturally high-spirited girl who likes to sing and dance and scamper about with small children, and Davidson (José Ferrer) isn't even allowed to be a clergyman. He appears to be an insomniac spoilsport who wants her to stop entertaining the troops so he can get a night's sleep in the South Pacific hostel that shelters him, Sadie, a batch of Marines, and the sergeant (Aldo Ray) who falls in love with her. Rita Hayworth seems physically overblown, and, attempting to be sincere, she's rather dull. Curtis Bernhardt directed this color version, which includes several musical numbers; in its initial showing in New York it was in 3-D, but that was dropped for the national release. (Thalia; Nov. 24-25.)

Movie Movie—With George C. Scott, Harry Hamlin, Barry Bostwick, Trish Van Devere, Art Carney, and Eli Wallach; directed by Stanley Donen. (Sutton.)

Murder She Said (1962)—Margaret Rutherford as Jane Marple, a maiden-aunt amateur criminologist, in an amiable adaptation of an Agatha Christie novel. With Arthur Kennedy and Stringer Davis; George Pollock directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 24-25.)

Murder at the Gallop (1963)—Modest, relaxed follow-up to "Murder She Said." Margaret Rutherford again as Agatha Christie's dotty, blustering Miss Marple; she rides a horse in this one and does the Twist, as well as attempting to solve crimes. With Robert Morley, Flora Robson, Stringer Davis, James Villiers, and Duncan Lamont. George Pollock directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 24-25.)

National Lampoon's Animal House—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (U. A. East, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1.)

Once in Paris—With Wayne Rogers, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Jack Lenoir; directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (68th St. Playhouse.)

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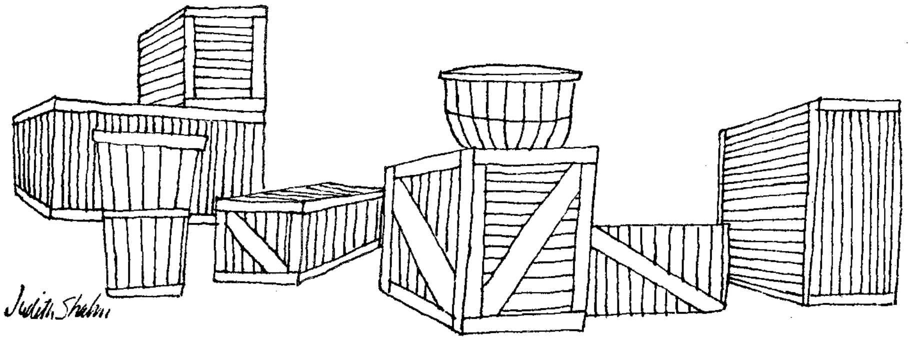

Kim Darby, directed by Carl Reiner. (Olympia; through Nov. 28.)

Paradise Alley—Sylvester Stallone wrote, directed, and stars in this story about three Italian brothers in Hell's Kitchen in 1946. The youngest (Lee Canalito) becomes a saloon wrestler, the oldest (Armand Assante) manages him, and the middle brother (Stallone) serves as his trainer. The film is an actor's baroque version of the lower depths, compounded of dime-a-dance girls, cripples, beggars, floozies, a good-hearted whore, a gentle giant who talks to a pet canary named Bella, and a Damon Runyonesque assortment of crooks and thugs. Not a single one of them seems capable of walking the two or three blocks that would get them out of Hell's Kitchen; instead, they all dream about escape or hatch near-impossible plans. Stallone gives a blowhard performance, and he's a blowhard director, too. He's grotesquely eager to move the audience; he pounds you so hard that you come out feeling that you've been slammed on the head with a two-by-four. With Frank McRae, as Big Glory, and Terry Funk. (11/20/78) (Loews Ciné, and Rivoli.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, shaping it for her tense patrician beauty and her eccentricities, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway (in 1939) and on the screen. There's conventional Broadway shoddiness at its center: the material plays off her public personality, pulling her down from her pedestal. As Tracy Lord, a snow maiden and a phony—which is how the movie public regarded Hepburn, according to the exhibitors who in 1938 had declared her "box-office poison"—she gets her comeuppance. The priggish, snooty Tracy is contemptuous of everyone who doesn't live up to her high standards (and that includes her father, played by John Halliday, and her ex-husband, played by Cary Grant); in the course of the action, she slips from those standards herself, learns to be tolerant of other people's lapses, and discovers her own "humanity." Shiny and unfelt and smart-aleck-commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of M-G-M professionalism. There isn't much real wit in the lines, and there's no feeling of spontaneity, yet the engineering is so astute that the laughs keep coming. This is a paste diamond with more flash and sparkle than a true one. The director, George Cukor, has never been more heartlessly sure of himself. The cast includes James Stewart, who took the Academy Award for Best Actor for his performance as the journalist who has a sudden romantic fling with Tracy, and Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Roland Young, Mary Nash, Henry Daniell, and Virginia Weidler. The additions by the adaptor, Donald Ogden Stewart, are brief and witty; Hepburn's gowns are by Adrian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 24-25.)

Revenge of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers once again as the expert in *gaffes*. Inspector Clouseau, whose armored ineptitude periodically drives Herbert Lom, as his boss, into mental institutions. Story by Blake Edwards, and directed by him. (7/31/78) (Midtown; through Nov. 28.)

A Royal Scandal (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead gave this sex farce about Catherine the Great a sort of low glitter, but it's not much of a vehicle. (Unhappily, poor as it is it's one of the few halfway possible screen roles she ever got.) She does wonders with a few line readings, and the fine young actor William Eythe (he died prematurely) has some splendid comic moments with her. The cast includes Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter, Vincent Price, Sig Ruman, and Mischa Auer. The script, which is marred by horseplay and dumb wisecracks, is by Edwin Justus Mayer; Otto Preminger directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 30.)

Same Time, Next Year—Based on the Broadway play, with Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. Directed by Robert Mulligan. (Cinema I.)

Saturday Night Fever—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976, *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Midtown; starting Nov. 29.)

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Slaughterhouse-Five (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 28.)

Slow Dancing in the Big City—A boxing-movie-type ballet movie—Rocky as a young ballerina (Anne Ditchburn), who has to learn that she's a champion inside. The man who teaches her is a Jimmy Breslin-like columnist (Paul Sorvino), who works for the *News*. This is a feminine fantasy (written by Barra Grant), yet it's inspired by the tough-guy-with-a-soft-heart school of journalism, and the film aims for our hearts with brass knuckles, in the Breslin manner. It never once lands on target, and almost all the actors seem to be impaled by the camera. The earnestness and shamelessness of the director, John G. Avildsen (whose previous picture *was* "Rocky") are so awesome, though, that if the picture fails as romance it succeeds as camp. The ballerina, who has a prissy little-girl voice, talks to her parakeet, whose name is Orville Wright, and when she's loosening her muscles she thrashes around passionately to Carole King's "I Feel the Earth Move Under My Feet"—she's the Patti Smith of ballet, pouring sweat and suffering ecstatically for her art. You don't get scenes like this in every movie. (11/20/78) (Cinema II.)

Thunderbolt (1929)—This Josef von Sternberg underworld melodrama (which he did just before he went to Germany and made "The Blue Angel") was filmed as a silent and released in that form in some places, but sound was added to the completed film, and it was more generally released as a talkie. George Bancroft is the gang leader known as Thunderbolt; Fay Wray is his gun moll, Ritzy; Richard Arlen is the bank clerk who knew her before she took up with Thunderbolt, and wants to marry her. Bancroft was such a genial, large-spirited actor that he makes Thunderbolt likable even while he's framing the bank clerk for murder. The two men wind up facing each other in opposite cells on death row. Tully Marshall is very funny as the agitated, sly, vaguely philanthropic warden. The picture is an imitation of von Sternberg's 1927 hit, "Underworld," also starring Bancroft, and it isn't in the same class, but the first half isn't bad. After that, the contrivances are threadbare. With Eugenie Besserer as Arlen's mother, and Fred Kohler as Bad Al. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 27.)

To Be or Not to Be (1942)—Some people have great affection for this anti-Nazi comedy-melodrama, with its knockabout seriousness. The stars are Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, bizarrely cast as a famous Polish actress and her actor-husband; the plot involves the actors' disguising themselves as Nazis in order to foil the Nazis. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who starts off on the wrong foot and never gets his balance; the performers jowl their lines, and the burlesque of the Nazis, who cower before their superior officers, is so crudely gleeful it isn't funny. With Robert Stack, Lionel Atwill, Stanley Ridges, Felix Bressart, Tom Dugan (as Hitler), Sig Rumann, Maude Eburne, Halliwell Hobbes, and Miles Mander. Edwin Justice Mayer wrote the script, from a story conceived by Lubitsch and Melchior Lengyel. Photographed by Rudolph Maté. It was Lombard's last film; two weeks after completing it, she was killed in a plane crash while on a tour to sell defense bonds. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 24.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Up in Smoke—You don't have to be an insider to see the humor in dopers' single-minded, never-ending quest for great grass. This piece of stoned-hippie foolishness, starring the comedy team Cheech and Chong, who wrote the script, is fairly consistently funny. With Zane Buzby as the speed freak, and June Fairchild as the woman who snorts Ajax. Directed by Lou Adler. (10/9/78) (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Violette—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Paris.)

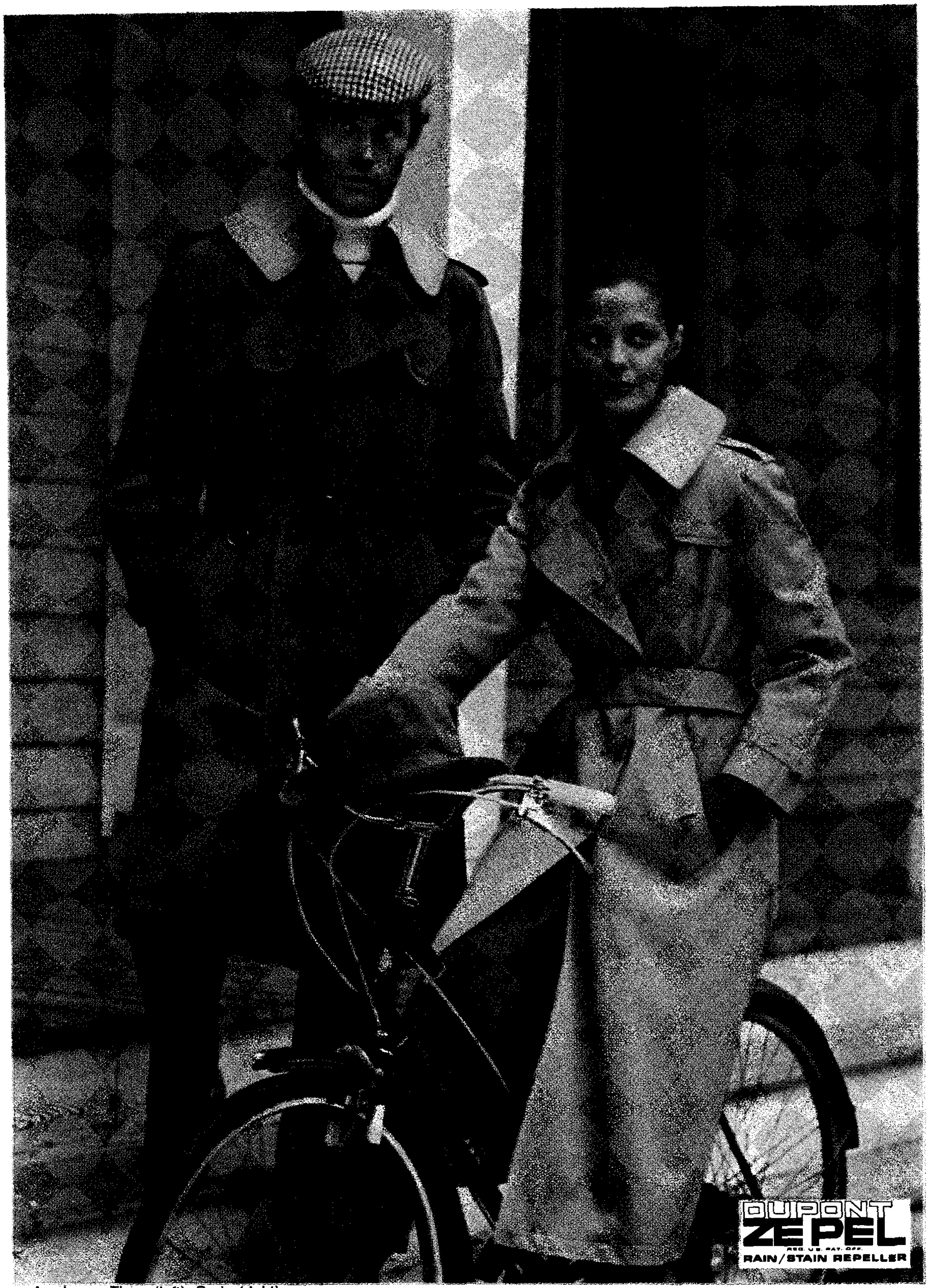
Watership Down—An animated film, based on the Richard Adams story. Directed by Martin Rosen, with the voices of Zero Mostel, Ralph Richardson, Harry Andrews, John Bennett, and Denholm Elliott. (Bay Cinema, Eastside Cinema, and Guild.)

A Wedding—Robert Altman's satirical farce takes place during a single day, starting with a family-only Episcopal-church wedding and then moving from the church to the reception at the groom's family mansion, in a North Shore suburb of Chicago. The forty-eight members of the cast (especially Carol Burnett, Pat McCormick, and Amy Stryker) do many charming things, but the flimsy movie is bitter in a concealed, dry, facile way. (10/2/78) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Nov. 29.)

The Wild Geese—With Richard Burton, Roger Moore, Richard Harris, Hardy Krüger, and Stewart Granger; directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews State 1.)

The Wiz—With Diana Ross in the lead, Dorothy is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, and Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko's modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings songs of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrangements. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) is able to ride right over the film's muddy carelessness, and a sweetness comes through the Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wears as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who plays the Wicked Witch, has a hot growly song. But the whole production has a stagnant atmosphere, and the big dance numbers are free-form traffic jams. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (10/30/78) (Murray Hill, Plaza, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

You Only Live Once (1937)—This early version of the Bonnie-and-Clyde story, starring Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda (neither has ever been better), is perhaps the finest of Fritz Lang's American movies, and certainly one of the finest American melodramas of the thirties. In this version, the young outcasts are seen as innocent victims of the indifference and cruelty of society—a view the audiences of the period readily shared. Even though the social slant may seem like Lang pushing his view of doom, and even though the end seems maudlin, the details and many of the individual sequences are so clearly directed that the social melodrama is transcended. With Jean Dixon, Barton MacLane, Margaret Hamilton, Warren Hymer, Guinn Williams, Charles (Chic) Sale, and, regrettably, William Gargan as Father Dolan. The script is by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. (Regency; starting Nov. 30.)



As shown: Tioga (left); Darla (right)

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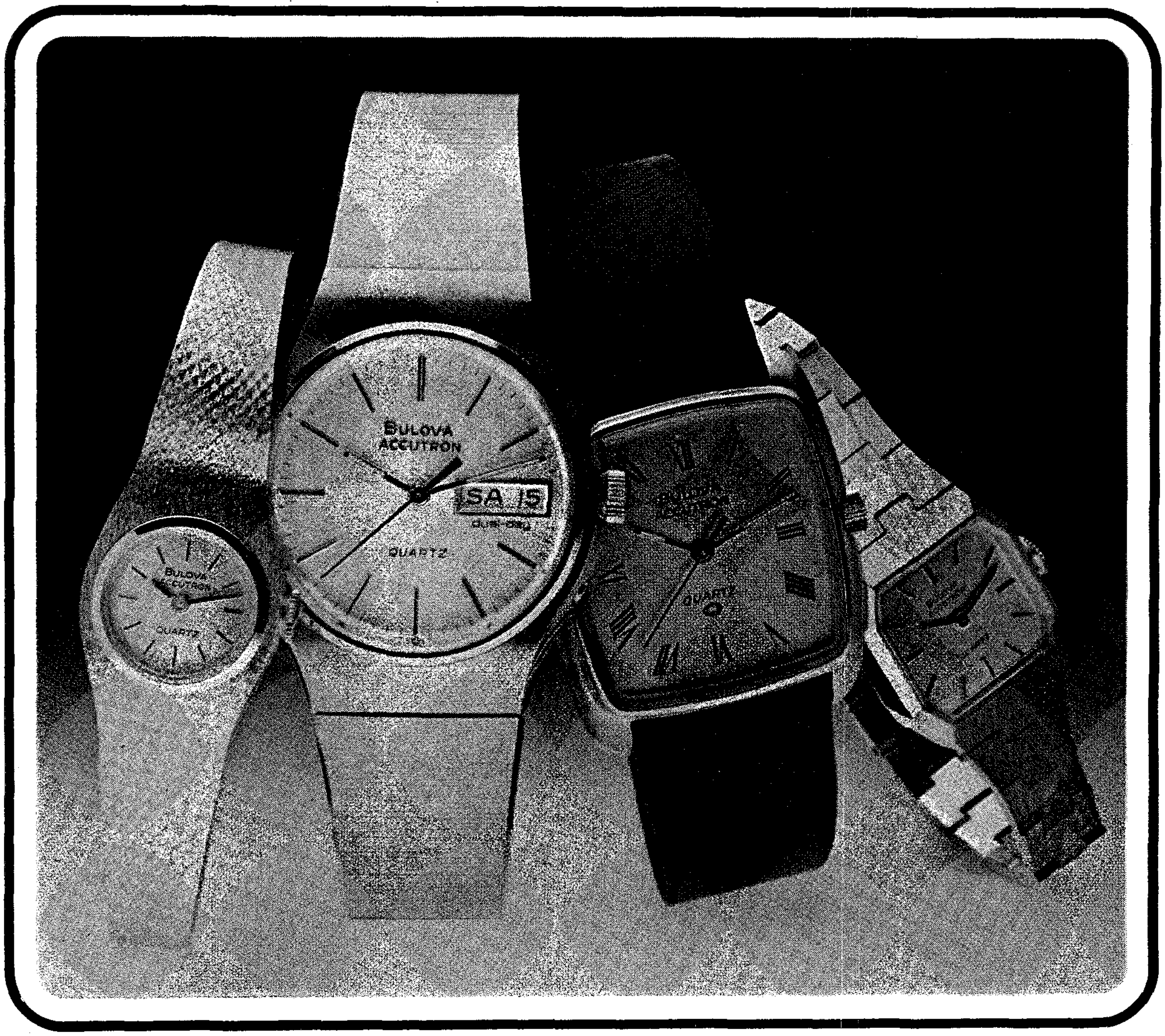

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THE NEW YORKER

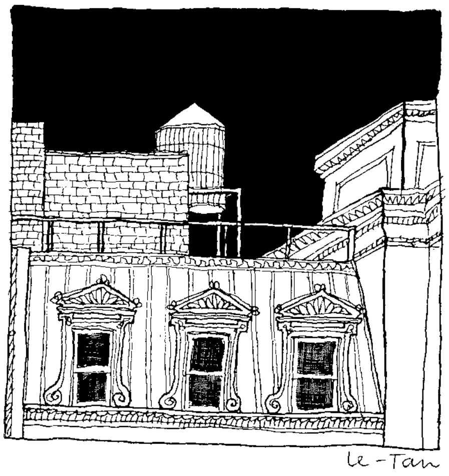
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

HERE follows what is doubtless intended as a seasonal message from our Holiday Correspondent:

At last, it is time to speak the truth about Thanksgiving. The truth is this: it is not a really great holiday. Consider the imagery. Dried cornhusks hanging on the door! Terrible wine! Cranberry jelly in little bowls of extremely doubtful provenance which everyone is required to handle with the greatest of care! Consider the participants, the merrymakers. Men and women (also children) who have survived passably well through the years, mainly as a result of living at considerable distances from their dear parents and beloved siblings, who on this feast of feasts must apparently forgather (as if beckoned by an aberrant Fairy Godmother), usually by circuitous routes, through heavy traffic, at a common meeting place, where the very moods, distempers, and obtrusive personal habits that have kept them happily apart since adulthood are then and there encouraged to slowly ferment beneath the cornhusks, and gradually rise with the aid of the terrible wine, and finally burst forth out of control under the stimulus of the cranberry jelly! No, it is a mockery of a holiday. For instance: *Thank you, O Lord, for what we are about to receive.* This is surely not a gala concept. There are no presents, unless one counts Aunt Bertha's sweet rolls a present, which no one does. There is precious little in the way of costumery: miniature plastic turkeys and those witless Pilgrim hats. There is no sex. Indeed, Thanksgiving is the one day of the year (a fact known to everybody) when all thoughts of sex completely vanish, evaporating from apartments, houses, condominiums, and mobile homes like steam from a bathroom mirror.

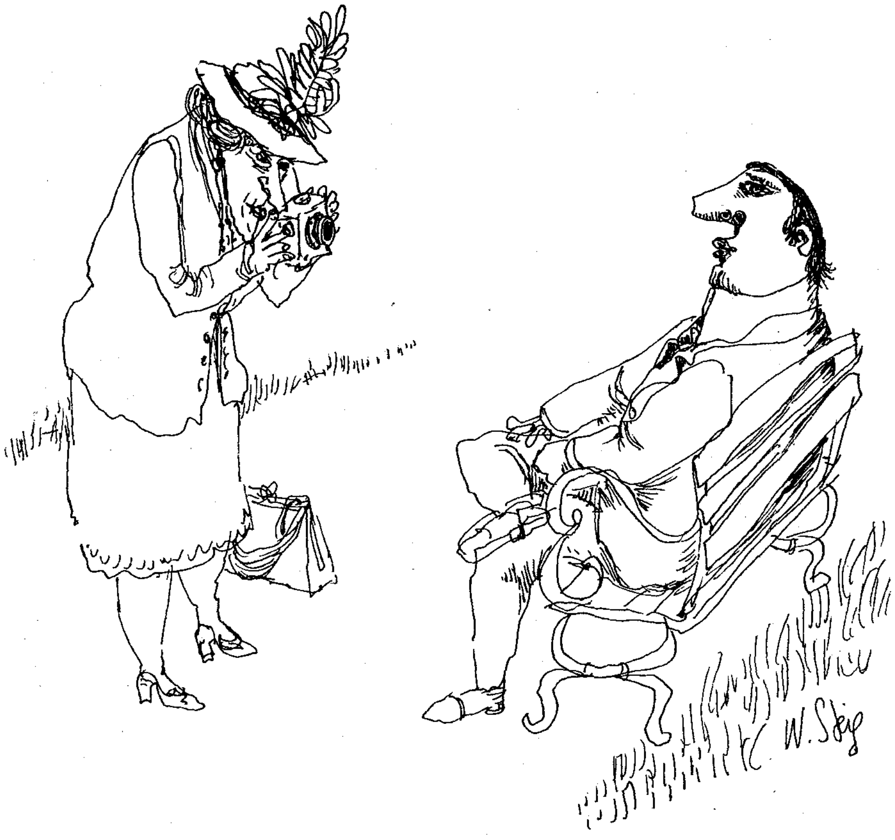
Consider also the nowhereness of the time of the year. The last week or so in November. It is obviously not yet winter: winter, with its death-dealing blizzards and its girls in tiny skirts pirouetting on the ice. On the other hand, it is certainly not much use to anyone as fall: no golden leaves or Oktoberfests, and so forth. Instead, it is a no man's land between the seasons. In the cold and sobersides northern half of the country, it is a vaguely unsettling interregnum of long, mournful walks beneath leafless trees: the long, mournful walks following the midday repast with the dread inevitability of pie following turkey, and the leafless trees looming or standing about like eyesores, and the ground either as hard as iron or slightly mushy, and the light snow always beginning to fall when one is halfway to the old green gate—flecks of cold, watery stuff plopping between neck and collar, for the reason that, it being not yet winter, one has forgotten or not chosen to bring along a muffler. It is a corollary to the long, mournful Thanksgiving walk that the absence of this muffler is quickly noticed and that four weeks or so later, at Christmastime, instead of the Sony Betamax one had secretly hoped the children might have chipped in together to purchase, one receives another muffler—by then the thirty-third. Thirty-three mufflers! Some walk! Of course, things are more fun in the warm and loony southern part of the country. No snow there of any kind. No need of mufflers. Also, no long, mournful walks, because in the warm and loony southern part of the country everybody drives. So everybody drives over to Uncle Jasper's house to watch the Cougars play the Gators, a not entirely unimportant conflict, which will determine whether the Gators get a bowl bid or must take another post-season exhibition tour of North Korea. But no sooner do the Cougars kick off (an astonishing end-over-end squiggly thing that floats lazily above the arena before plummeting down toward K. C. McCoy and catching him on the helmet) than Auntie Em starts hustling turkey. Soon Cousin May is slamming around the bowls and platters, and Cousin Bernice is oohing and ahing about "all the fixin's," and Uncle Bob is making low, insincere sounds of appreciation: "Yummy, yummy, Auntie Em, I'll have me some more of these delicious yams!" Delicious yams? Uncle Bob's eyes roll wildly in his head. Billy Joe Quaglino throws his long bomb in the middle of Grandpa Morris saying grace, Grandpa Morris speaking so low nobody can hear him—which is just as well, since he is reciting what he can remember of his last union contract; and then, just as J. B. (Speedy) Snood begins his ninety-two-yard punt return, Auntie Em starts dealing second helpings of her famous stuffing to everyone, as if she were pushing a controlled substance, which it well might be, since there are no easily recognizable ingredients visible to the naked eye.



Consider for a moment the Thanksgiving meal itself. It has become a sort of refuge for endangered species of starch: sweet potatoes, cauliflower, pumpkin, mince (whatever "mince" is), those blessed yams. Bowls of luridly colored yams, with no taste at all, lying torpid under a lava flow of marshmallow! And then the sacred turkey. One might as well try to construct a holiday repast around a fish—say, a nice piece of boiled haddock. After all, turkey tastes very similar to haddock: same consistency, same quite remarkable absence of flavor. But then, if the Thanksgiving pièce de résistance were a nice piece of boiled haddock instead of turkey, there wouldn't be all that fun for Dad when Mom hands him the sterling-silver, bone-handled carving set (a wedding present from her parents and not sharpened since) and then everyone stands around pretending not to watch while he saws and tears away at the bird as if he were trying to burrow his way into or out of some grotesque, fowl-like prison.

What of the good side to Thanksgiving, you ask. There is always a good side to everything. Not to Thanksgiving. There is only a bad side and then a worse side. For instance, Grandmother's best linen tablecloth is a bad side: the fact that it is produced each year, in the manner of a red flag being produced before a bull, and then is always spilled upon by whichever child is doing poorest at school that term and so is in need of greatest reassurance. Thus: "Oh, my God, *Veronica*, you just spilled grape juice [or "plum wine" or "tar"] on Grandmother's best linen tablecloth!" But now comes worse. For at this point Cousin Bill, the one who lost all Cousin Edwina's money on the car dealership three years ago and has apparently been drinking steadily since Halloween, bizarrely chooses to say, "Seems to me those old glasses are *always* falling over." To which Auntie Meg is heard to add, "Somehow I don't remember *receivin'* any of those old glasses." To which Uncle Fred replies, "That's because you and George decided to go on vacation to *Hawaii* the summer Grandpa Sam was dying." Now Grandmother is sobbing, though not so uncontrollably that she cannot refrain from murmuring, "I think that volcano painting I threw away by mistake got sent me from Hawaii, heaven knows why." But the gods are merciful, even the Pilgrim-hatted god of cornhusks and soggy stuffing, and there is an end to everything, even to Thanksgiving. Indeed, there is a grandeur to the feelings of finality and doom which usually settle on a house after the Thanksgiving celebration is over, for with the completion of Thanksgiving Day the year itself has been properly terminated—shot through the cranium with a high-velocity candied yam. At this calendrical nadir, all energy on the planet has gone, all fun has fled, all the terrible wine has been drunk.

But then, overnight, life once again begins to stir, emerging, even by the next morning, in the form of Japanese window displays and Taiwanese Christmas lighting, from the primeval ooze of the nation's department stores. Thus, a new year dawns, bringing with it immediate and cheering possibilities of extended consumer debt, office-party flirtations, good—or, at least, mediocre—wine, and visions of cheapskate excursion fares to Montego Bay. It is worth noting, perhaps, that this true new year always starts with the same mute, powerful mythic ceremony: the surreptitious tossing out, in the early morning, of all those horrid aluminum-foil packages of yams and cauliflower and stuffing and red, gummy cranberry substance which have been squeezed into the refrigerator as if a reënactment of the siege of Paris were expected. Soon afterward, the phoenix of Christmas can be observed as it slowly rises, beating its drumsticks, once again goggle-eyed with hope and unrealistic expectations.



Mother and Child

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Opera at Seth Low

FOR the past month, forty-odd sixth-grade students at the Seth Low Intermediate School, in Brooklyn, have been taking a unique course in Smetana's "The Bartered Bride"—a course conducted, with considerable brio, by the Metropolitan Opera's director of production, John Dexter. The occasion for instituting the course was a sparkling-new Metropolitan version of the famous folk opera (in a new English translation by the poet Tony Harrison, and with Mr. Dexter directing). The object of the exercise was to introduce young children directly to the complex elements of opera—music, dance, sets, and costumes—and to see if this experience would make it easier for them to comprehend what was happening on the stage when they watched a rehearsal at the Met.

We attended a class being held in a large, rectangular classroom that had been cleared of chairs. John Dexter, a short, bearded, volatile Englishman, took up a position next to a piano, produced instant silence with a Jovian glare, and began to tell the story of the opera to the children, who were seated on a rug in front of him. The class was about two-thirds white and one-third black, and the students seemed unusually bright and attentive. (Their teacher, Lawrence Lerner, told us that they were all enrolled in a special vocal program that is part of the Seth Low curriculum. He added that Mr. Dexter had made a previous visit to the school, bringing with him a Czech choreographer, Pavel Šmok, who had demonstrated some dance steps, and the Metropolitan's chorus master, David Stivender, who had conducted the class

NO
THANK
YOU
Bernard Schoenbaum

in the opera's most popular melody, a second-act duet called, in this version, "Dowry from Daddy.")

"Now, children," Mr. Dexter said briskly. " 'The Bartered Bride' is about a girl whose father runs a farm so badly that he is forced to make a bargain with the local marriage broker." Pointing down at several upturned faces, he said, "His daughter, Mařenka, might be you or you or you. When you were about fourteen, your father's farm ran out of money, and you had to be sold in marriage to the son of a man who would pay your father's debts, or your father would lose his farm. In the opera, the young man you're in love with tries to prevent this. The marriage broker attempts to buy him off by offering him *another* girl, who is much richer than you are. But the young man—whose name is Jeník—only pretends to accept this offer. In the song you've been learning—'Dowry from Daddy'—the marriage broker is trying to persuade Jeník to take a bride he's never met, a young woman who has a rather large dowry. Does anybody know what a dowry is? George?"

A boy in the back row said, "It's when you get married you have to have money."

"Right," said Mr. Dexter, "Now, in the end Jeník cheats the marriage broker and wins both the money and the girl he loves. Does anybody know where all this takes place?"

A hand shot up and a voice said, "Czech-o-slo-va-kia?"

"Right," said Mr. Dexter. "Think of rich farmland—something like Kansas—about a hundred years ago. If you'd lived there at that time, this is what you'd have worn on feast days." He introduced two dancers, who walked through the room modelling elaborate peasant costumes: a tiny blonde in a white blouse, a tight beige bodice, a richly embroidered apron, and a billowing pink skirt covering layers of petticoats; and a tall young man wearing gold pantaloons, a black vest, and a black jacket piped in red and trimmed with large silver buttons.

"Now let's look at what they put on their heads," Mr. Dexter said, handing around a stiff white cotton cap with an enormous bow at the back and a broad-brimmed black hat, which sank down over the nose of a small boy who tried it on. Then the children crowded around the dancers, touching materials and asking questions, and Mr. Dexter showed them that the elaborate embroidery on the girl's apron was painted. "In the theatre, you don't reproduce something as it is," he said. "You make it *look* as real as possible."

After examining more costumes, the class was ready to sing "Dowry from Daddy," the duet between the hero, Jeník, and the marriage broker, Kecal. Mr. Dexter brought in a pianist named David Leighton, and a moment later he brought in Nicolai Gedda, a tall, handsome Swede, who plays Jeník ("He's one of the best tenors in the world and he's going to help you with interpretation"), and put him in charge of the group that had learned his part. Then, looking down at the children who were singing the role of Kecal, he said, "You have to convince this young farmer that the woman you want him to marry has got a lot more to offer than the girl he loves. And you *won't* convince him unless you sing very clearly. You know how much noise you make when you come into a classroom? Well, this has got to have the same kind of attack. You must push the words at him!"

Mr. Dexter signalled to the pianist, and everybody sang "Dowry from Daddy," in a somewhat dutiful manner.

"Now, *listen!*" said Mr. Dexter, subduing a rising tide of conversation with an authoritative roar. "*I'm* directing this opera, and you're not convincing *me!*"

The class looked stunned.

"My group is a little weaker, because it's a higher, more difficult vocal line," Mr. Gedda said diplomatically.

"Watch how Mr. Gedda uses his lips, tongue, and teeth," said Mr. Dexter to the Jeník group, "and you'll learn what good enunciation is all about."

"I sing this with a smile, which makes it easier, because Jeník doesn't believe what he's saying," said Mr. Gedda.

"I think you'd all better stand up," said Mr. Dexter, surveying the class, "and put a bit of acting into it." Moving rapidly and expertly, he placed the startled children in opposite corners of the room and instructed his ad-hoc chorus in the rudiments of operatic technique. "*My* lot is going to try and move forward and convince *your* lot that the girl we have for you is better than the one you've got," he said to Mr. Gedda's group. "*Your* lot doesn't believe a word of it. You're just having fun with us." He rounded up a few stragglers ("Move! You're worse than the Metropolitan chorus!") and set the impromptu scene in motion with an imperial downbeat.

The children, galvanized into action by the Dexter personality, sang the entire duet clearly and emphatically, charging forward on cue to confront each other in a triumphant finale.

"That wasn't bad, from a director's point of view," said Mr. Dexter as the class, struck by a collective attack of shyness, collapsed into a mass of squirming, giggling bodies. "The next time we meet is in the opera house. You'll be upstairs in the Grand Tier, and I'll be onstage placing the chorus. It's bedlam, but now that you've seen how it's done you'll have some idea of how we work out stage movement."

Driving back to Manhattan with Mr. Dexter, we asked him what the

Metropolitan hoped to accomplish with its expanded educational program.

"We have opened our rehearsals to the schools because we're aware that we've got to create a new kind of audience for opera," he said. "We hope that, if we begin with young children, in the next five or ten years we will have people who will arrive at the theatre without prejudice about how things were done in the past, people who are accustomed to seeing scenic and musical problems solved in a variety of ways, people who understand why opera is *opera* rather than a spoken play. The Seth Low visits are an experiment. We're trying to find out if children who experience the making of an opera in a direct, personal way will have some feeling for the enormous range of disciplines that are brought together in a single performance. And if eight or ten out of this first batch get enough shocks and excitement to bring them back, then we've opened a door."

Recollections

THIS hand-lettered invitation came in the mail. It read:

Mr. Alexander J. Burke, Jr.
President
McGraw-Hill Book Company
cordially invites

to attend a luncheon
on Tuesday, the fourteenth of November
at half after twelve o'clock
in honour of
ELVIS:
Based on the Recollections of
Lamar Fike and the American People
by Albert Goldman

The Luncheon: Based on the recollections of some of the guests at the luncheon:

R. Couri Hay, celebrity columnist for the *National Enquirer* and star and producer of his own celebrity-interview show on Channel C, local cable-TV station: "The invitation was first-class. All the important media people were there. The narrated slide show of Elvis was outrageous. I just couldn't believe the dialogue. The lunch, I am sure, was very good. I couldn't stay. I had to get ready to leave for the Coast. And ever since I've been on TV I haven't been able to eat. I only wish I could have stayed, but I've got to rush off to the Coast."

Milton Glaser, illustrator and graphic designer: "We should get a rebate on the avocado crêpe with Louisiana crayfish, but I thought the tournedos of beef was wonderful and the julienne autumn vegetables superb."

James McMullan, the illustrator: "It was very good, and I really appreciated the slides. This is my strongest impression of it: the focus wasn't on the book to come but on Elvis."

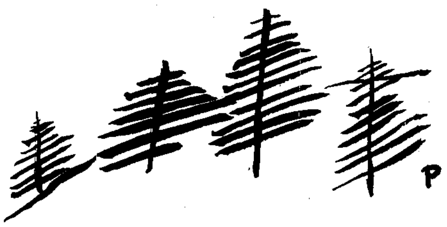
Anthony Delano, chief United States correspondent for the London *Daily Mirror:* "One has to be grateful for what it wasn't. It was not melon, dried-up filet mignon, sloppy potatoes. They served a decent fourth-growth claret, and that alone was enough to distinguish it from a regular luncheon."

Alexander Burke, president of the McGraw-Hill Book Company: "It was a luncheon where we had a lot of fine people that we asked to come. I thought the people were better than the food."

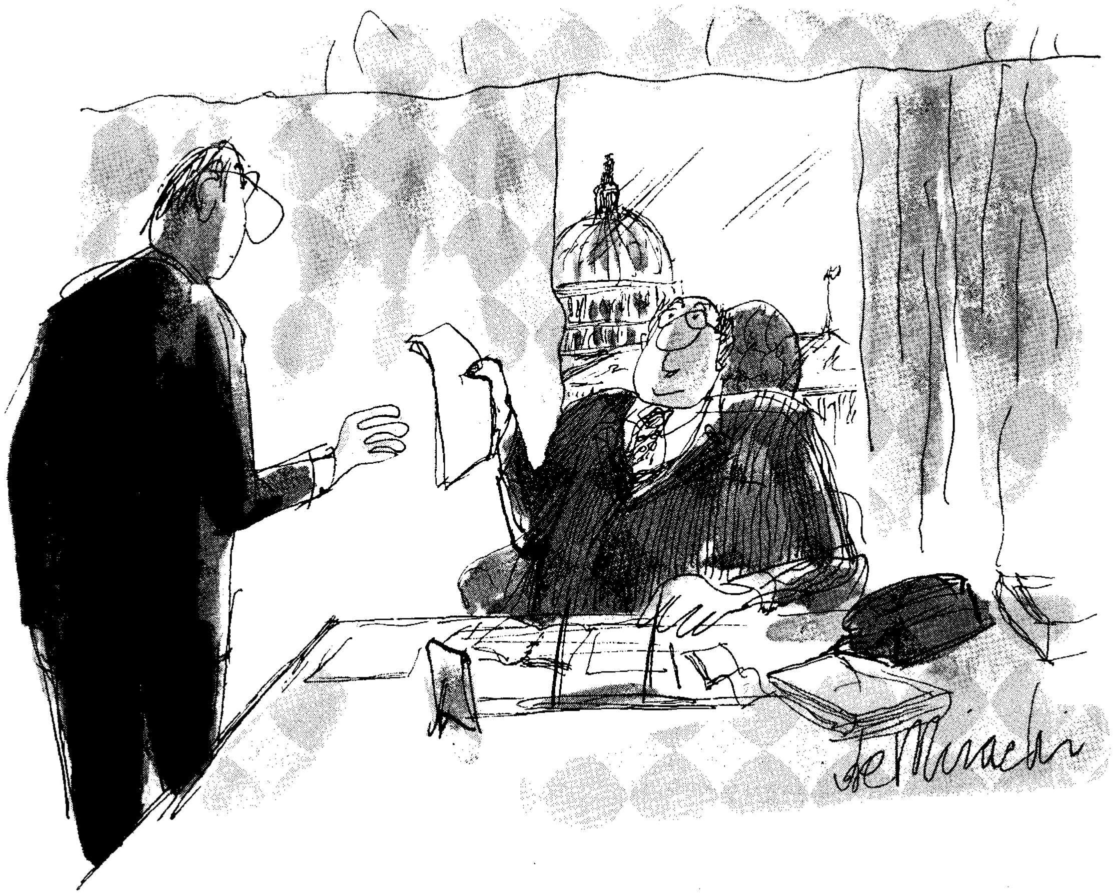
A girl who wouldn't tell anything about herself: "Did you know that they've just *begun* to write the book? What if the author dies? Or Lamar Fike? Or the American people? Anyway, someone said that the book was to set the record straight, because Elvis Presley was a cultural institution and embodied the spirit of his age. Someone else said that Elvis Presley was an enigmatic personality. 'Enigmatic.' That's a word I hate completely."

Feeling Good

WHAT do we know about the thirty-four thousand people who thronged the ululant, chiming corridors of the Statler Hilton Hotel for the recent second annual New York Hi Fi Stereo Music Show? Four out of five were men; seven out of ten were less than thirty-five years old; eighty-four out of a hundred owned stereo equipment of some sort. A quarter of those who came had spent between five hundred and a thousand dollars for music systems for their houses, apartments, offices, cars, and vans; a third had spent over a thousand. They all like music, gadgets, shopping around, and using their ears to distinguish subtle variations between resonating tones, and they like technical data, graphs, charts, and figures. They like a good buy; they like fiddling with knobs; they like summoning and banishing the musicians of the world at the touch of a finger. Like people everywhere, they like getting together. And they are certainly representative of millions of other Americans. Nine and a half million of the eighty-five million households in the country now have hi-fi systems worth at least six hundred dollars. One of these households is the White House. The President likes to have music wherever he is, and both his sons in residence in the White House are audiophiles. Earlier this year, the hi-fi industry donated two stereo systems to the Presidential living quarters—one for the solarium, the other with speakers in the dining room, the West Hall sitting room, the bedroom, and the study. Jeff Carter says the whole family uses both systems all the time. The hi-fi industry now sells two and a half billion dollars' worth of high-quality components a year, whereas several years ago the annual retail-sales figure was eight hundred million. Why? Three reasons. You can get more hi-fi for your dollar today; five hundred dollars, according to the magazine *Money*, buys the same kind of equipment that five hundred and fifty dollars bought two years ago. Also, there's more to buy—equipment that wasn't available five years ago, like an equalizer in the White House that tunes the sound in the study so that it's "optimized" at the President's desk. Finally, in the industry's words, "the post-war baby boom is going into household formation;" the Woodstock generation is getting married and making music, not love.



A fairly old hotel, like the Statler Hilton, which was once the Pennsylvania and was built in 1918 by McKim, Mead & White, is the only place for a hi-fi show, because only thick walls can create order out of a special kind of bazaar where the wares themselves cry out commandingly into corridors from the hotel bedrooms assigned to their manufacturers. "Come listen to me!" was the message one received from a cassette deck in one room unspooling the "1812 Overture." "Consider the wide dispersion and superb power capacity of my high-frequency dome radiator! Does not my central convex panel refract the output of the midrange horns to create a panoramic stereo image?" was what one heard from a next-door pair of speakers radiating Chuck Mangione. The rooms themselves were part showroom, part classroom, part living room: banks of speakers, stacks of literature, rows of folding chairs, and a rug on the floor. These were the simpler rooms, where you just wandered in and sampled sounds. And there were more



"*Throw in a few facts this time, just to keep 'em guessing.*"

elaborate rooms, where you were asked to sit down, the door was closed, and the lights were dimmed. Then you were shown a film of the engineers who designed the speakers and of the factory that made them. Up came the lights, and up popped a vice-president, who handed round a new dome tweeter, small and heavy, answered questions if you raised your hand, and only then asked Irv, in the back of the room, to play some music. Hi-fi shows are important to hi-fi manufacturers, and more than eighty manufacturers took rooms at the Statler Hilton for this year's New York show. The hi-fi industry is an interesting one, young and growing: young enough so that its founder is still alive; young enough so that most of the manufacturers are still small businessmen who like introducing new components personally to dealers and the public; growing fast enough so that genius tinkerers in basements can come up with speakers that have a chance of making it; growing fast enough so that ideas are welcome—both the brand-new and the unaccountably overlooked. It's an industry that doesn't poison the atmosphere and that exists, basically, just to make people feel good; an industry in which the manufacturers compete by trying to surpass one another in quality.

Shortly before the Second World War broke out, Avery Fisher—who is now Avery Fisher of Avery Fisher Hall but who in the thirties was an advertising man and book designer for Doubleday—invented the home hi-fi industry when he returned to New York from a trip to Hollywood with a hi-fi system like some that Hollywood sound technicians had assembled for their own amusement from studio components. Fisher's New York friends, as soon as they heard this equipment, wanted hi-fi systems for themselves, so he opened a small sales salon in the East Fifties. Stereo records, introduced by a small company in 1958, seemed at first a novelty for which there would be no major market. Stereo caught on because pop-music engineers and arrangers recording the first wave of white rock and roll began creating music that separated instruments into left and right.

Believe it or not, there was also a lot of talking at the hi-fi show. Conversations danced through the music in the corridors, and sampling them was like auditing a non-stop audio workshop. Wild stuff. Two new developments that everyone was talking about are time-delay systems and digital tape recording. Time-delay systems are based on sound adjustments measured in milliseconds, or thousandths of a second—units of time so small that more than three and a half million of them must go by before an hour is up. Time-delay systems use milliseconds to beguile the human ear into reporting to the mind that the sounds it is hearing are radiating from a room much larger than a living room. The ear determines room sizes by processing the sounds that come to it straight from, say, a flute together with the sounds that go from flute to wall and carom into the ear milliseconds later. The longer the delay, the larger the room must seem to be. Only when the delay gets much longer—a tenth of a second—does the ear report that it has heard two separate sounds. Take an ordinary stereo system that sends flute sounds at you from two speakers along one wall of your living room, and add a time-delay that sends you additional flute sounds milliseconds later from two other speakers, along the opposite wall, and your ears will say Avery Fisher Hall while your eyes say Sixth Avenue and Twelfth Street.

Digital tape recording, a completely new process, which the record companies are just starting to use for their master tapes at recording sessions, eliminates tape hiss and sound distortions. The tape doesn't even record music; it records numbers. Each number represents only one thing, and that is the amplitude of the sound being recorded at a given instant even smaller than a millisecond. Not the kinds of instruments playing, or the number of instruments, or the phrasing, or the intonation, or the timbre. Not necessary. It turns out that all these things we hear so delicately have to do merely with the change in amplitude from one instant to the next. And when the numbers are retranslated into amplitudes, the ear, listening to the changes, supplies the total complex of sound.

Serious men told us these things. Then a frivolous, unserious, useless person plucked us by the sleeve. "Keep in mind," he said, "that without some music none of this matters a bit."

HOW I WRITE MY SONGS

BY BILL B. WHITE

SOME of the methods I use to write my songs will be found in the following examples. Everyone has a song in him or her. Writing songs is a basic human trait. I am not saying that it is easy; like everything else worthwhile in this world it requires concentration and hard work. The methods I will outline are a good way to begin and have worked for me but they are by no means the only methods that can be used. There is no one set way of writing your songs, every way is just as good as the other as Kipling said. (I am talking now about the lyrics; we will talk about the melodies in a little bit.) The important thing is to put true life into your songs, things that people know and can recognize and truly feel. You have to be open to experience, to what is going on around you, the things of daily life. Often little things that you don't even think about at the time can be the basis of a song.

A knowledge of all the different types of songs that are commonly accepted is helpful. To give you an idea of the various types of songs there are I am going to tell you how I wrote various of my own, including "Rudelle," "Last Night," "Sad Dog Blues," and others—how I came to write these songs and where I got the idea and what the circumstances were, more or less, so that you will be able to do the same thing. Just remember, *there is no substitute for sticking to it* and listening to the work of others who have been down this road before you and have mastered their craft over many years.

In the case of "Rudelle" I was sitting at my desk one day with my pencil and yellow legal pad and I had two things that were irritating me. One was a letter from the electric company that said "The check for $75.60 sent us in payment of your bill has been returned to us by the bank unhonored etc. etc." Most of you who have received this type of letter from time to time know how irritating this kind of communication can be as well as embarrassing. The other thing that was irritating me was that I had a piece of white thread tied tight around my middle at navel height as a reminder to keep my stomach pulled in to strengthen the abdominals while sitting—this is the price you pay for slopping down too much beer when your occupation is essentially a sit-down one! Anyhow I had these two things itching me, so I decided to write a lost-my-mind song.

I wrote down on my legal pad the words:

When I lost my baby
I almost lost my mine

This is more or less a traditional opening for this type of song. Maybe it was written by somebody originally way long ago and who wrote it is forgotten. It often helps to begin with a traditional or well-known line or lines to set a pattern for yourself. You can then write the rest of the song and, if you wish, cut off the top part, giving you an original song. *Songs are always composed of both traditional and new elements.* This means that you can rely on the tradition to give your song "legs" while also putting in your own experience or particular way of looking at things for the new.

Incidentally the lines I have quoted may look pretty bare to you but remember you are looking at just one element, the words, and there is also the melody and the special way various artists will have of singing it which gives flavor and freshness. For example, an artist who is primarily a blues singer would probably give the "when" a lot of squeeze, that is to say, draw it out, and he might also sing "baby" as three notes, "bay-ee-bee," although it is *only* two syllables. Various artists have their own unique ways of doing a song and what may appear to be rather plain or dull on paper becomes quite different when it is a song.

I then wrote:

When I lost my baby
I almost lost my mine
When I lost my baby
I almost lost my mine
When I found my baby
The sun began to shine.

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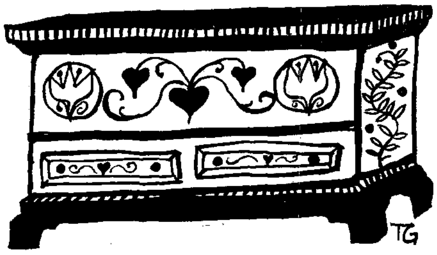
You will notice I retained the traditional opening because it was so traditional I did not see any need to delete it. With the addition of various material about Rudelle and what kind of woman she was, it became gold in 1976.

Incidentally while we are talking about use of traditional materials here is a little tip: you can often make good use of colorful expressions in common use such as "If the good Lord's willin' and the creek don't rise" (to give you just one example) which I used in "Goin' to Get Together" as follows:



Goin' to get to-geth-er
Goin' to get to-geth-er
If the good Lord's willin' and the creek don't rise.

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These common expressions are expressive of the pungent ways in which most people often think—they are the salt of your song, so to say. Try it!

It is also possible to give a song a funny or humorous "twist":

Show'd my soul to the woman at the bank
She said put that thing away boy, put that thing away
Show'd my soul to the woman at the liquor store
She said put that thing away boy, 'fore it turns the wine
Show'd my soul to the woman at the 7-Eleven
She said: Is that all?

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You will notice that the meter here is various and the artist is given great liberties.

ANOTHER type of song which is a dear favorite of almost everyone is the song that has a message, some kind of thought that people can carry away with them and think about. Many songs of this type are written and gain great acceptance every day. Here is one of my own that I put to a melody which has a kind of martial flavor:

How do you spell truth? L-o-v-e is how you spell truth
How do you spell love? T-r-u-t-h is how you spell love
Where were you last night?
Where were you last night?

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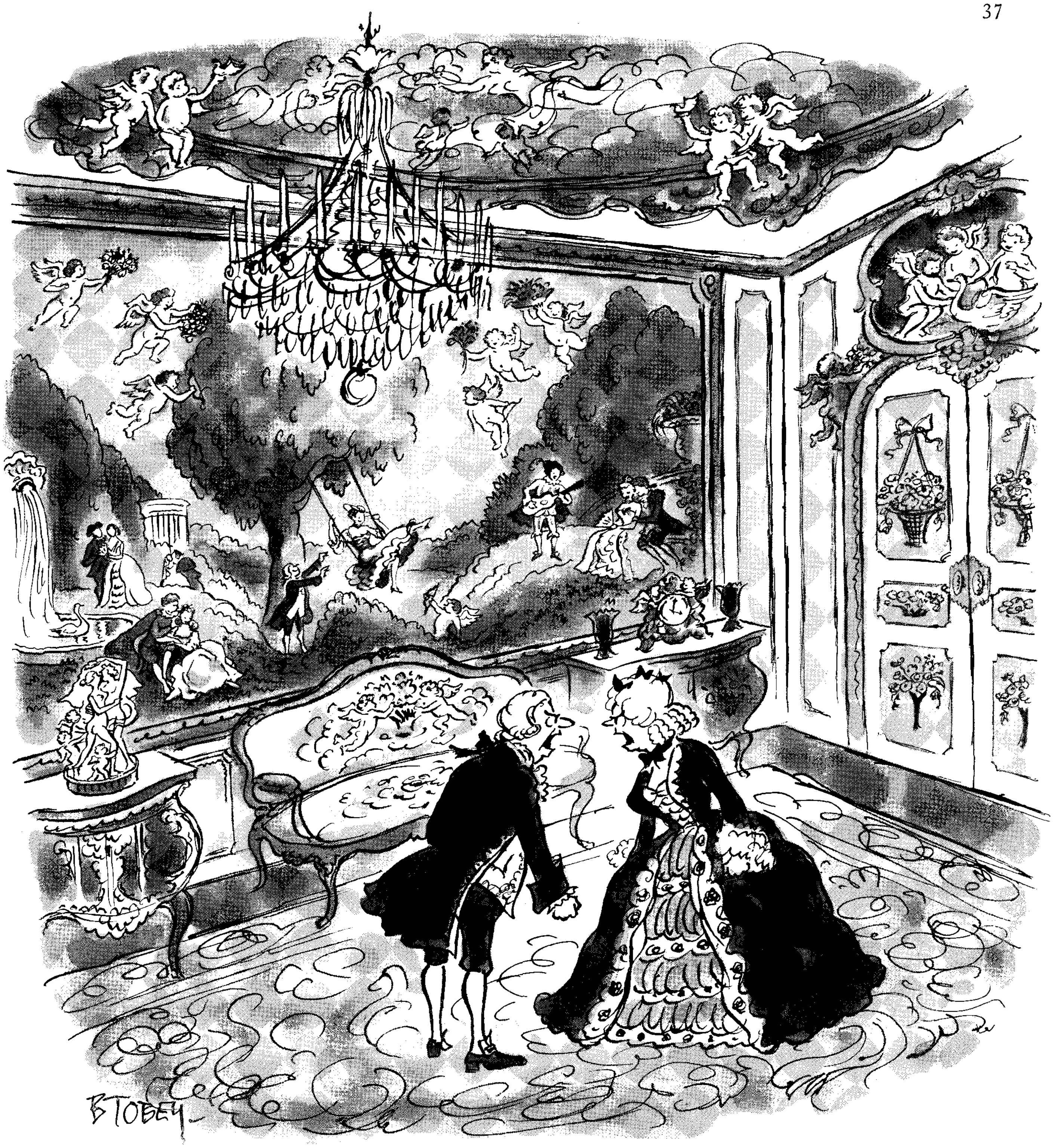
When "Last Night" was first recorded, the engineer said "That's a keeper" on the first take and it was subsequently covered by sixteen artists including Walls.

The I-ain't-nothin'-but-a-man song is a good one to write when you are having a dry spell. These occur in songwriting as in any other profession and if you are in one it is often helpful to try your hand at this type of song which is particularly good with a heavy rhythm emphasis in the following pattern

Da da da da *da*
Whomp, whomp

where some of your instruments are playing da da da da *da*, hitting that last note hard, and the others answer



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whomp, whomp. Here is one of my own:

I'm just an ordinary mane
Da da da da *da*
Whomp, whomp
Just an ordinary mane
Da da da da *da*
Whomp, whomp
Ain't nothin' but a mane
Da da da da *da*
Whomp, whomp
I'm a grizzly mane
Da da da da *da*
Whomp, whomp
I'm a hello-goodbye mane
Da da da da *da*
Whomp, whomp
I'm a ramblin'-gamblin' mane
Da da da da *da*
Whomp, whomp
I'm a *mane's* mane
I'm a woeman's mane
Da da da da *da*
Whomp, whomp
I'm an upstairs mane
Da da da da *da*
Whomp, whomp
I'm a today-and-tomorrow mane
Da da da da *da*
Whomp, whomp
I'm a Freeway mane
Da da da da *da*
Whomp, whomp

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Well, you see how it is done. It is my hope that these few words will get you started. Remember that although this business may seem closed and standoffish to you, looking at it from the outside, inside it has some very warm people in it, some of the finest people I have run into in the course of a varied life. The main thing is to persevere and to believe in yourself, no matter what the attitude of others may be or appear to be. I could never have written my songs had I failed to believe in Bill B. White, not as a matter of conceit or false pride but as a human being. I will continue to write my songs, for the nation as a whole and for the world. —DONALD BARTHELME

NOT FOR THE SABBATH

THAT Sabbath afternoon, the talk on the porch happened to be about teachers, tutors, and cheder boys. Our neighbor Chaya Riva complained that her grandchild got such a slap in the face from his teacher Michael that he lost a tooth. Michael had a reputation not only as an accomplished teacher but also as a big slapper and pincher. Cheder boys used to say that when he pinched, you saw the city of Krakow. He had a nickname—Scratch Me. If he felt an itch on his back, he gave his whipping stick to one of his pupils, with an order to scratch him under his shirt.

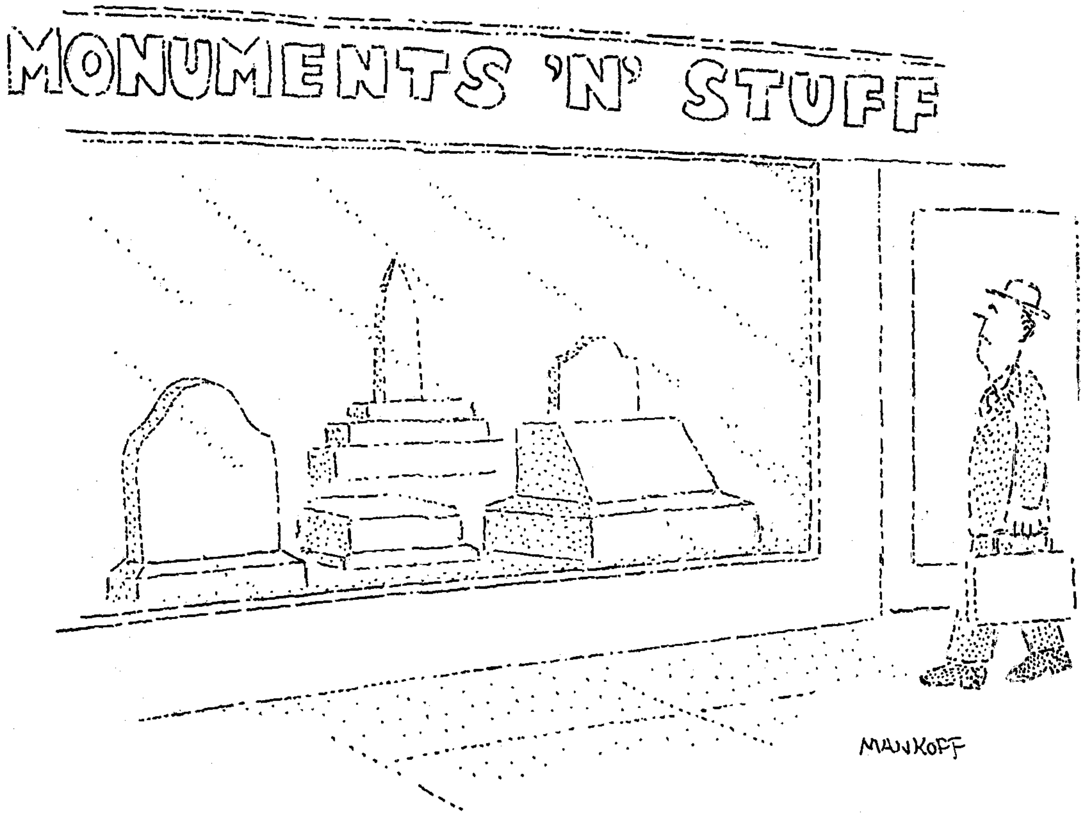
Two other women were sitting on our porch—Reitze Breindels and my Aunt Yentl, who wore a bonnet and a dress with arabesques in honor of the Sabbath. The bonnet had many beads and four ribbons—yellow, white, red, and green. I sat there and listened to the talk. Aunt Yentl began to smile and look around. She gave me a side glance. "Why do you sit among the women?" she asked. "Better go and study the 'Ethics of the Fathers.' "

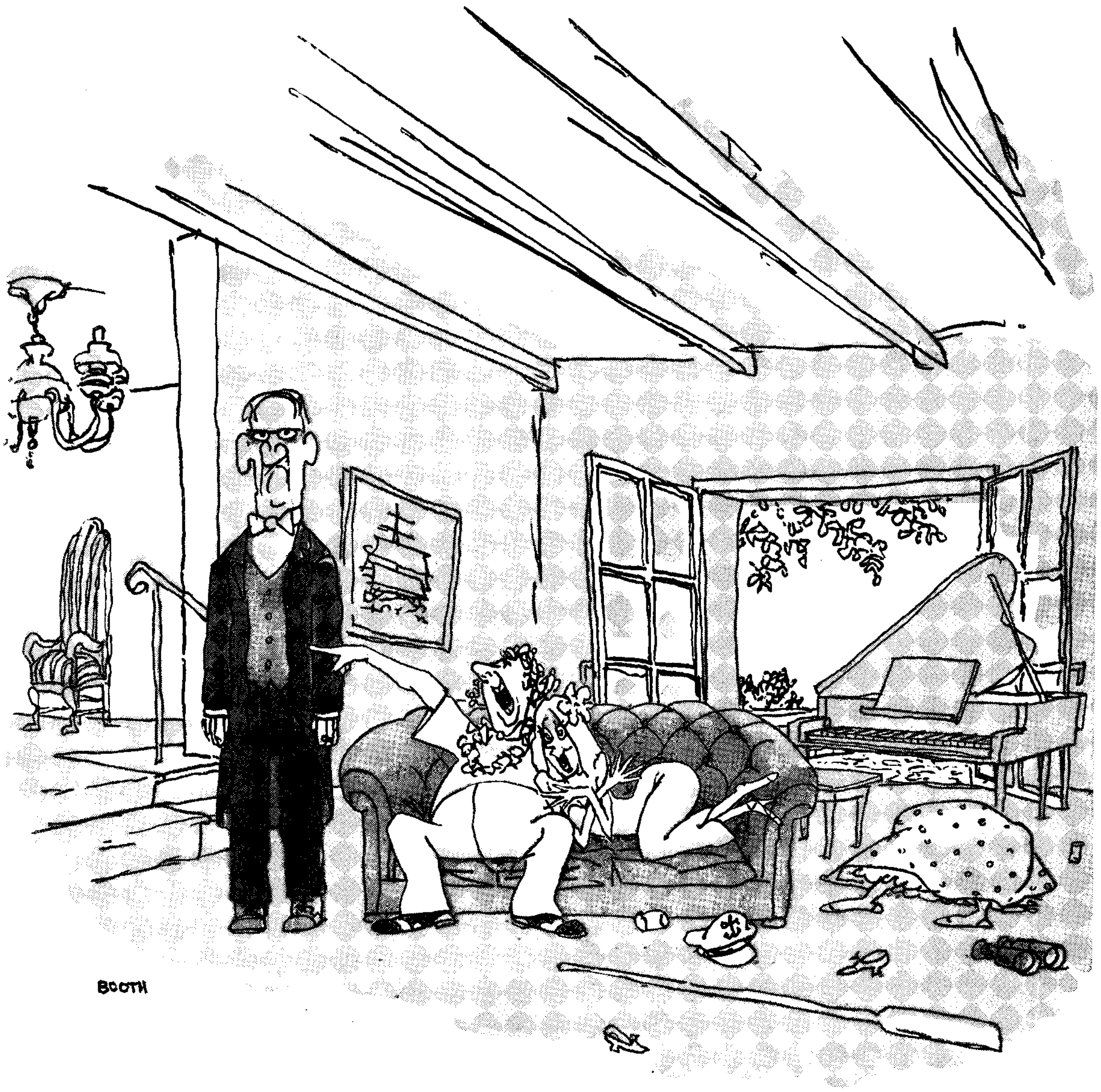
I understood that she was about to tell a story an eleven-year-old boy should not hear. I went behind the porch to the storage room, where we kept the Passover dishes, a barrel with torn books, and a pillowcase filled with my father's old manuscripts. The walls had wide cracks, and every word spoken on the porch could be heard. I sat on an oak mortar that was used to grind matzo meal. Through the cracks the sun reflected the colors of the rainbow in the floating dust. I heard my Aunt Yentl say, "In the little villages things are not so terrible yet. How many madmen can you find in a small town? Five or ten—not more. Besides, their crimes cannot be kept secret. But in a big city evil deeds can remain hidden for years. When I lived in Lublin, a man by the name of Reb Yissar Mandlebroit had a drygoods store that sold silk, velvet, and satin, as well as laces and accessories. His first wife died and he married a young wench, the daughter of a butcher. Her hair was the color of fire and she had the mouth of a shrew. From his first wife Reb Yissar had married children, but with this new one—her name was Dosha—he had only one, a boy named Yankele. He took after his mother in looks, with red sidelocks and blue shining eyes like little mirrors. In that family, Dosha was the boss. When an old man marries a young piece of flesh, she is the ruler.

"At cheder, Yankele had a teacher who should never have been allowed to teach. But how could people know? His name was Fivke. He was either divorced or a widower—a giant of a man, black like a gypsy. He wore a short robe and boots with high uppers, like a Russian. He wasn't from Lublin but from another region. He taught the Pentateuch, and also a little Russian and Polish. In those years, the wealthy Jews wanted their children to acquire some Gentile knowledge.

"First, let me tell you what happened to me. My former husband, blessed be his memory, was already a grandfather at the time we married, but his wife left him a young child, Chazkele, when she died, and I loved him more than I would have loved a child of my own. He called me Mama. Every day I took a bowl of hot soup and a slice of bread to the cheder for him. I went at two o'clock—recess time—when the children played in the courtyard. I sat with Chazkele on a log and fed him his lunch. He's a father now and lives far from here, but if I should meet him I'd want to kiss him all over. One day I came with my bowl of soup and the slice of bread but the courtyard was empty. Only one little boy came out to urinate. I asked him, 'Where are all the boys?' He said, 'Today is whipping day.' I didn't understand. The door to the cheder was half open and I saw Fivke standing at a bench with a strap in his hand, calling out the boys to be whipped one after another—Berele, Schmerele, Koppele, Hershele. Each boy came over, pulled down his little pants, and was hit once or twice on his naked behind. Then he walked back to the long benches. The older boys laughed as if the whole thing was a game, but the very young ones burst out crying. That my heart did not break on the spot proved I was stronger than iron. I began to search for Chazkele among the children. The cruel teacher was so busy whipping he didn't see me. I had made up my mind that if he called Chazkele I would run over and throw the hot soup into his face and tear out his beard. However, it seemed my Chazkele had already been whipped, because the performance ended quickly.

"I ran to my husband's store like a poisoned rat and told him what my eyes had seen, but all he said was, 'Children should be punished once in a while.' He opened the Bible and showed me the passage in the Book of Proverbs: 'He that spareth his rod hateth his son.' The child did not make any fuss. He was a good soul and said, 'Mama, it did not hurt.' Still, I insisted that my husband take Chazkele away





"Biggers, two more Luau Sizzlers for Annie and me and another Fog Cutter for Mrs. Grindstaff."

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from those malicious hands. When a wife stands up to something, a man listens. Only God knew the tears I shed."

"What wild people live in this world," Reitze Breindels remarked.

"I would have called the police and had him bound in chains and sent to Siberia," Chaya Riva said. "Such a murderer should rot in prison."

"That's easier said than done," answered Aunt Yentl. "Why didn't you have Michael Scratch Me arrested? To have a tooth knocked out is worse than being whipped."

"Yes, you are right."

"The story is only beginning," Aunt Yentl said in a singsong. "Yes, we took Chazkele out, and after the High Holidays he went to a different cheder. Not more than two or three months had passed before I heard a horrible story. The whole of Lublin was in turmoil. Fivke had his whipping day each month. Once when Dosha, Reb Yissar Mandlebroit's wife, brought lunch for her Yankele, she opened the door and saw her little treasure bent over the whipping bench being lashed by Fivke. The child was crying bitterly. Dosha did what I should have done—threw the hot soup into Fivke's face. Another person would have wiped off his mouth and kept silent. But Fivke had the nature of a Cossack. He let Yankele go, ran over to Dosha, and threw her onto the whipping bench. He had the strength of ten lions. Forgive me, but Fivke lifted her dress, tore down her bloomers, and whipped her with all his might. He used the belt from his pants, not the strap for the children. You can imagine the commotion. Dosha screamed as if he was slaughtering her. It's true that Lublin is a noisy city, but people heard her yelling, and they came to see what was going on. Dosha's wig fell off and her red locks showed. This slut didn't shave her head. Some of the bystanders tried to hold Fivke back, but whoever tried got a kick with his boot. There happened to be only women there, and what female can fight such a brigand? He flogged Dosha thirty-nine times, as the beadles did in ancient days. Then he dragged her outside and threw her into the gutter."

"Father in Heaven, where do you find such an outlaw among Jews?" Reitze Breindels asked.

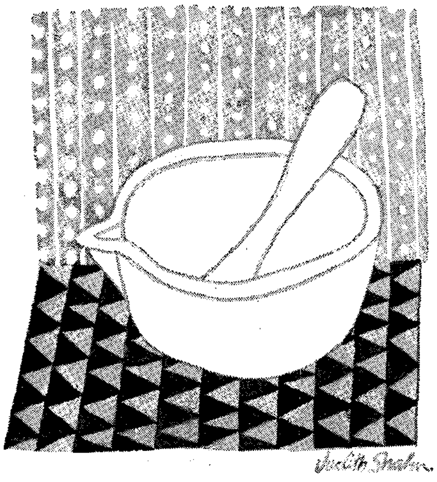
"There is no lack of filth anywhere," Chaya Riva said.

"Golden words," Aunt Yentl agreed. "If I tried to tell you what went on in Lublin that day, you wouldn't believe your ears. Dosha rushed home more dead than alive. Her howling could be heard all over the street. When Reb Yissar heard what had happened to his beloved wife, he ran to the rabbi immediately. There was talk about excommunication and black candles. Who has ever heard of a teacher thrashing a married woman and bringing her to such disgrace? The rabbi sent his sexton to Fivke and summoned him to a rabbinical trial, but Fivke stood at the door of his house with a cudgel and roared, 'If you want to take me by force, try!' He spoke nasty words about the rabbi, the elders, the whole community. Of course, he soon had to give up the cheder. Who would send a child to such a ruffian? Just talking about it makes me feel ants crawling up my spine."

"Maybe he was possessed by a dybbuk?" Chaya Riva asked.

Aunt Yentl put on her brass-rimmed glasses, took them off, and put them on her lap. She said, "Reb Yissar spoke to his wife: 'Doshele, what can I do? Since Fivke refuses to go to the rabbi, he will be humiliated in another way.' Dosha yelled, 'You are a coward! You're afraid of your own shadow—if you really loved me, you would take revenge on that criminal!' Just the same, she soon realized her husband was too old and weak to fight a savage like Fivke. She grabbed a handful of silver money from her strongbox and went to the place where the toughs and the riffraff met. She called out, 'Whoever wants to earn money, take a stick or a knife and come with me!' She tossed copper coins and showed the silver to the rabble. They rushed to pick up the coins, but only a few were willing to go with her. Even rogues avoid getting mixed up in a brawl. A boy who saw what went on ran to warn Fivke that men were out to get him. Fivke shouted, 'Let them try! I'm ready!' When the men approached, he took up an axe and challenged them. 'Come nearer and you will not walk back—they will have to carry you!' They got frightened. They could see in his eyes he was ready to chop off heads. They ran, and Dosha stood abandoned with her money. Fivke chased her with the axe. There was bedlam. Some women went to the chief of police for help, but he said, 'First let him kill her and then we will imprison him. We are not allowed to punish anyone before he commits the crime.' These are the laws of the Gentiles.

"Since Fivke could not be a teacher anymore and people ran from him like from a leper, he had nothing to do in Lublin. I guess you all know that there is a village called Piask not far from Lublin. In my time, the thieves of Piask were famous all over Poland. They would get up in the middle of the night, harness their horses, go to some town in their britskas and rob the stores. A few were assigned to fight off the night watchmen. I'll make it short. Fivke went to Piask and became a teacher there. Bad as they were, the thieves wanted their boys to have some education. It wasn't easy for them to get a teacher, so they were happy when Fivke came. He took into his cheder only the children of the thieves. Sooner or later thieves are caught and put in jail, so there were always more women than men in those narrow streets. The storekeepers sold them merchandise on credit until their husbands were freed. They always paid back what they owed. Someone said that Fivke took the grass widows under his protection. He acted as a kind of healer—cupping them and applying leeches when they felt sick. He went to Lublin and came back with gifts he stole for them. My dear friends, not only did Fivke become a thief but leader of the thieves—their rabbi. He went with them to fairs, and if there was a clash with the police Fivke was the first to fight back. As a rule, thieves don't carry guns—it's one thing to steal and another thing to shed blood—but Fivke got a pistol and became a horse thief. When peasants caught him stealing, he shot at them or set fire to their stables. In many places the villagers guarded their property all night with knives and rattles. Somehow he managed to escape them. If he was ever put to trial, he always got off. You know that judges and lawyers are on the side of the criminal. It isn't from the victims that they make a living. He was a smooth talker and disentangled himself every time. People began to tell wonders about him. Even if he was put into jail, he broke the bars in the middle of the night and ran away. Sometimes he released the other jailbirds."



"What happened then?" Chaya Riva asked.

"Wait. My throat is dry. I will bring some Sabbath fruit and prune juice."

I CAME out from the storage room and let Aunt Yentl treat me to a Sabbath cookie and a pear. She asked, "Where were you? Did you study the 'Ethics of the Fathers?' "

I said, "I have finished this week's chapter."

"Go back to the study house," Aunt Yentl said. "Stories like these are not for you."

I returned to the storage room and Aunt Yentl continued: "Reb Yissar Mandlebroit grew old and could no longer attend to his business. Dosha, that blabbermouth, took over the whole trade. Her son, Yankele, studied with the rabbi. In the evenings, Dosha would come to our house for a chat. Whenever the talk rolled round to Fivke Dosha would say, 'What do you think about my whipper?' This is how she referred to him. My mother, peace be with her, used to say, 'It's not worth talking about scum like him. There is fine flour and there is chaff.' But Dosha would smile and lick her lips. 'How could I have known that a teacher, a scholar could be so shameless?' She cursed him with all the curses of the book, yet at the same time she seemed to admire his prowess. When she left, my mother would say,

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TWO MEMORIES OF THE DEPRESSION YEARS

I
OF BOSTON, GEORGIA

The tin roofs catch the slanting sunlight.
A few cows turn homeward up back lanes;
Boys with sticks nudge the cattle along.
A pickup whines past. The dust rises.
Crows call; cane sweetens along the stalk;
All around, soundlessly, gnats hover.
And on his porch now my grandfather
Stands watching as all this comes to pass.

II
OF MIAMI, FLORIDA

Our new house on the edge of town
Looked bare at first, and raw. A pink
Plaster flamingo on one leg
Stood preening by the lily pond.
And just as the sun commenced to sink
Into the Everglades beyond,
It used to burst against the pane
In little asterisks of light,
And on our lids half closed in prayer
Over the clean blue willowware.

—DONALD JUSTICE

• •

'If she wasn't Reb Yissar's wife I wouldn't let her through my door. She is proud that that monster abused her.' My mother forbade me to have anything to do with her.

"One day Reb Yissar died, and since Yankele was still a minor, Dosha became the guardian of the estate. At once, she dismissed her husband's employees and hired new ones. The former remained without bread, but this didn't bother her. She bought a plot of ground where the nobles lived and had a house built, with two balconies and a gable. She bedecked herself in so much jewelry she could hardly be seen. She used perfume and all kinds of powders and pastes. Although the matchmakers flooded her with matches, she held off. She insisted on seeing every candidate and talking with him. This one was not a businessman, the next was not handsome, the third was not shrewd. It is written somewhere in the Bible that when a slave becomes a king the earth trembles.

Whitney Darrow

"Did I hear someone say fourteen per cent?"

• •

"Now hear something. Not far from Lublin there is a village called Wawolic. This village is known for celebrating Purim two days—the fourteenth and the fifteenth of the month of Adar. People living there had found remnants of a wall supposedly built before the time of Moses. This wall made the village so special that Purim for them was a great holiday. Everyone got drunk. This created a perfect opportunity for the thieves of Piask. As it is on Purim, the moon was full. Late at night when everybody was asleep, they went with their wagons and quick horses to rob the stores. They did not know that the Russian Army was carrying out maneuvers in the area. It was not long after the Polish uprising; the authorities were keeping a lookout for rebels. As the thieves were on their way, a regiment of Cossacks was riding toward them, led by a colonel. When the thieves saw them, their stomachs dropped. The Russians asked where they were going, and Fivke, who knew Russian, said they were a group of merchants going to a fair. But the colonel was no fool—he knew there was no fair in the neighborhood. He gave an order to put the thieves in chains and carry them to jail in Lublin. Fivke dared to resist, but no one can beat Cossacks who have guns and lances. He was bound like a ram and taken to prison. There were fences in Lublin who bought stolen goods, and they were waiting for the thieves to come with their loot. But when the sun rose and the wagons were not there the fences guessed what had happened and dispersed like mice. Soon the bad tidings reached the wives of the thieves in Piask. Never before had so many thieves been arrested at one time, and while there was Purim in Wawolic it was Tishah-b'Ab in Piask. As if this was not enough, one old and sickly thief could not hold up under the beatings and informed against the fences. They, too, were imprisoned. Some of them were quite rich and considered important members of the community. They were all disgraced, along with their families. When the peasants heard that Fivke was in chains, they came in large numbers to bear witness against him, and there was talk of Fivke's being hanged.

"During that time I happened to need lace for a dress and went to Dosha's store. She had stopped coming to us after my mother passed away. However, one could get the best merchandise from her. I went into the store and she was sitting behind the counter, her red hair uncovered, dressed like a countess. She pretended not to know me. I said to her, 'Dosha, you have lived to see your revenge.' With an angry look she answered, 'Revenge is not a Jewish trait,' and turned away. I wanted to ask her when she had become so steeped in Jewishness, but since she played the great lady I let her go. A clerk gave me what I wanted. Outside, I met an acquaintance and told her how high and mighty Dosha had become. She said to me, 'Yentl, have you been asleep or something? Don't you know what's going on?' She told me that Dosha had become a benefactress. She went to Piask and took bread and cheese to the wives of the thieves, and anything else they needed. She left the store for hours and got chummy with the wives of the fences. My dear, she had fallen in love with that Fivke—'my whipper,' as she called him—and was determined to save him. The woman told me Dosha had hired the best lawyer in Lublin. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. How could this be? Really, I'm afraid it's not right to tell a story like this on the Sabbath."

"Did she save him?" Reitze Breindels asked.

"She married him," Aunt Yentl said.

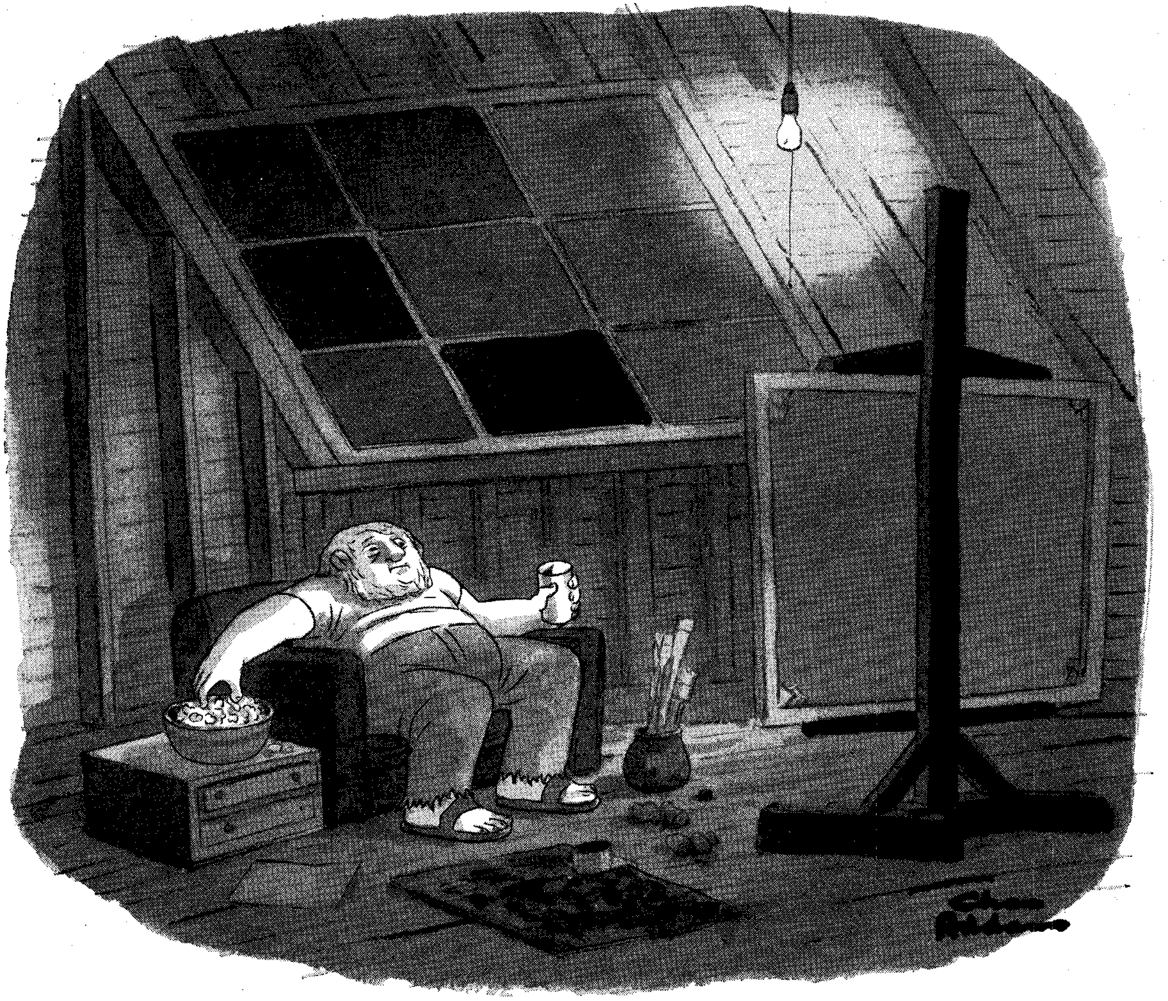
It was quiet for some time, and then Chaya Riva asked, "How did she get him out?"

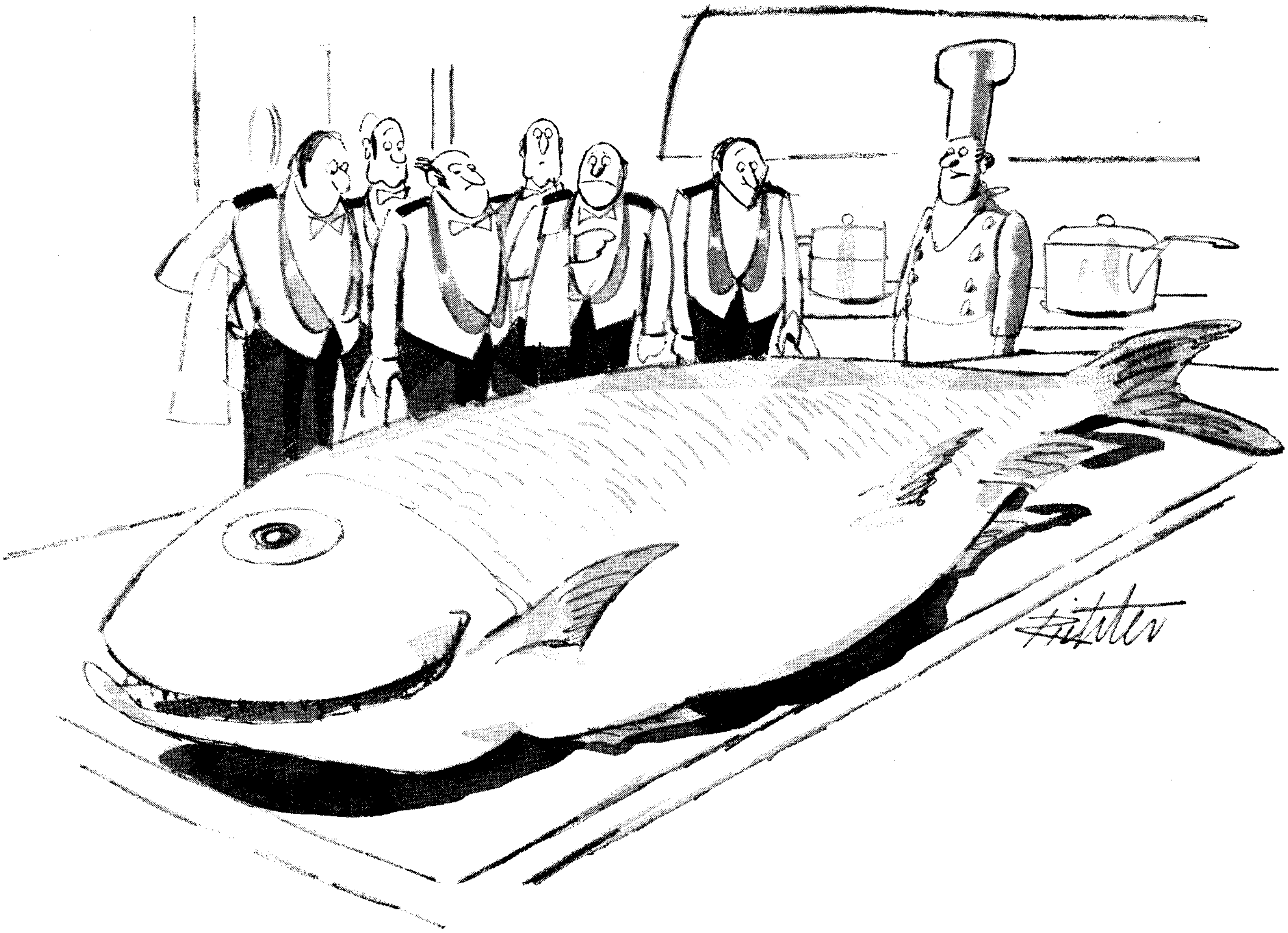
Aunt Yentl put two fingers to her lips and thought it over. "The truth is that no one ever knew for sure," she said. "Such things are done stealthily. I heard that she gave a large sum to the governor, and herself in addition. You can believe anything about a bitch like that. Someone saw her enter the governor's palace dressed up to kill. She stayed maybe three hours. They certainly didn't chant Psalms. The only thing I know is that the governor freed all the thieves except two, who remained in prison for some time. I was told that Dosha waited for Fivke at the gate of the jail, and when he came out she fell on him, kissed him, and cried. The hoodlums from Lublin who were present called her names and made catcalls at her.

"Yes, they married, but they waited a few months. He had shaved his beard and wore Gentile clothing. He sold his house in Piask and lived with Dosha in her new house. Yankele refused to stay with his mother and stepfather, and he moved to a yeshiva. Those who saw how Fivke became a merchant overnight didn't need to go to the theatre. He knew as much about the drygoods business as I know Turkish. If Reb Yissar Mandlebroit could see what happened to his fortune, he would turn over in his grave.

"In the beginning it seemed that everything was fine between the pair. She called him Fivkele and he called her Doshele. They ate from one plate. Because they were rich they became greedy for prestige. He bought himself a pew in the synagogue at the eastern wall, and she at the grate in the women's section. The truth was that they only went to pray on High Holidays. She could not read and he said openly that he was a disbeliever. Dosha wanted to join some charity circle, but the women would not allow it. The couple got nicknames: the Whipper and the Whippress. When it became clear to them that they would not get honors from the Jews, they began to cater to the Gentiles. The Polish squires shunned them just as had the Jews, so they turned to the Russians. When you give the Russki tasty food and plenty of vodka, he melts like wax. Officers and policemen visited the pair constantly. In the evening, they made *vetcherinkas* for the Russians—played cards with them, and got drunk. Dosha became so deeply involved in these lecherous parties that she began to neglect the store. Reb Yissar Mandlebroit's clerks were all honest, but Dosha had chosen swindlers for her assistants.

"As long as there was no competition, the store kept up. Then another drygoods store opened a half block from Dosha's store. The owner was Zelig from Bechow—a little man, a stranger in Lublin. He specialized in buying goods from bankruptcies. He did well from the very first day, and to the degree he succeeded Dosha and Fivke went down. It was like a curse from a holy man. Fivke threatened to burn the new store, but it was so close to his own that a fire would have consumed both. He could have killed Zelig or crippled him, but if Providence says no, it's no. Small and frail as this Zelig was, he was afraid of no one. He didn't walk; he ran like a weasel. He could scream louder than Fivke and Dosha together. He also bribed the *nachalniks*. He hired the clerks Dosha dismissed, and they divulged all her trade secrets to him. Zelig's





"Push the Scotch salmon with dill sauce."

• •

wife was a quiet dove and seldom came to the store. She stayed home and bore one child after another. People expected Dosha to have children with Fivke, but no child was born. Only Yankele remained to her. He married someone in Lithuania and didn't even invite his mother to the wedding. I forgot to mention that Fivke became exceedingly fat. He got a big belly, and a red nose with the broken veins of a drunkard.

"One morning when Dosha's clerks came to open the store, they found the doors ajar. The thieves of Piask had come in the middle of the night and emptied all the shelves—the same thieves Dosha had saved from prison and whose wives Fivke once played with. When things begin to go bad, there's no limit. Fivke roared that he would murder them all, but he could do nothing. There is a hidden power in every human being and when this is gone the strong become weak and the proud humble. It is written somewhere in a holy book that each animal has its time. When the fox is king, the lion must bow to him."

"What happened then?" Chaya Riva asked.

"It's not for the Sabbath. I don't want to defile my mouth."

"Tell it, Yentl. Don't keep us in suspense."

"She became a whore. The Russkies came to her. Fivke was the procurer. When the Poles learned what was going on, they set fire to her house. If there was fire insurance in those times, Dosha didn't have any. They lost their store, their home. They moved to a suburb close to the barracks, and their apartment became a whorehouse. I will tell you about their terrible end another time."

"What happened?"

"Not on the Sabbath."

"Yentl, I won't sleep the whole night." Chaya Riva raised her voice.

Aunt Yentl grimaced and she spat into a handerchief. "He whipped her, and she died from his whipping."

"Someone saw it?"

"No one. Early one morning he came running to the burial society, crying that his wife had suddenly collapsed and died. The society women went to their house and the corpse was taken to the cleansing hut. When they put her on the cleansing board and saw her naked body, there was a hue and a cry. She was swollen and covered with welts. Women from the burial society are not softhearted; still, one of them fainted dead away."

"Wasn't Fivke arrested?"

"He hanged himself. Both of them were buried in the middle of the night behind the fence."

It became quiet. Aunt Yentl touched the tip of her bonnet. "I told you it was not for the Sabbath."

"What was the sense of it?" Reitze Breindels asked.

"No sense."

I had come out from the storage room, but Aunt Yentl didn't notice me. She began to murmur and look up to the sky. "The sun is setting," she said. "It's time to recite 'God of Abraham.' " —Isaac Bashevis Singer

•

Are you having a gall bladder problem? To find out how the gall bladder works and what kinds of trouble to look for, write Dr. Thosteson's booklet "How to Control Emphysema," care of the Post-Dispatch. Enclose a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope and 35 cents.
—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

And wipe that puzzled look off your face.

MANY SENSES: MEXICO CITY

1
No light. Think of living in a stone.
Then flying zigzag through cardboard scenery
Changing into loopholes for a plane
Diving straight into a bowl of mountains
Whose hollow thickens to a modest plain
Bounded by the rolltop hills . . .

In grammar school, Q-Tips dipped in glue
Attached transparent capsules filled with coal
And silver (foil) and tin onto
The wrinkled (Kleenex) hills

that rise above
What now appears . . . is that Tenochtitlán?

It sends a shiver down my spine.
I look it up:
columna vertebral . . .

We spent an afternoon smoothing out a valley
Smeared with a rubberized fine skin of clay
That tightened, drying . . .

Tighter than the window seat I'm in?

The ground is rising up to meet . . . We're down.

2
These primitive faces tell you nothing,
Having floated off their museum pedestals,
The plazas and the courtyards filling up
With evening statuary, street after street
Named for rivers, and the rivers flowing . . .
The Mexican lesson: learning how to wait . . .
In the Zona Rosa—
Madison Avenue turned into a maze—
The colored pinprick of a traffic light
Needles through the smog. . . .

Never have so many hurried to be late.

3
Americans clog the aisles at Sanborn's.
It's impossible to find a postage stamp.
"Not today, Señor. *Nada. Nada.*"
High above, a sign: "Racine Hydraulics."
Another: "Sanatorio del Puente,"
Wittily translated by my friend as "Clean
By the Bridge." In fact, it is a hospital . . .

4
Architecture? Washington and Paris.
Mosaic-Colonial-Imperial-Gaudí.
And then a vast Los Angeles of slums.
There is a tenement. There a Sheraton.

What does the fly care for the web's design?

5
The city's sinking.

Half the street's an inch or so below
The other half, so that your shoulders go
Slantwise. Bilateral symmetry, amigo,

Dónde está? The sidewalk's cracked:
Along the mortar between the tiles
A fissure like an earthquake's breakage line.

6
Somehow earth—or is it dirt? or dust?—
Takes on a special meaning: death in life;
Even the flour made of corn that rolls
Everything edible into its thin tortilla
Suggests rubbed stone, the hard, deft hand,
The graze of flesh on stone, whose dust will make
New flesh to turn to stone, the flesh
To corn . . .

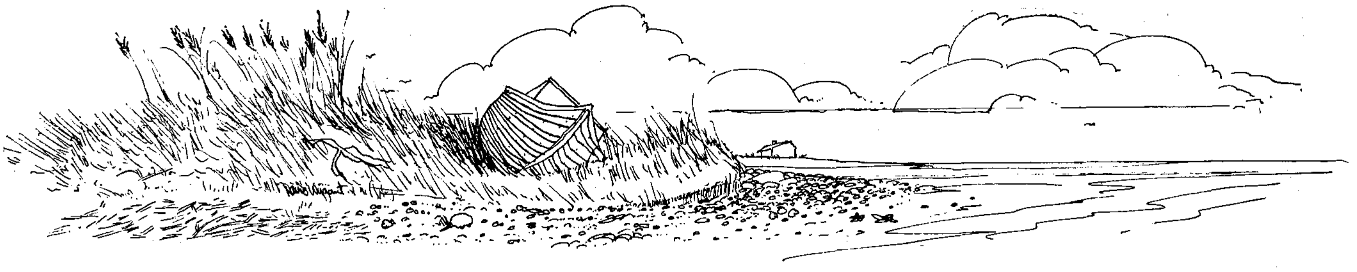
7
At the Anthropology Museum
The fountain is the tallest mushroom in the world,
Its underside a circle of ribbed flints
Pleated tight, its razor blades of rain
Dropping toward the sidewalk sieve below
To open into showers, into spray . . .

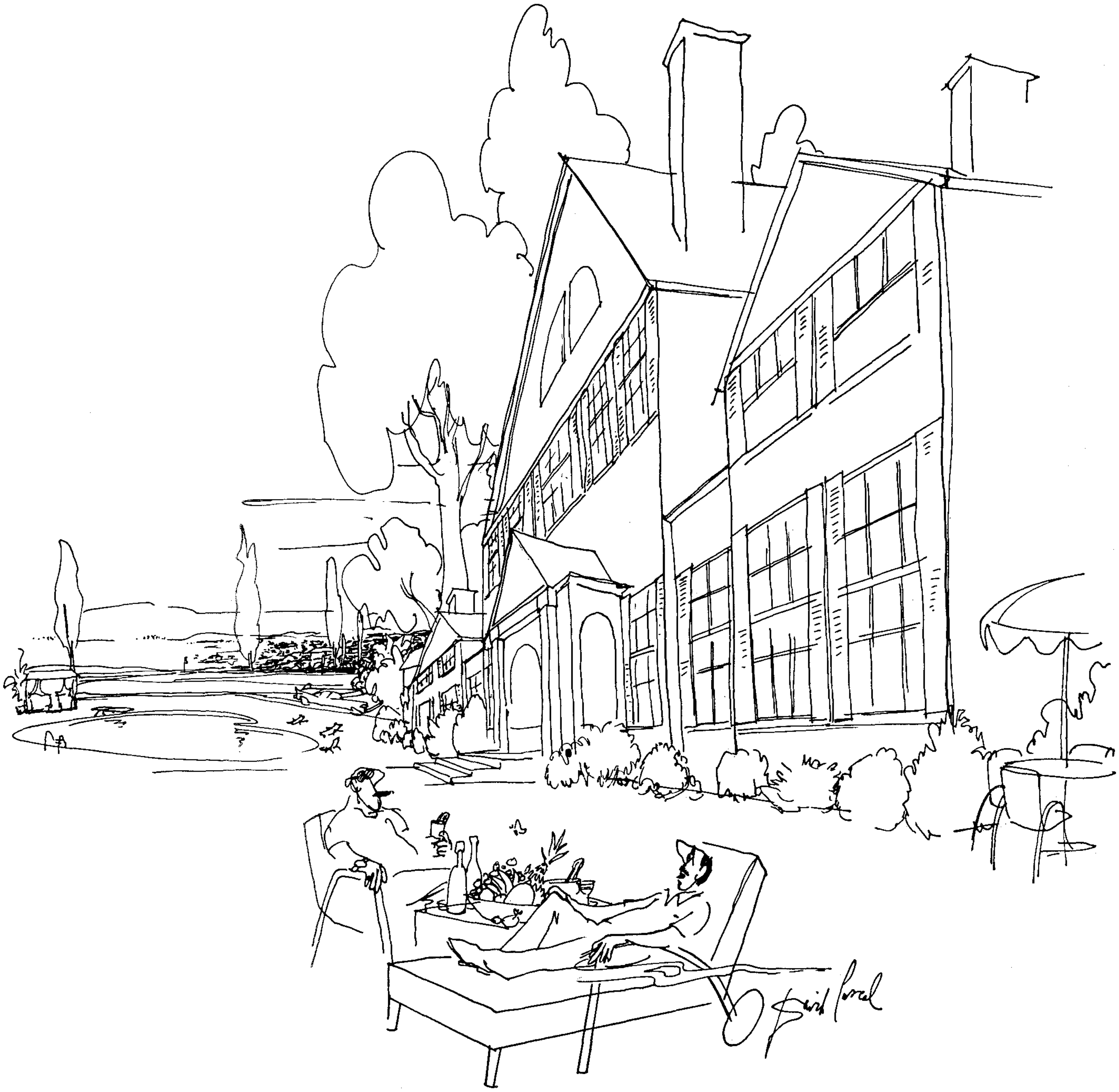
8
Limes. Silver-papered chocolates. Straw.
Someone in a park who longs to be
More than a friend and less than a lover,
Whose eyes go dim among the fireflies . . .

9
The weather's delicate crisps, the clouds'
Martyred effulgence, about to say
Something immortal, hurry away
To state the temporary state of truth
And find even that impossible to say . . .

"It rains a little, Señor, every day."

In the hotel garden,
Could that be
Marimbas in the distance,
The auto-shine
Of a Volkswagen Beetle idling by,
A sort of Spanish-Moorish tile design
Reflected in its polished hood, the shine—
Even though it shines like any shine—





"It cost me a lifetime of mediocrity, plus three hundred thou."

• •

Sleepy with no news, the radio on,
Going by . . . and gone?

Autographs and animals, vines and twigs,
A net of scrambled shadow finely drawn
On the tablecloth,
On civilized food no hunter kills for,
No fisherman risks the salty rocks for,
And yet the primitive is there in the corner,
There where the shadows pile up into rock . . .

Thickening with sleep, the afternoon . . .

We circle round to three o'clock's dead stop.

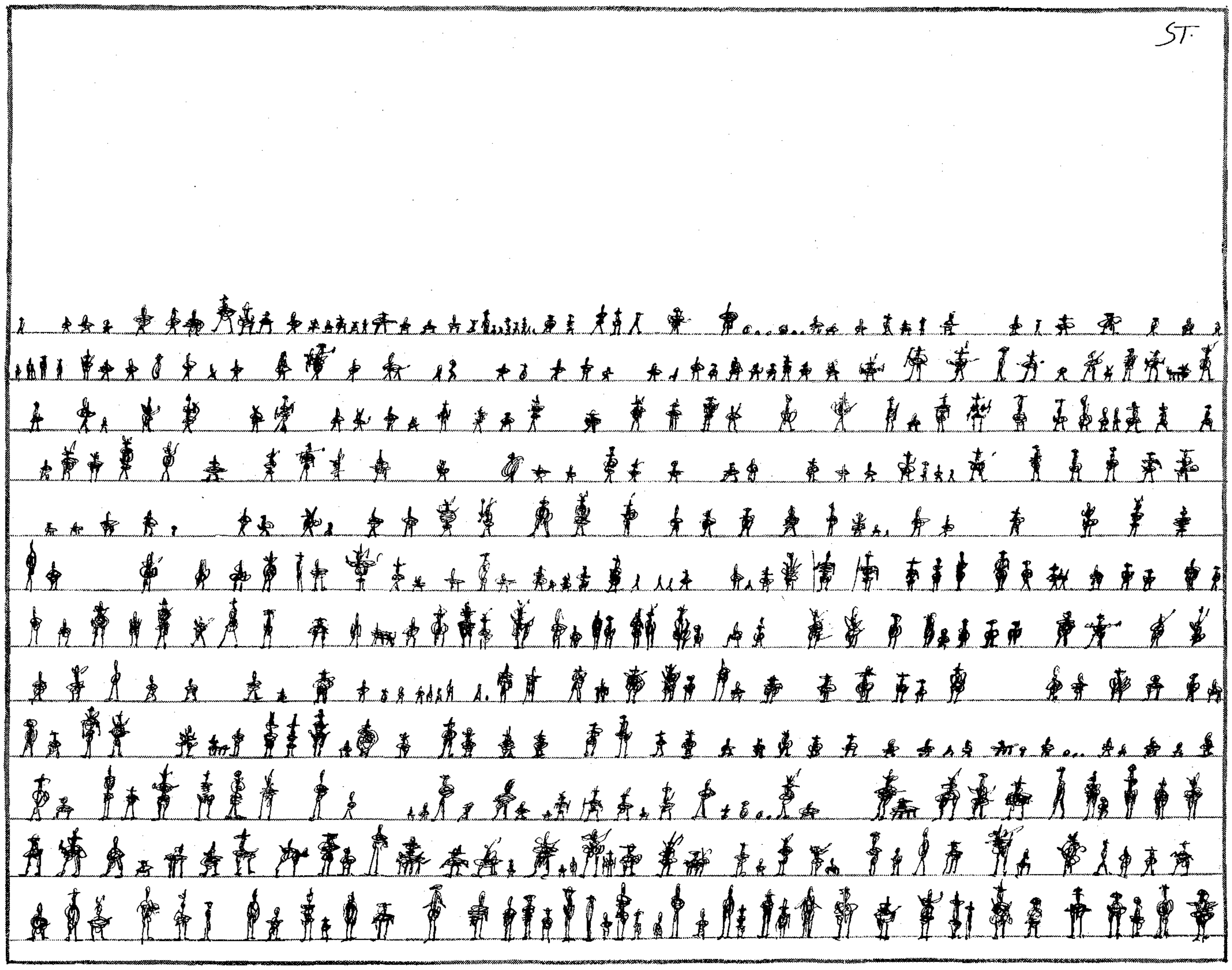
10
Think of the Renaissance rising out of blood,
A baroque angel shedding tears above
A human sacrifice, hearts torn out alive,
Fear at the steps, and under the stone knife
The steep steps leading up a flattened cone
To the altar at the top, the fearful priests . . .

And what this city teems with life for,
Like any city, is a city's dream:
The management of comfort, if not here,
Then up in heaven, the plumed serpent
And the smoking mirror converted to
Some Catholic version of the rites of spring.

11
We leave as we began: Airport-Airport.
In the plane at last, I close my eyes.
Carlotta walks into the Vatican;
Kneeling to kiss the Papal ring, she lifts
Her streaming, insane face to him,
Her cheekbones sanding into Aztec stone.
—Howard Moss

ANNALS OF SCIENCE

DNA—I



MAX PERUTZ and I were crossing London by taxicab, heading for Liverpool Street Station and the train to Cambridge, on a sun-washed Wednesday afternoon late in May of 1968, when Perutz, reflecting on the ways men do science, paid James Watson the most exact yet generous compliment I have heard from one scientist about another. At lunch that day, Perutz had talked about his subject, which is molecular biology, and, in particular, the hemoglobin molecule. He had talked lucidly but somewhat in the abstract about the science—but not about the scientists, because, he said, he did not want to deal in personalities. For one thing, Watson had just published his memoir, "The Double Helix," about his discovery, with Francis Crick, of the molecular structure of deoxyribonucleic acid, the stuff of which genes are made; Watson's book was selling briskly, and was full of personalities, to the point where many of the scientists Watson had worked with in England as a young man, sixteen years earlier, were very angry, believing that their privacy had been not only invaded but coined. Crick, I had heard, was one who felt that way. Crick had been Watson's colleague and mentor in the elucidation of the structure of DNA. Watson had begun his memoir with one of those unforgettable first sentences: "I have never seen Francis Crick in a modest mood." Yet, as scientists understand very well (and as Watson had written in his own defense), personality has always been an inseparable part of their styles of inquiry and a potent, if unacknowledged, factor in their results. Indeed, no art or popular entertainment is so carefully built as is science upon the individual talents, preferences, and habits of its leaders. Perutz himself, though almost unknown outside, is one of these personalities of science: a frail-seeming man, today in his mid-sixties, of gentle courtesy, shy brown eyes, vast information; precise, worrying, abstracted; but, behind that, with the wiry will to climb for sport the Alps of his native Austria, and to work forty years at a problem—the three-dimensional atomic architecture of the hemoglobin molecule—so nearly impregnable that it took him the first fifteen years just to discover the method that eventually worked, a discovery that itself won him a share in a Nobel Prize, in passing, as it were. Watson is different: impatient, skeptical, forever discontent, swallowing ends of words and ends of thoughts. His face today, now that he has turned fifty, is only a little less gaunt than it was in the Cambridge photographs from 1953, and he has ice-blue, protuberant, even slightly wild eyes, and lips that retreat in a twitchy preoccupied smile. Watson's field, before the discovery that made him known, had been the genetics of bacteria and the viruses that prey on them, where results in an individual experiment are a matter of hours, or days at most. He has never spent more than a couple of years on any problem. Recently, his problem has been research into animal cells—their genetics and growth, their surface membranes, and the viruses that transform them into tumors. Study of the mode of action of tumor viruses, he allows grudgingly, is one approach that may lead to a fundamental understanding of what goes wrong in cancer. But of his progress he will say only that these problems are "very, very hard," and that anyway he is now an administrator and writes textbooks. For nine years, Watson ran not one but two large research laboratories, the first at Harvard during the week, the second at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, on extended weekends and all summer; in 1977, he quit Harvard to direct Cold Spring Harbor full time. Reflecting on Francis Crick and the days of their collaboration, Watson said a while ago, "It's necessary to be slightly underemployed if you are to do something significant." Did two labs leave him sufficiently underemployed? "No," he said. "But I was very underemployed when we solved the structure of DNA." In large part, it was the barefaced adolescent idleness, the unseriousness, of the long letters that Watson wrote from Cambridge to his mother, in Chicago, and to scientists like Max Delbrück, in Pasadena, and whose mood and prose he later recaptured in "The Double Helix," that had tickled the general readers of the book and had most irritated his former colleagues. It was this, however, that Perutz had seen through, and defended in the taxi on the way to the train that May afternoon. The two men are peers. Perutz had been Watson's immediate superior in Cambridge in 1953. Of their first meeting, Watson recalled only that Perutz had assured him that one need not be a mathematician to do X-ray studies of molecular structures. Eleven years later, they had stood on the same platform in Stockholm to receive their Nobel Prizes—Perutz with John Kendrew, to receive the prize for chemistry, and Watson with Crick and Maurice Wilkins, to receive the prize for physiology or medicine. In photographs of King Gustaf VI Adolf shaking hands with Francis Crick, Watson stands tall, attentive, and haggard in the background, but Perutz has the clasped hands and bashful, proprietary smile of a man pleased that the social occasion is going so well. Now, as we swung past Admiralty Arch, Perutz said, "People sneer at Jim's book because they say that all he did in Cambridge was play tennis and chase girls. But there was a serious point to that. I sometimes envied Jim. My own problem took thousands of hours of hard work, measurements, calculations. I often thought that there *must* be some way to cut through it—that there must be, if only I could see it, an elegant solution. There wasn't any. For Jim's there was an elegant solution, which is what I admired. He found it partly because he never made the mistake of confusing hard work with hard thinking; he always refused to substitute the one for the other. Of course he had time for tennis and girls."

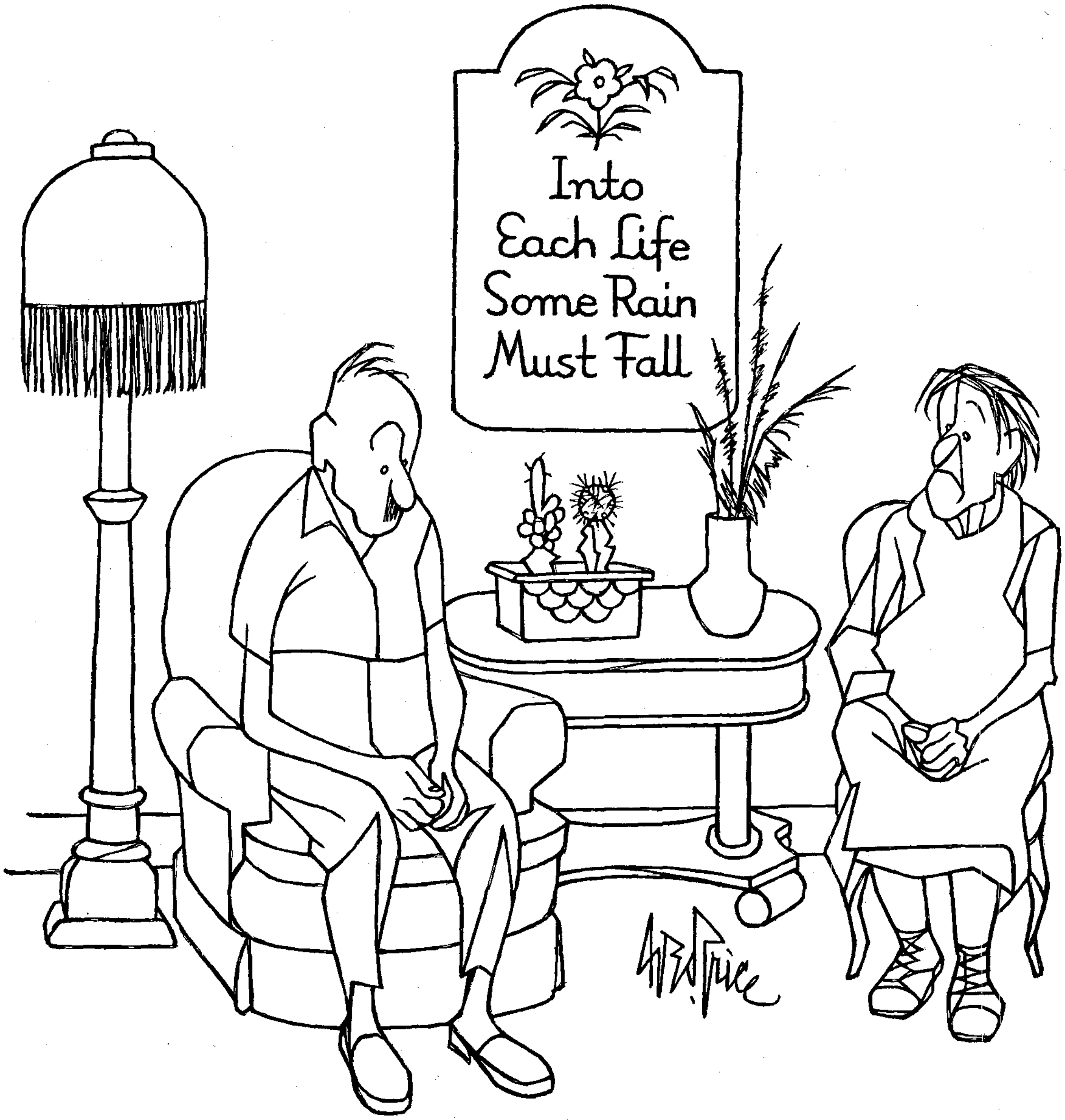
IT was a quarter of a century ago that Watson and Crick, playing with cardboard cutouts and wire-and-sheet-metal models, and sorting out the few controlling facts from a hodgepodge of data, elucidated the molecular architecture of the genetic material itself, the double-railed circular staircase of deoxyribonucleic acid. What has been learned in the years since is full of surprises, full of wit and beauty, full of most gratifying illumination. The culmination of the great endeavor in biology that has swept on for a century and a quarter—an achievement of imagination that rivals the parallel enterprise in physics that began with relativity and quantum mechanics—is now approaching. Biologists' pursuit of complete and explicit understanding has begun to list the exact molecular sequences that encode the hereditary message, instruction by instruction; it has tweezed apart the springs and gears by which the message is expressed in the building of the cell, and the ratchets and pawls by which that expression is regulated; it has accustomed men to speak, apparently without wonder, of the structural transformations by which a single protein molecule, an enzyme, will break or build other proteins—by which, for example, a molecule of hemoglobin will flex its shoulders and bend its knees to pick up oxygen. To be sure, the discoveries have not produced the great practical payout that has so long been anticipated for them. No baby has been cured of a congenital deficiency by insertion of a missing gene into its cells. There is no vaccine against human leukemia. There's not even a cure for hay fever. Though some of the rewards are at last imminent, most scientists have learned that they must speak guardedly and emphasize to laymen the gaps to be filled in.

Yet at certain moments, in talking with scientists or in reading their reports, one realizes with a start just how

"In a concerted effort to get home for the holidays, we find the defendant guilty, as charged."

far they believe they have gone. Watson wrote in a textbook several years ago, "We already know at least one-fifth, and maybe more than one-third, of all the metabolic reactions that will ever be described" in a certain much-studied bacterium, and suggested that "within the next ten to twenty years we shall approach a state in which it will be possible to describe essentially all the metabolic reactions involved"—the total process of life in that creature. Francis Crick said in a conversation in Cambridge, England, that the serious problems left for biologists are to understand how growth and differentiation are controlled in higher organisms, how life originated, and how the central nervous system works. Alexander Rich, in his office at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, stirred a tray of very early fossils with his finger a while ago and said, "Origin-of-life chemistry is about to really explode; in a few years' time, we will have a reasonable understanding of all the molecules in the pre-living world that were needed for assembling life—in fact, soon we will know so many different possible pathways along which life could have originated that the real problem will be to select the correct one." Seymour Benzer, in Pasadena, explained several years back that he had quit viruses and bacteria to experiment with the genetics of the nervous system in fruit flies, and said, "In particular, I'm working on the relationship between genes and behavior." Sydney Brenner asserted recently across the high table at King's College, Cambridge, "If you say to me, 'Here is a hand, here is an eye. How do you make a hand or an eye?,' then I must say that it is necessary to know the program, to know it in machine language, which is molecular language—to know it so that one could tell a computer to generate a set of procedures for growing a hand or an eye." Jacques Monod, one of the rare theoreticians in molecular biology, standing in shirtsleeves at the door between his laboratory and his study at the Institut Pasteur in Paris, answered a question in mild surprise: "The secret of life? But in principle we already know the secret of life."

Although I had gathered some idea of the part taken in all this by DNA—who in this age of popularization has not?—it was a while before I saw clearly that there are several distinct ways in which, for molecular biologists, DNA is primary. Watson, in his memoir, was hardly shy about the significance of the discovery of the structure of DNA: he called it "perhaps the most famous event in biology since Darwin's book." Yet it is not true that that structure is terribly complicated, or was of itself difficult to determine. Protein molecules are much more difficult to solve—and more obviously interesting as well, for they are the agents that carry out the processes of life. The first time I went to see Perutz in Cambridge, I asked him how hard it was to find the structure of a protein, in comparison with DNA. "A protein—an enzyme molecule, for example—is a thousand times more difficult than DNA," he said. "DNA was comparatively simple and could be solved by the method of trial. You have a little information from an X-ray-diffraction photograph. What Crick and Watson had from that was really three limiting measurements: the width of the double helix, the height between the stacked parallel bases—those are the steps up the middle—and the height of one complete turn of the helix. From these, they knew that an essential feature of DNA is its repetitiveness—that the same pattern recurs periodically around the fibre axis. Obeying these three parameters, then, they managed to solve the structure by model-building. By trial. Solving the structure of a crystalline protein by this method is impossible, because it does not repeat; it does not have a periodic structure. The complexity of a protein structure is enormous. To determine such a structure involves determining several thousand parameters from the X-ray photographs."



DNA is primary not just because its structure could

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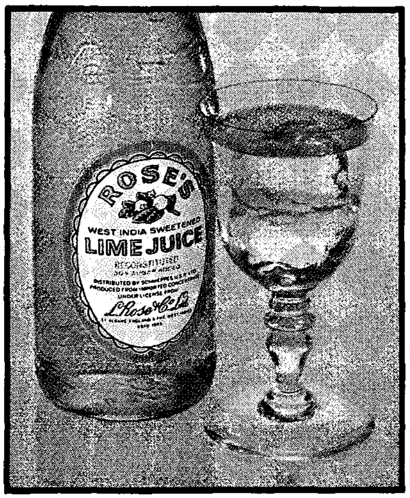

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• •

be solved first; it comes first conceptually. Proteins are so versatile, so busy, so conspicuous in the economy of the cell and the organism that even at the time Watson arrived in Cambridge, in the fall of 1951, almost all biologists still thought that the gene, the hereditary message, was almost certainly made of protein, too. After all, the variety of proteins is bewildering. Many hormones—insulin, for example—are protein molecules. Respiratory carriers, like hemoglobin, are protein molecules. Antibodies are protein molecules, a different kind to match and neutralize each of the hundreds of thousands of substances the body may potentially recognize as foreign—and the foreigners themselves are usually made of protein, at least in part. Enzymes are protein molecules, a different kind to catalyze each chemical event in every metabolic pathway by which cells manufacture energy, structures, wastes, other enzymes, more DNA, and new cells. And in every organism higher than viruses, bacteria, and the simple blue-green algae the chromosomes themselves, where the units of hereditary information reside, are made of protein and DNA intimately bound together. The structure of DNA, once known, made the function of DNA as a blueprint comprehensible, and therefore incontrovertible. "Genes are made of DNA—full stop," Perutz said. "The structure of DNA gave to the concept of the gene a physical and chemical meaning by which all its properties can be interpreted. Most important, DNA—right there in the physical facts of its structure—is both autocatalytic and heterocatalytic. That is, genes have the dual function to dictate the construction of more DNA, identical to themselves, and to dictate the construction of proteins, very different from themselves."

Beyond that, deoxyribonucleic acid turned out to be a substance of elegance, even beauty. Structure and those dual functions are united in DNA with such ingenious parsimony that one smiles with delight at perceiving it. Extreme elegance is almost more convincing to scientists than it should be. Nobody would claim that the first paper Watson and Crick published—"A Structure for Deoxyribose Nucleic Acid," a hundred and twenty-eight lines in *Nature* on April 25, 1953—had the vast power to reorder men's thinking that marked "The Origin of Species" in 1859 or the announcement in 1905 of the special theory of relativity. Yet the discovery of the structure—after a pause for its implications to be absorbed—was brilliantly stimulating. It proved to make possible the working out in comparable detail of the series of events and mechanisms by which the genetic information is read off DNA, put to work, and regulated. While these could not be deduced from the structure, they interlock with and flow from it. In sum, the structure demonstrated why and how DNA itself is the master substance in the cell, the point of origin of what happens in the organism; the marvellous unity of structure and function in DNA, once discovered, proved to be the master concept of the next twenty years of biological investigation.

Scientists tell me that it is extremely difficult, when one has found something that makes a difference, to recapture the way one thought before. How individual, or how social, communal, and collective, is the making of a great discovery? In defense of scientific individualism, it must be said that in the process of discovery there comes a unique moment: where great confusion reigned, the shape of the answer springs out—or, at least, the form of the question. The exaltation of that moment has been compared to the satori of the Zen adept. It is the first of the scientist's two ruling rewards for his work—and the second reward, the recognition granted by his peers, depends on the first. Yet from the collective viewpoint it must be said that the insight, however exalting, is not the discovery; it is a moment at the end of one process and the beginning of another. It would be neat to say that a discovery is that which gets published—neat but not quite right. DNA is an outstanding example of how a discovery twists and grows. What is still called the Watson-Crick structure of DNA is different today in factual detail from their first short paper in *Nature*, and very much greater in perceived scientific consequences. The idea is now crammed with meaning.

Recovery of how the structure of DNA was determined a quarter of a century ago is made easier in some ways, but in others much more difficult, by Watson's "The Double Helix." The book is great of its kind: exciting, eccentrically outspoken. Reviewers did not exaggerate when they said, as many inevitably did, that the book is written with an innocent exuberance reminiscent of Pepys' or Boswell's journals; if Watson, after all, does not have the kindness and charm of either, he has other qualities. "The Double Helix" is full of delights, high among them, for professional readers as well as for laymen, the delight of seeing science demystified of its more pretentious claims to rationality and orderly procedure, the delight of having revealed for once, or apparently revealed, what scientists "really do"—which turns out to include coffee breaks and gossip.

"The Double Helix" contains more science than most readers notice—and exactly that is its worst flaw. Crick observed recently, "Watson's book was really a fragment of his autobiography. . . . Indeed, it is surprising how many technical arguments he managed to slip in without making his text too heavy." Biologists find the science in the book haphazardly illuminating. When they attempt more serious judgment, they find unanswered questions. The historian, trying to see who contributed what to the moment of insight, also needs those missing answers. For laymen, I have always thought, the book scants a clear duty to make the science coherent and significant. Even in the comedy of personalities, "The Double Helix," while it does not greatly oversimplify, misdirects. What the book conveys that is probably most valuable is simply how uncertain it can be, when a man is in the black cave of unknowing, groping for the contours of the rock and the slope of the floor, listening for the echo of his steps, brushing away false clues as insistent as cobwebs, to recognize that an important discovery is taking shape. These are the scientific as opposed to the personal circumstances, and they sometimes evoke the mood of the brink of terror, which in good part may explain why such monstrous self-confidence is demanded.

AT the time, the discovery of the structure of DNA was hard—not intrinsically but because its importance and uniqueness were not well recognized. The discovery was hard also because the data were scattered, confusing, in some respects meagre, in others overabundant. To begin with, it was not clear what was most relevant in all that was known of the chemical composition of nucleic acids. Neither Watson nor Crick was a biochemist. They were ignorant of a long and erudite scientific tradition, but at least they were not blinded by it. In the middle of the last century, the focus of biological investigation was moving—in pursuit of the steadily greater resolving power of the microscope and then outrunning it—down from the organ and the tissue to the cell. For a hundred years or more, the cell and its contents were the domain of the biochemists, whose interest lay in what they could detect and infer about the subtle flux of materials and energy therein.

Biochemists early sorted the principal distinctive substances they found in living beings into four broad categories—fats (the lipids), sugars and starches (the polysaccharides), proteins, and nucleic acids. The nucleic acids were the last of these to be isolated. In 1868, Johann Friedrich Miescher, a Swiss, twenty-four years old, went to Tübingen, Germany, to study with Ernst Felix Hoppe-Seyler, the man who gave hemoglobin its present name, and who founded and edited the first journal of biochemistry. Miescher was particularly interested in the chemistry of the cell nucleus. Even with present-day methods, cell nuclei can be hard to separate intact from the surrounding cytoplasm and outer membranes. Miescher worked at first with pus cells, because they have big nuclei and not much cytoplasm; he got them from discarded surgical bandages. In 1869, he found a new, unexpected compound—acidic, rich in phosphorus, and made up of molecules that were apparently very large. He named it nuclein. The stuff was so unlike any of the substances already known in the cell that Hoppe-Seyler repeated the work himself before allowing Miescher to publish its discovery in his journal. What Miescher had discovered at that point was a complex of DNA and the protein normally associated with it in higher organisms. In 1870, Miescher returned to his native Basel; there, at the headwaters of the Rhine, he found an excellent and more pleasant source of nuclear material in the sperm of the salmon for which, a century ago, the river was celebrated. From this he first extracted a pure DNA. He and his laboratory went on to characterize these discoveries more precisely; in 1889, a pupil of his, Richard Altmann, introduced the term "nucleic acid."

Miescher's work was technically accomplished, lit by flashes of intuition. Erwin Chargaff, biochemist of the nucleic acids, wrote several years ago that "Miescher, much more than his successors, realized the labile character and the macromolecular behavior of DNA"—although, in life, DNA molecules are hundreds, or even thousands, of times as large as what Miescher was able to deduce from his preparations. "Miescher was a sleepwalking kind of

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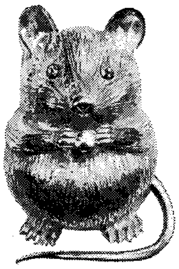

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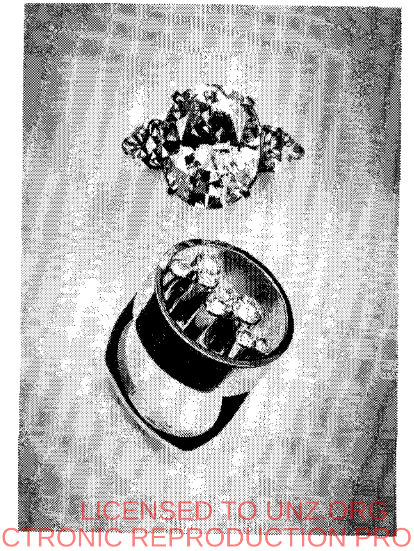

scientist," Chargaff said in a conversation. "He never could give reasons for doing what he did." There was no basis for Miescher to guess correctly at the function of the substance he had found. The physical reality of such relatively immense molecules, and even the fact that proteins and nucleic acids occur in long chains, was imperfectly comprehended. The chemistry for handling them had not been invented. The requirements of a science of heredity were still obscure.

Three years before Miescher arrived in Tübingen, Gregor Mendel had presented a paper, "Experiments in Plant-Hybridization," to the Society of Natural Science in Brünn, Moravia, then a quiet corner of the Austrian empire, and in his paper he proposed, as all the world now knows, the idea of a simple, highly regular algebra of heredity in which discrete units—he called them elements; the word "gene" came later—combine and recombine down the generations. But the concept lay entirely dormant until it was rediscovered, along with Mendel's paper, in 1900. Yet at the end of 1892 Miescher pointed out in a letter to his uncle that some of the large molecules encountered in biology, composed of a repetition of a few similar but not identical small chemical pieces, could express all the rich variety of the hereditary message, "just as the words and concepts of all languages can find expression in the twenty-four to thirty letters of the alphabet." The history of science is full of speculative asides, and they must not be given undue credit; Miescher's notion was fatally imprecise. The molecules he offered as examples were albumen and hemoglobin, both proteins. Miescher died of tuberculosis in 1895, at the age of fifty-one. "There are people who seem to be born in a vanishing cap. Mendel was one of them . . . and so was also Miescher," Chargaff wrote. And another time he wrote, "If a glance at the portrait forming the frontispiece to the collection of his papers were not enough to tell us this, his letters show us a man, reticent and intense."

Much of the elementary chemistry of the nucleic acids was settled early, by Miescher and his pupils and in other laboratories as well. Their presence in all cells was as quickly demonstrated. Their function remained unknown. By the beginning of this century, the three constituents of nucleic acids had been described. One of these is a sugar, called ribose, which, like all sugars, is built up from a ring of carbon atoms, but in this case a pentagonal ring and five carbon atoms rather than, say, the linked hexagon-to-pentagon and twelve carbons of common, or table, sucrose. The second constituent is simply a phosphorus atom surrounded by four oxygen atoms, which is called a phosphate. The phosphates are responsible for both the acidity and the richness in phosphorus that were so surprising when nucleic acids were first observed; by labyrinthine series of chemical trials and inferences that took years to perform, it was shown at last that what the phosphate groups do is link and space the sugars in monotonous alternation. The third sort of constituent is called a base, and is built up mostly from nitrogen and carbon atoms—and, while the ribose and the phosphate are simple, repetitive, and altogether predictable, bases come in several different kinds. These were the central mystery of the nucleic acids. The three-piece sub-assembly of a base linked to a sugar, with a phosphate also pivoting off the sugar in order to make a bridge to the next, is called a nucleotide: a homely word, precise, indispensable, and ubiquitous in this science; indeed, much like the word "iamb" in poetics, for it expresses not just a particular sort of construction but a unit of length, and even a category of significance.

There are five bases that matter, and by the beginning of the century they, too, had been sorted out: guanine, adenine, thymine, cytosine, and uracil. Some variants of very restricted function were found later. Biologists these days often use just the initials, GACTU. In an exuberant moment shortly after the discovery of the structure of DNA, Crick wrote that the relationship among the bases "is likely to be so fundamental for biology that I cannot help wondering whether some day an enthusiastic scientist will christen his newborn twins Adenine and Thymine!"—a fancy that Chargaff did not fail to hold up to scorn. Guanine was first found in 1844, in the excreta of birds—forty years before it was recognized as a nucleic-acid constituent. Crystallized guanine imparts the shine to the scales of fish and reptiles. Adenine was isolated in 1885, from a nucleic acid in beef pancreas. Guanine and adenine are very much alike: in each the structure is a flat double ring, a hexagon fused with a pentagon so that the hexagon, of two nitrogen and four car-

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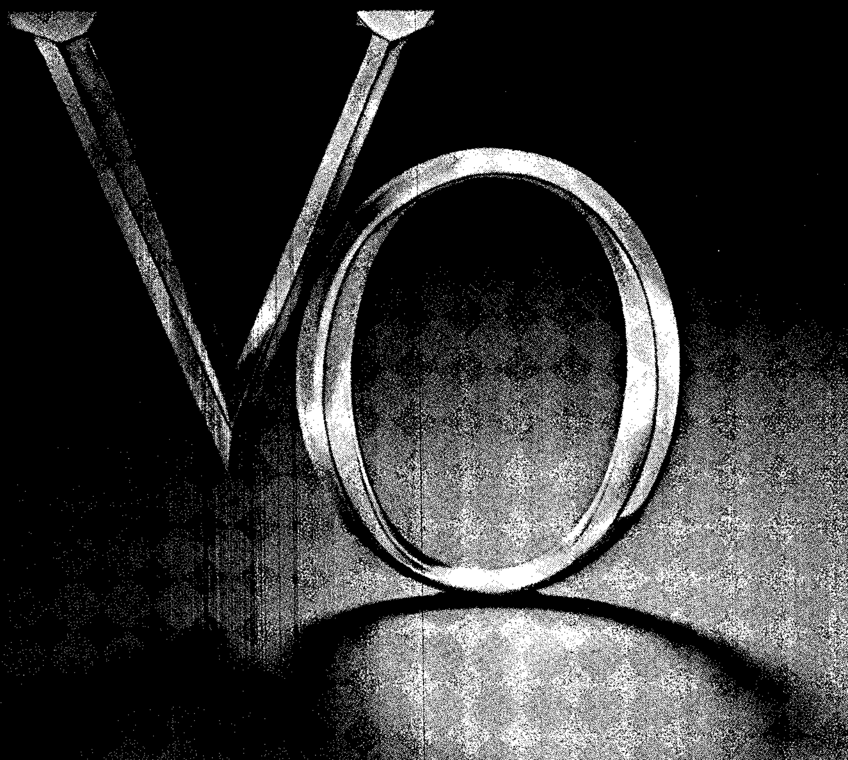

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bon atoms, shares two adjoining carbon corners with the pentagon, which has another pair of nitrogen atoms in it, along with a third carbon atom. Guanine and adenine differ only in small side groups attached to other corners of the hexagon. These two bases are called purines, because of their chemical relationship to uric acid and so to urea—and biochemistry is said to have begun with the synthesis of urea, by Friedrich Wöhler, in 1828. The three other bases, thymine, cytosine, and uracil, were isolated in 1893, 1894, and 1900, and are called pyrimidines—a longer name of unilluminating origin for a smaller, simpler structure: a single ring, the same hexagon of two nitrogen and four carbon atoms, with side groups again making the differences.

By the nineteen-twenties, it was realized that there are two kinds of nucleic acid. In one, now called ribonucleic acid, RNA, the bases are adenine and guanine, cytosine and uracil. In the other, the sugar lacks a fringe oxygen atom—hence deoxyribose nucleic acid—and a pyrimidine has been switched: uracil replaced by thymine. Uracil had first been found in yeast and was known to exist in a species of wheat. Thymine had been discovered in calf thymus gland, whence its name, and was known to exist in every animal cell where it had been looked for. Uracil and thymine are very similar. For a while, then, it was thought that ribonucleic acid, with bases GACU, was for plants, and that deoxyribonucleic acid, with GACT, was animal. This idea collapsed in the early thirties under accumulating evidence that both RNA and DNA are universal. By then, too, it was known that the chromosomes are in large part DNA. Nonetheless, DNA was thought to be built up in the simplest way imaginable, with the nucleotides following one another in fixed order in repeated sets of four. This exceedingly elementary picture was called the tetranucleotide hypothesis. And so the belief was held with dogmatic tenacity that the DNA could be only some sort of structural stiffening—the laundry cardboard in the shirt—since the genetic material would have to be protein.

Rigorous proof that the gene is DNA and not protein appeared in 1944, when Oswald Avery and fellow-workers at the Rockefeller Institute in New York published a paper in the *Journal of Experimental Medicine* about inheritable transformation that occurs in a strain of pneumonia bacteria when they are mixed with

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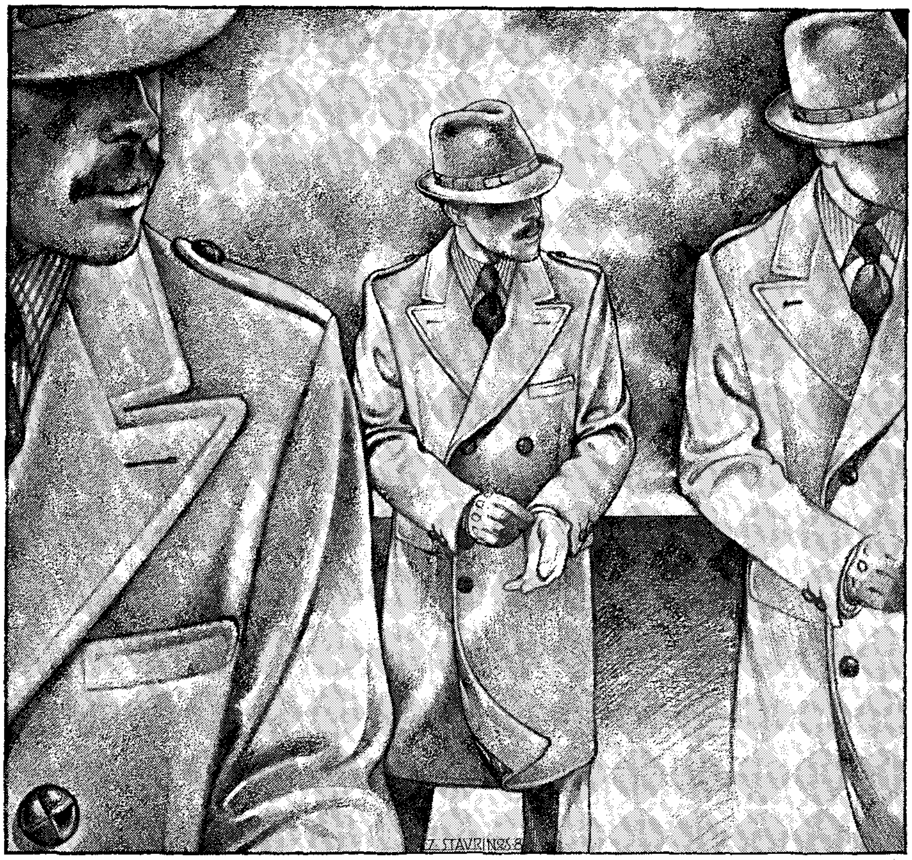
DNA extracted from a different strain. Today, Avery's paper is universally cited as fundamental, always with the reservation that the proof took years to be credited. In February of 1944, when the paper appeared, Crick was working for the British Admiralty as a physicist, designing naval mines, and Watson was a precocious college boy in Chicago, consumed by ornithology the way another might have been absorbed in railway timetables. When they met, seven years later, both knew of Avery's work, though then and for several years more it was still generally believed and widely asserted that genes were protein.

ON the point of picking up Avery's paper, I realized that for the moment I was surfeited with abstractions about DNA. I wanted to know what the stuff looks like, how it is prepared, something of how one tells that it is not protein. In the entrance stairwell of Perutz's laboratory building, before a floor-to-ceiling window, I had stopped to look at a molecular model, eight feet tall, of the double helix of DNA, and stopped again, on the landing above, at a model, nearly as large, of the alpha helix, a structure in proteins discovered by Linus Pauling. Surely, I thought, the two models could be told apart if one knew what to look for. The stretch of protein wound up and around and was linked back and forth to itself by balusters that were jarringly off the perpendicular, bobbing and weaving upward, while the DNA was double, the strands connected not by balusters but by the horizontal bases—planes laid flat to form a slowly revolving series. One could say that the DNA had a calmer, cooler architecture. But the overwhelming impression that each of them gave was much the same—a visually confusing lacework of thin dark rods intersecting at knobs colored blue, red, black, white. This DNA was still an abstraction. Feeling that my request was exceedingly elementary, I asked Sidney Altman, a friend who is now a molecular biologist at Yale, to show me what DNA really is.

The afternoon I arrived at Altman's laboratory, he produced a large bottle of a gray liquid that looked like dishwater. "We start with this," he told me. "Bacteria in a culture medium—just water, some salts, and a carbon source, and some amino acids they need. They've been growing since I started them last night. That's why it's so cloudy: you're seeing a mist of



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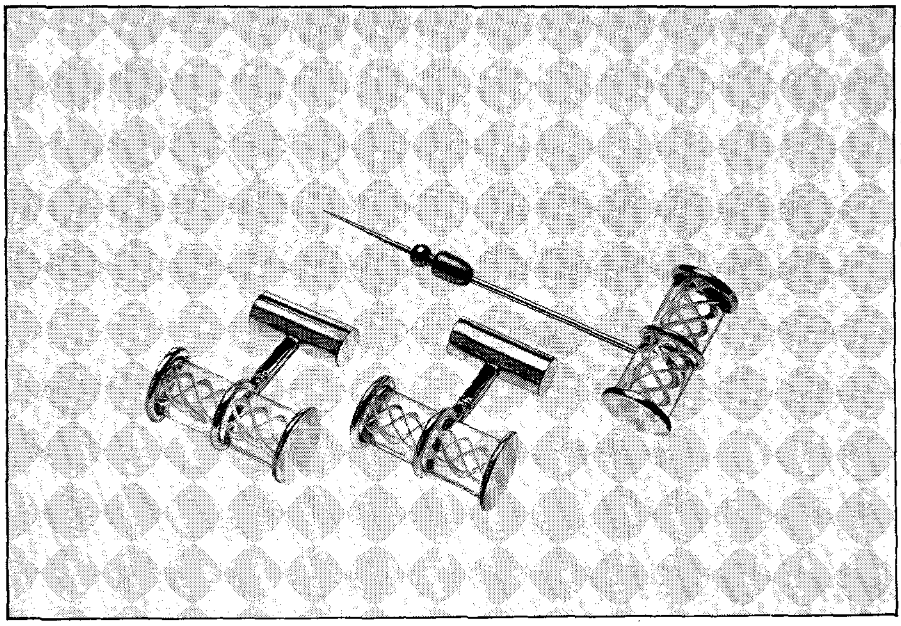

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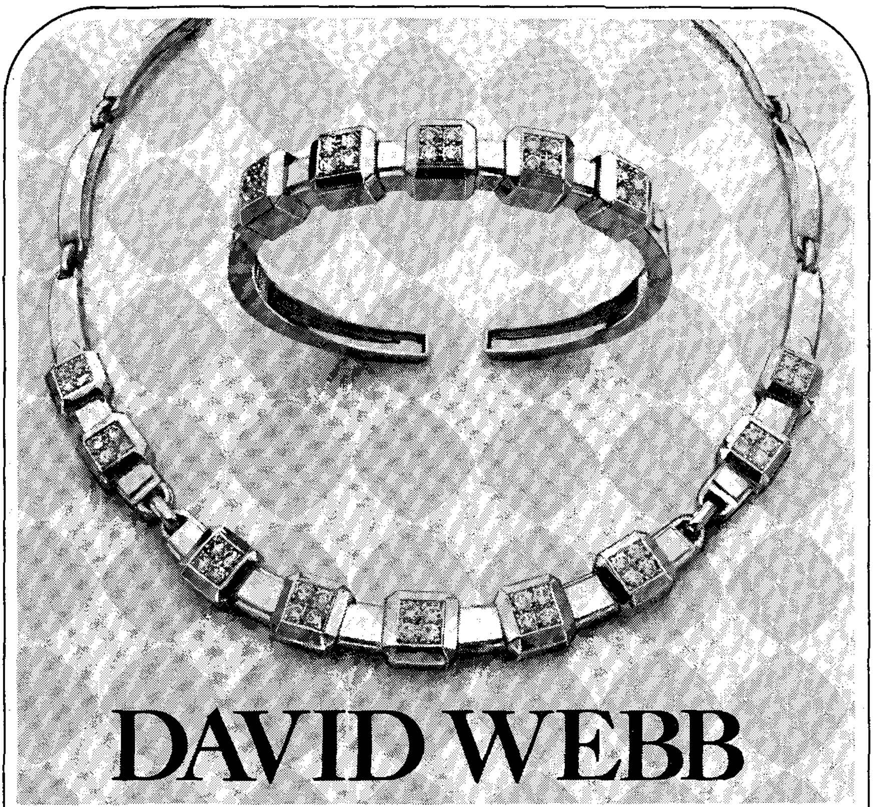
International offices in: Australia, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, England, Finland, France, Germany, Ireland, Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Puerto Rico, South Africa, Sweden and Switzerland bacteria—not the bacteria themselves but the turbidity they cause by scattering the light. You realize, the chief thing you're going to learn is how easy things are once you know how to do them. Now we centrifuge them down, to concentrate the bacteria." He poured the liquid into four stubby plastic test tubes, which we took over to a large box, like a stainless-steel washing machine, with a top hatch. Within was a pear-shaped spindle with slanting holes. Altman put the tubes in the holes and set the machine's speed control at eight thousand r.p.m. "Come back in half an hour," he said.

When Altman took the tubes out, the liquid had turned water-clear, and at the bottom of each tube was a small heap, pale yellow-gray in color. "This is ersatz science," he said. "We're not doing this for any real experimental purpose. Takes the edge off one's precision. The cells are all in those pellets. We can throw out the supernatant." He poured away most of the liquid. At his bench, he scraped up the pellets of bacteria with the end of a glass rod and transferred them all to one tube with a little liquid. "They're back in suspension but concentrated a hundredfold," he said. Indeed, the liquid, clear a moment earlier, looked filthy. He turned to an appliance the size and shape of a melon, with a large rubber navel on top that began to vibrate as he pressed the base of the tube to it. "Breaks up the clumps." He held the tube up to the light as he added liquid from another bottle. "This is EDTA—ethylenediaminetetra-acetate—which takes up the magnesium from the bacterial cell walls. Bacteria have tough cell walls, but this stuff makes them very weak." He searched a shelf, found a plastic jug labelled "10% SDS," and added some of that. "Sodium dodecyl sulphate. All it is is a detergent—you could wash dishes with it. We put it in to solubilize the cell walls. The idea is to break the cell walls to get the DNA out." The technical term for rupturing cell walls is "lysis." To lyse cells, biologists use strong chemicals, or even grind the cells in a mortar with sand; animals get the same results with the subtler means of an enzyme, called lysozyme, present in such body fluids as tears, saliva, and intestinal mucus, which has the protective effect of breaking open bacteria that attempt to invade the body. Altman put a black rubber stopper into the tube. There was about a quarter of a cupful of liquid in it. "As the cells lyse, the bacteria will vanish and the mixture will begin to



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clear. At the same time, it will get very viscous, because the DNA in each cell is essentially one extremely long molecule, and these molecules are freed. Like a basketball player getting out of a Volkswagen, only more so." He suspended the tube in a fish tank full of running water, where a thermometer said 37°C—blood heat. "Come back in half an hour."

Out of the warm-water bath, the tube of liquid was clear again. "Now we add phenol—what used to be called carbolic acid; our grandmothers used it to disinfect drains," Altman said. "The phenol attacks the protein, which is why it worked for Grandmother, but it leaves the DNA alone. And it's heavier than water, so it will sink to the bottom with the protein, while the nucleic acids stay in the aqueous phase at the top." He put the stopper back in the tube and started gently rocking it. The liquid was slightly bubbly and began to look pale gray and thick. "Doing this by hand keeps the DNA from breaking so much. The long fibres are exposed to a lot of shearing force once they're floating free. That disgusting glob of white is the protein. In a minute, we'll centrifuge them apart." This time, he used a small machine, mushroom-shaped and of gray metal, that was standing on his bench. First, he weighed the tube, then filled a second one, with which to balance the machine. A hand-lettered sign on the centrifuge said, "FOUR BUCKETS ARE HOT—BEWARE." As he closed the lid, the spin was starting to tilt the tubes up into the horizontal plane. "Come back in half an hour."

As we waited for the spinning to stop, Altman handed me a small brown bottle. "This is what the stuff we're preparing would look like if you made a lot of it and dried it," he said. "It's purified DNA—from calf thymus glands, one of the traditional sources." The bottle was full of what looked like small scraps from an old linen handkerchief, white and obviously fibrous. "Those long molecules lying together have a very high tensile strength. No, don't touch—even slight impurities can start breaking the molecules up." With tweezers, he took out the top flake, dropped it into a small vial with a screw lid, and handed the closed vial to me. "Something to show your friends."

The tube from the centrifuge now had a layer of clear liquid at the bottom, "the phenol," then a layer of white, "the protein—really goopy," and, above that, another layer of clear liquid. "The DNA is in that top layer. It gets

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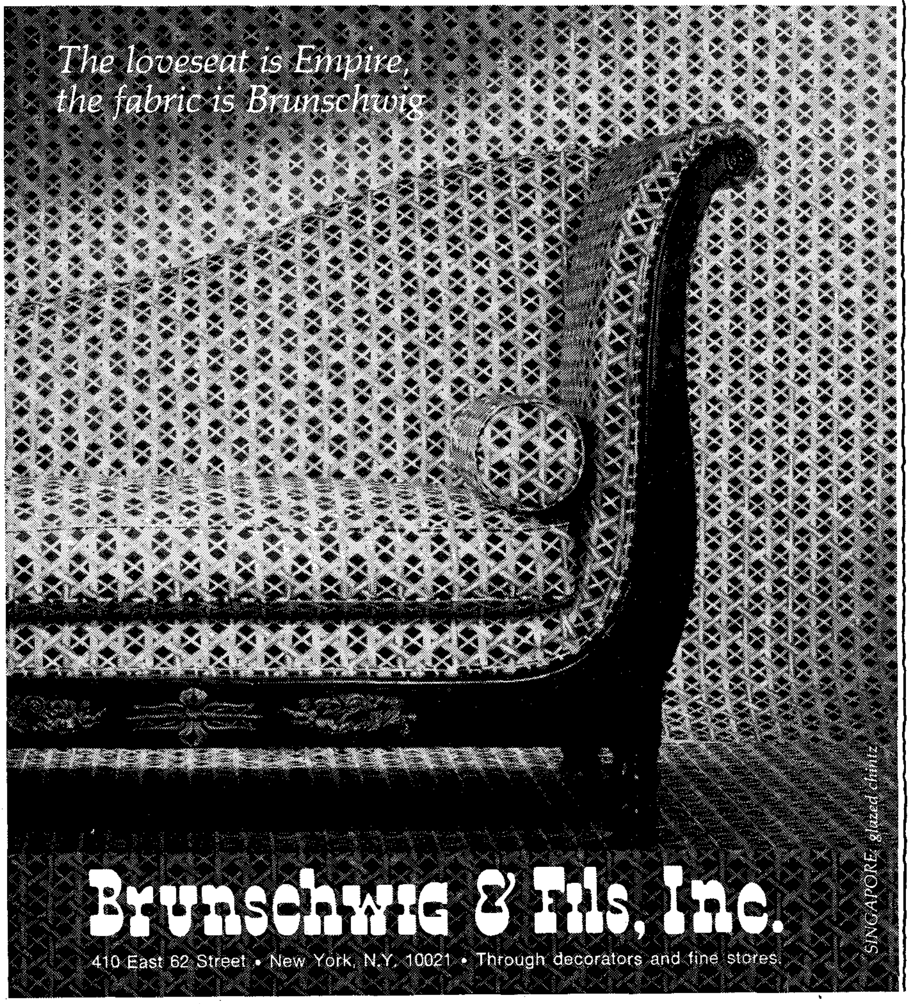

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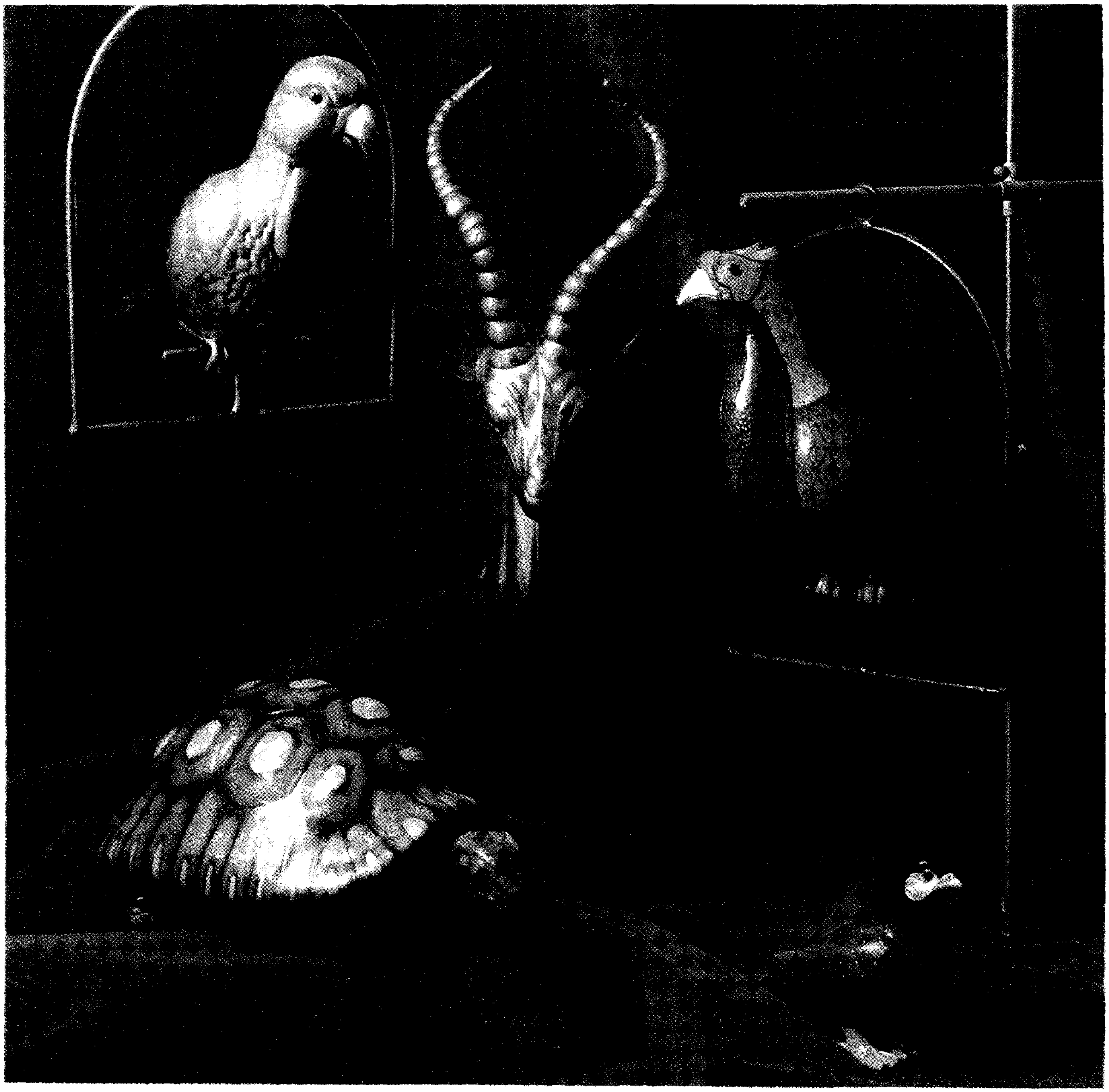

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so viscous we'll have trouble getting it out without contaminating it with some of the protein beneath. If this were real, I'd have to be a lot more careful." He packed the tube and assorted glassware into shaved ice in a battered plastic ice bucket. He took a wide-mouthed glass pipette and tried to suck up the layer of liquid at the top of the tube; every time he lifted the pipette slowly away, the liquid plopped back into the tube. "It's so viscous it pulls itself out again." He tried other pipettes, and at last took a small one over to a Bunsen burner, where he held the tip in the flame and then bent a kink into it. With this he got the liquid up, a few drops at a time, and into a narrower tube. He tilted that. "Watch how it flows. That's *really viscous!* It's good stuff.

"Now, this last step is the spectacular one. I'm going to layer in twice as much ethanol—absolute alcohol." He poured the alcohol slowly down the side of the tube, so that it floated on the viscous material. "Now we stir with this glass rod, gently winding. The alcohol precipitates the DNA, and we pull the fibres out of the solution like winding spaghetti out of sauce." As he twisted the glass rod, the tip began to thicken with cobwebs, wet and translucent. As he lifted the rod out, the attached fibre pulled into a long filament. "Amazing. That's a lot of individual molecules of DNA lying together, of course. But you could use a fibre like that for X-ray analysis of its structure."

HIGH-SCHOOL pupils these days learn to extract DNA in science classes; teachers scramble to keep ahead with the aid of manuals and source books that tell how to go on to analyze the composition of the DNA by such techniques as chromatography or electrophoresis, in which absurdly small amounts of biological substances can be persuaded to separate from each other for identification and measurement as they migrate, in solution, down a sheet of filter paper or across a hard slab of gelatine, some travelling faster and farther than others because of differences in weight or solubility or electrical charge of the individual molecules. Methods of such discrimination and finesse—of such chemical resolving power—were only beginning to be available when Avery published his surprising paper. Yet what he accomplished in the early forties is still respected as masterly. His was far from ersatz science. The paper is marked by the probing sensitivity with which he

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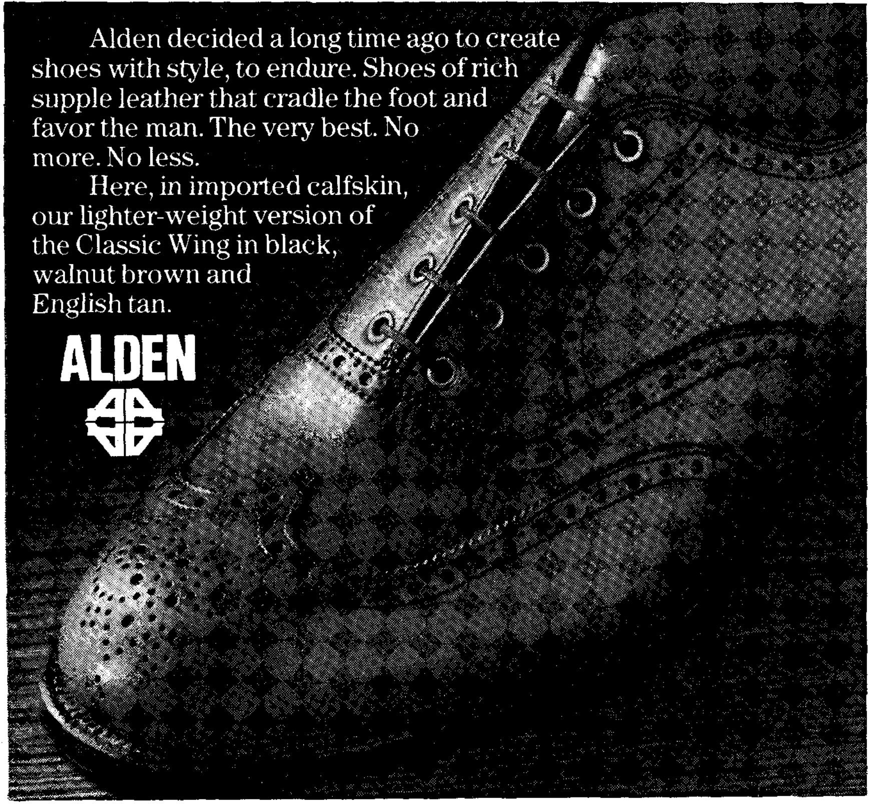

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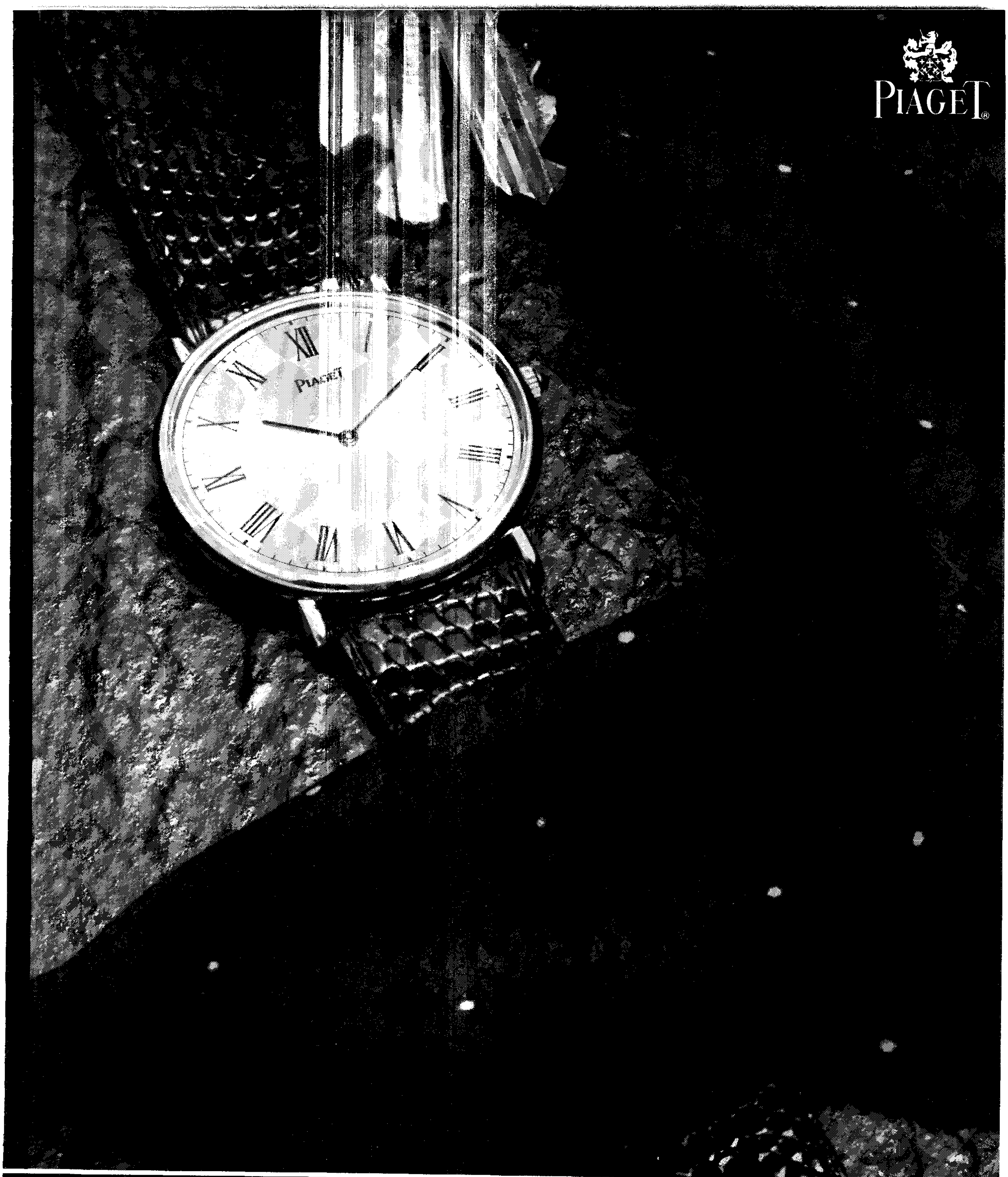
responded to what he did not know. Its title is as arid as any in the literature: "Studies on the Chemical Nature of the Substance Inducing Transformation of Pneumococcal Types. Induction of Transformation by a Desoxyribonucleic Acid Fraction Isolated from Pneumococcus Type III," by Oswald T. Avery, Colin M. MacLeod, and Maclyn McCarty. Within, the writing is excellent—supple and taut. Procedures come across vividly. Not just a short run of experiments is reported but years of work and years of pondering. The argument is tough and intricate. Avery's great paper shares with the classics of science of previous centuries at least one quality now grown rare: from the first paragraphs through to the end, one feels an original curiosity working.

Avery was by training a physician, as were MacLeod and McCarty. He was not a geneticist and not exactly a biochemist but, rather, an immunologist and microbiologist. That is, he worked with micro-organisms; and, among them, microbes rather than viruses; and, among microbes, the bacteria that cause pneumonia. His long-term hope was to develop sera with which to treat acute cases. Micro-organisms can go through as many generations in half a week as mankind has since history began. Each generation for a bacterium is a doubling; many a virus multiplies fiftyfold or hundredfold. The foods such creatures use are so simple that what goes into them can be exactly known, controlled, and compared with what they make of it. Further, it is easy to spot variations. A bacteriologist or a molecular geneticist can routinely select from a billion separate cells the single individual that possesses some particular inheritable trait. These and other advantages have made micro-organisms the favorite subjects for many kinds of biology in the middle third of this century, and especially for genetics—though right now a change is taking place, back to fruit flies, mice, and other higher animals, because one-celled creatures are too simple, internally as well as in being one-celled, for the questions that molecular biologists have come to. Yet over thirty years of intensive scrutiny (as Watson points out to students) show that next to man himself the world's most thoroughly understood organism is his small companion through life the normally benign intestinal bacterium *Escherichia coli*. Determining the results of an experiment with bacteria can be easier than one might suppose. Often, a microscope is not even



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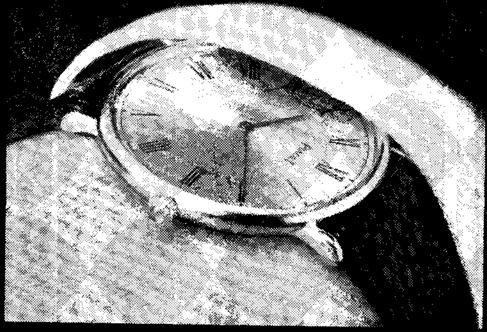

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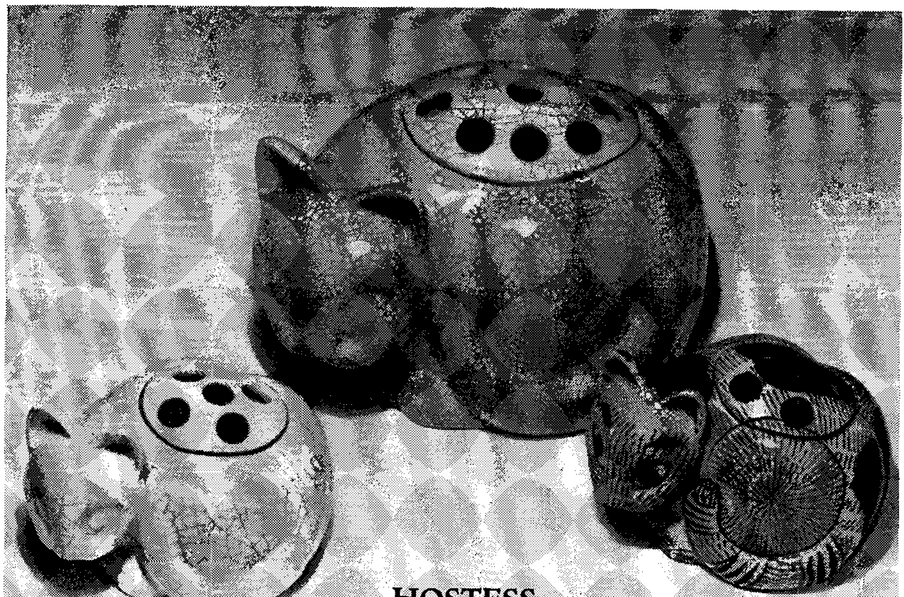

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needed: just examine where the bugs are growing, on broth or gelatine in one of those fragile, low-sided glass dishes, to see the colonies' size, color, texture.

By such simple, visible criteria, the world of Avery's *Streptococcus pneumoniae*, called pneumococcus, is divided into R and S forms. They are called R and S for no microscopic reason but because, Avery wrote, "on artificial media the colony surface [of the R form] is 'rough' in contrast to the smooth, glistening surface of colonies of encapsulated S cells." S forms are virulent. They kill laboratory animals. A bacterium of S form surrounds itself with a plump gelatinous capsule, which it builds not of protein but of a complex sugar, a polysaccharide. The capsule partly protects the bacterium from the defenses of the infected animal and so always goes with virulence in pneumococci. Bacteria of R form have lost their ability to make capsules and so to cause infection. (R forms are now understood to be mutants that fail to make the enzyme that knits together the capsular polysaccharide.) To get them, bacteriologists grow pneumococci in a medium made hostile to the ancestral S form. R and S forms of pneumococci had first been distinguished in 1923, in London, by Frederick Griffith, a physician doing research in the Pathological Laboratory of the Ministry of Health. Variant virulent S types had also been found, and numbered I, II, III. These differ much less in what can be seen in a glass dish but can be told apart with certainty by immunological tests. Antibody reactions are among the most exquisitely sensitive detection systems that biologists possess. Tested against serum from the blood of rabbits that had survived infection and developed a high degree of immunity, Avery wrote, protein from pneumococci betrays its presence in dilutions as high as one in fifty thousand, and the capsular sugar in dilutions as high as one part in six million. Avery himself had discovered the immune reaction to capsular polysaccharide—the first evidence that animals can make antibodies to something not a protein—also in 1923, in the course of work by which his laboratory established the fixed differences among the S types of pneumococci.

Then, in 1928, Griffith had published a startling discovery. He had injected mice with two pneumococcal preparations at the same time: a small amount of a living culture of the R form, derived from Type II and proved to be not virulent by itself,

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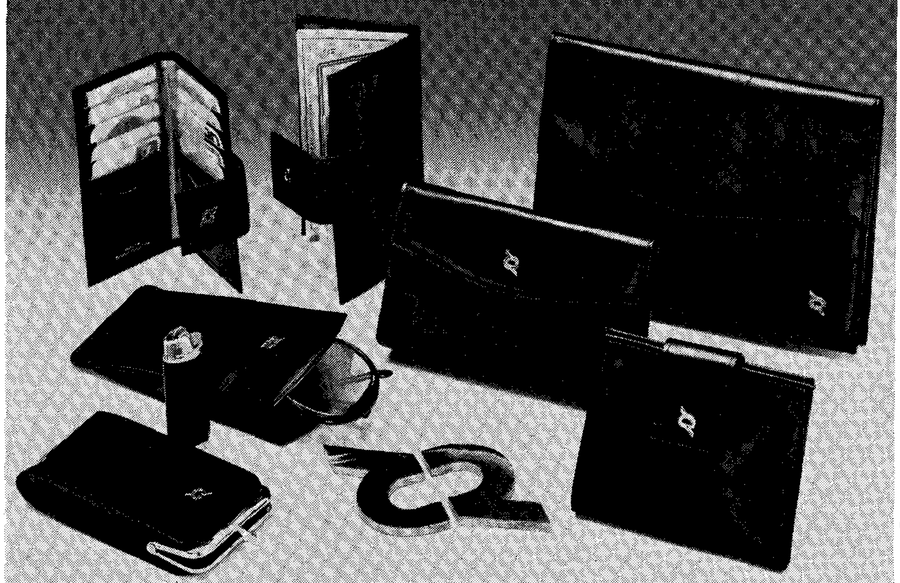

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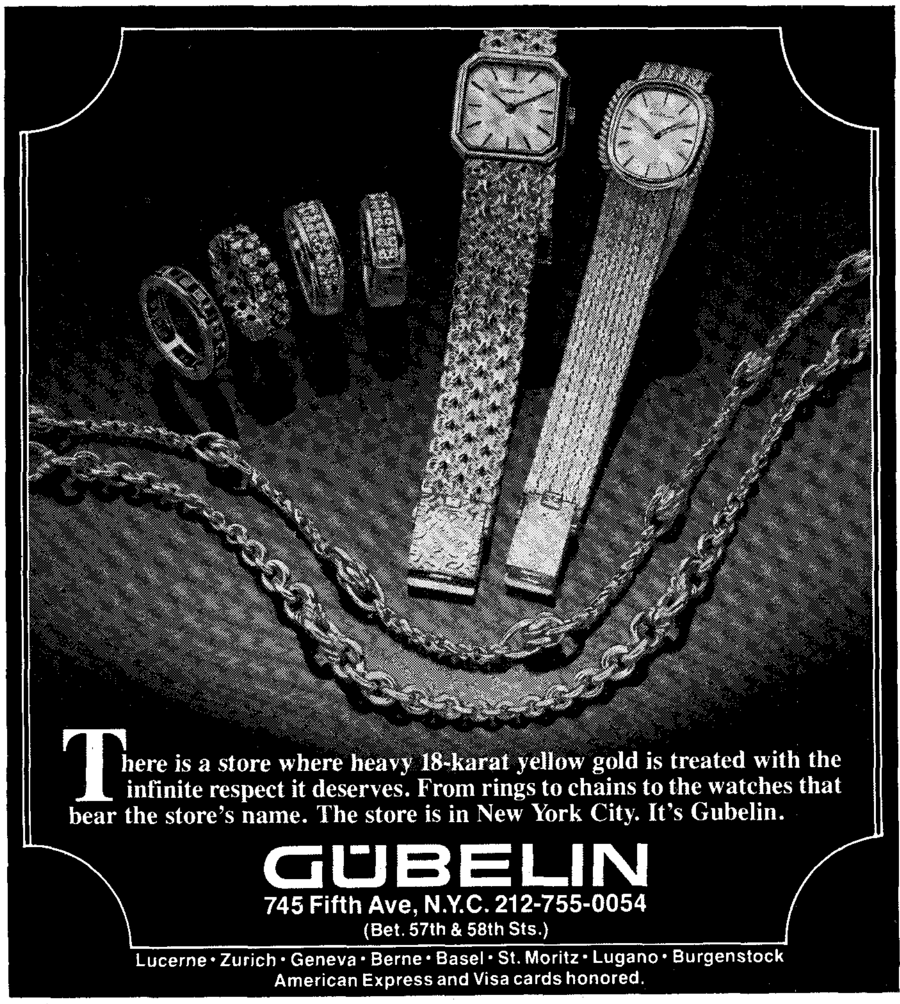

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together with a large amount of a dead culture of the S form of Type III—killed by heat, containing no living bacteria, and proved to be not virulent by itself. In short, two different types, one an R, live but not virulent, and the other an S, virulent but killed. Many of the mice had died. In the heart's blood of these mice, Griffith had found living, virulent pneumococci, of the S form—and not Type II but Type III.

The change was permanent and inherited. Generations more of culturing had produced nothing but more Smooth, virulent Type III pneumonia germs. Griffith's discovery suggested doubts about the existence of distinct true-breeding species among bacteria. It opened grave practical problems for epidemiologists and immunologists. It raised clouds of speculative and spurious explanations. All in all, microbiologists found transformation of bacteria about as unsettling as atomic physicists, at that same time, were finding the transmutation of elements by interaction with neutrons and protons. Avery at first found it impossible to credit Griffith's paper. The finding seemed to overthrow his own fundamental demonstration of the fixity of immunological types. Bacterial transformation was confirmed that same year in Berlin and in 1929 was repeated at the Rockefeller Institute.

Two years after that, associates of Avery's found that they could do the same experiment leaving out the mice. They could achieve transformation by growing a culture of R form in a glass dish in the presence of heat-killed pneumococci of the S form. Several months later, Lionel Alloway, also in Avery's laboratory, took the pursuit of the transforming agent one twist further. Alloway broke open the S-form bacteria to set their contents free, then passed the culture through a filter so fine that the shells, together with any unbroken cells, were removed. When this extract, free of cells, was added to a growing culture of the R form, transformation took place.

Rollin Hotchkiss, who joined Avery's laboratory in 1935, recalled in a biographical memoir, thirty years later, that Avery's characteristic question was a quick, insistent "What is the substance responsible?" For the next decade, Avery was increasingly preoccupied with step-by-step purification of the transforming agent and its identification. In the beginning, transformation was an uncertain, delicately balanced phenomenon. "Many are the

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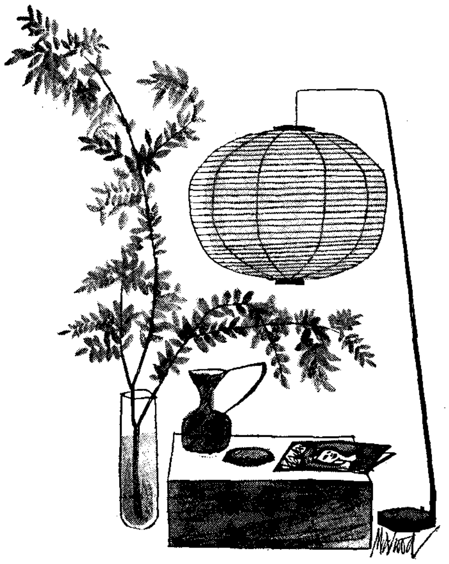
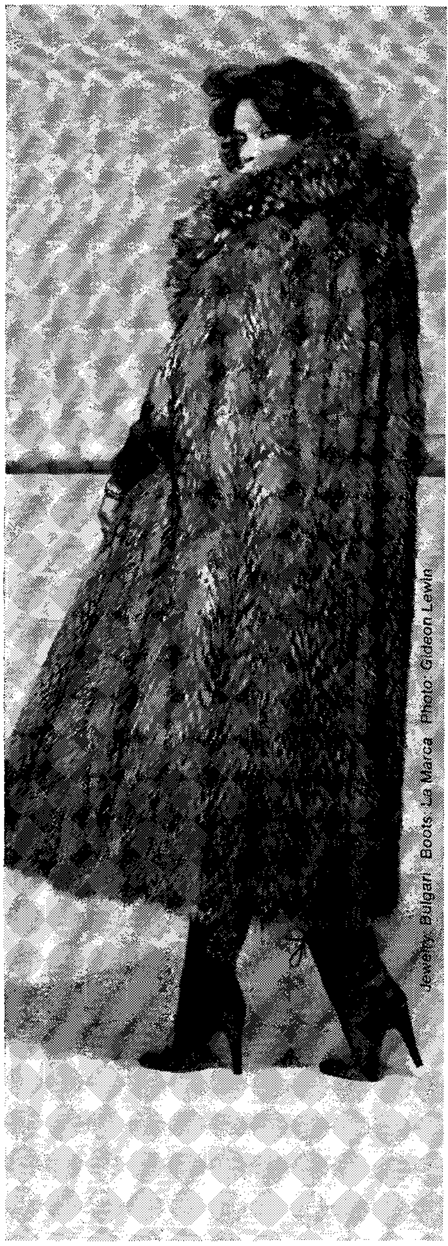
times we were ready to throw the whole thing out of the window!" Avery said to Hotchkiss. At the last, Avery was able to take a culture of pneumococci of an R form that had been attenuated from an S of Type II thirty-six generations back (all the way back to the Crusades, on a human time scale), add to it what he knew to be a highly purified DNA extracted from an S of Type III, and get out, in the next generation, fully developed "large, glistening, mucoid colonies" of S Type III. These then remained stable through succeeding generations. Recalcitrant strains of bacteria had been tamed, finicky conditions of culture mastered. Avery's difficulty was no longer how to effect the transformation itself but how to prove that it was caused by DNA, and nothing else, despite the fact that DNA had not been identified in pneumococci before and in defiance of the universal conviction—his own conviction at the start—that DNA was a monotonous molecule and genes were protein. Avery was a small man, a bachelor all his life, smooth-faced and thin; he wore pince-nez. Various friends remember that he rolled his own cigarettes, that he was fastidious with words and reserved with conclusions, that he was a gentle, versatile, overwhelming monologuist for whom the pneumococcus was the microcosm of biology. Hotchkiss wrote, "My personal notes of 1936 record that in one of his discourses on transformation, Avery outlined to me that the transforming agent could hardly be carbohydrate, did not match very well with protein, and wistfully suggested that it might be a nucleic acid!"

Throughout the paper of 1944, Avery, MacLeod, and McCarty, with immaculate caution, speak of their substance as "the transforming principle." To get it, they grew virulent Type III pneumococci at blood heat in twenty-gallon vats of broth made from beef hearts, spun the bacteria out in an iced centrifuge, suspended them in brine, and brought the "thick, creamy suspension of cells" quickly to a temperature hot enough to kill the cells and to inactivate "the intracellular enzyme known to destroy the transforming principle" (an enzyme now called, with brisk inelegance, DNase). They then washed the cooked pneumococci in three changes of brine to remove capsular sugar as well as whatever protein would come away, extracted the bacteria by shaking them for an hour in a solution of bile salt to break the cell walls (and then threw away the cell residue), and precipitated the extract with pure grain alcohol. "The precipitate forms a fibrous mass which floats to the surface of the alcohol and can be removed directly by lifting it out with a spatula," the paper said. This was now washed several times with chloroform to remove protein, reprecipitated, and resuspended. A digestive enzyme was put in to eat away any remaining capsular sugar. Removal of protein was repeated "until no further film of protein-chloroform gel is visible at the interface." Pure grain alcohol was added again, "dropwise to the solution with constant stirring." At a concentration where the alcohol nearly equalled the extract, "the active material separates out in the form of fibrous strands that wind themselves around the stirring rod. This precipitate is removed on the rod and washed. . . . The yield of fibrous material obtained by this method varies from ten to twenty-five milligrams per seventy-five liters of culture"—or, at best, just under a hundredth of an ounce from twenty gallons of culture.

Avery and his colleagues set about showing what their transforming agent was—and what it was not, which was harder. They devised tests with an almost obsessive ingenuity, which makes their paper a model of reasoning from and about experiment. The understated iteration takes on rhetorical power. Standard qualitative tests for protein—for example, adding a pinch of copper sulphate in the presence of a strong alkali and seeing if the solution turns blue-violet—were negative, those for DNA strongly positive. Chemical analysis found the elements in proportions—particularly the telltale ratio of nitrogen to phosphorus, 1.67 to 1 on the average—that agreed closely with what DNA, with its nitrogenous bases

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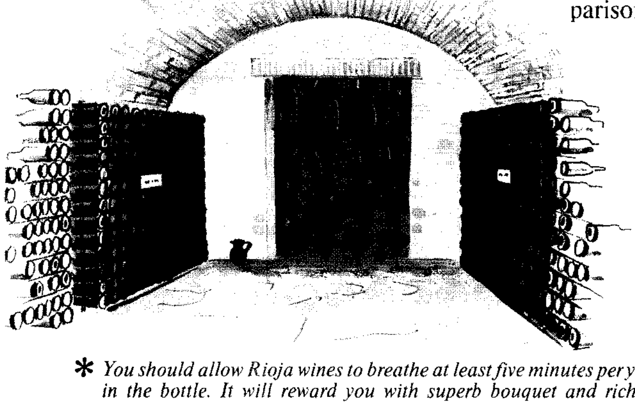
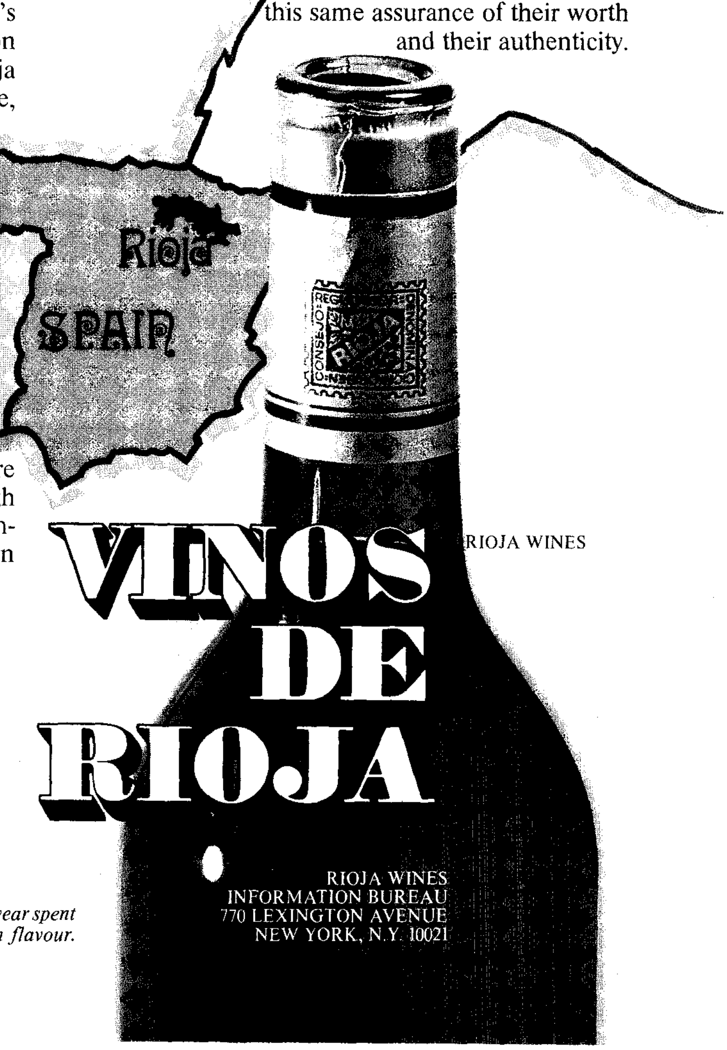
Rioja. Just the mention of the name enlivens the conversations of wine aficionados all over Europe. "Yes", they say, "that fertile valley in Spain only 200 miles south of Bordeaux that is justly famous for extraordinary wines - wonderful Rioja where you can still find great vintages at reasonable prices. If you haven't discovered the wines of Rioja, it is time you added them to the list of great wines you already know. For Rioja is at once Spain's smallest winegrowing region and its best. Nestled on either side of the Ebro river in norther Spain, Rioja is a winemaker's dream come true for here, the grape, the climate and a talented breed of people have conspired to produce some of the world's finest wines, all with that special taste of Spanish nobility. Connoisseurs have come to prize Rioja wines for their vibrancy and depth of character - qualities which have been nurtured in the vineyards. But the major secret behind the uniqueness of Rioja wines lies hidden in the cavernous wine cellars of the bodegas. Here, in a subterranean atmosphere redolent with the heady aroma of pressed grape, the age-old Rioja winemaking customs are carried out in the same manner they were a hundred years ago. Although small by comparison to the world's other important wine-growing regions, Rioja produces an assortment of wines to suit every taste and all occasion. Because all Rioja wines are aged in wood for many years, it's important to give the wine time to breathe before serving. This will bring out the full flavor and bouquet. If possible, Rioja wines should be uncorked at least twenty minutes before serving. And when you pull the cork, take a moment to look at it and appreciate the special qualities of Spanish cork which help Rioja wines to mature in the bottle. As early as 1560, Rioja vintners formed an association to regulate - and guarantee - the quality and origin of their exported wines. Today, more than four centuries later, the wines of Rioja come to you with this same assurance of their worth and their authenticity.





VINOS DE RIOJA

RIOJA WINES

RIOJA WINES
INFORMATION BUREAU
770 LEXINGTON AVENUE
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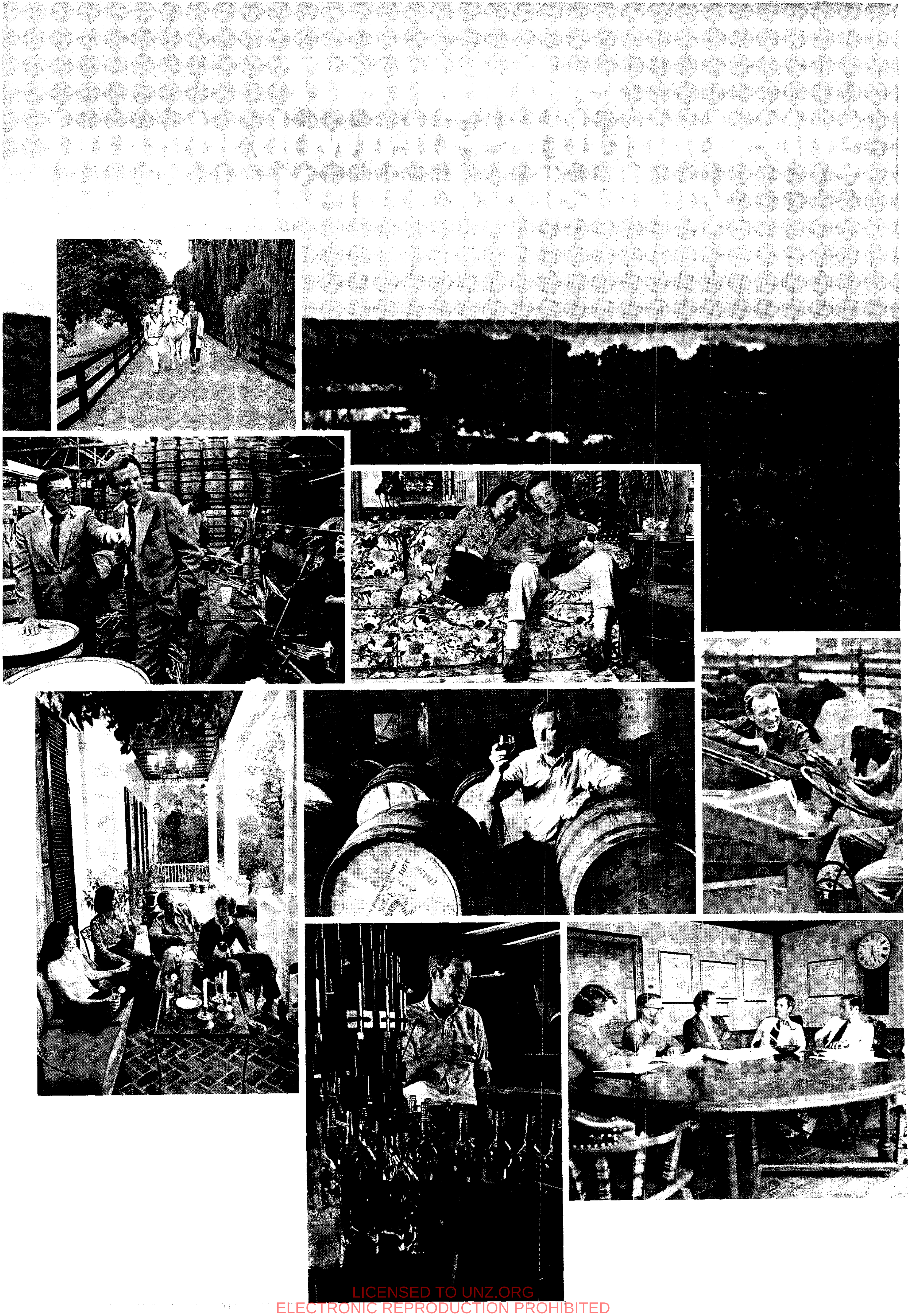
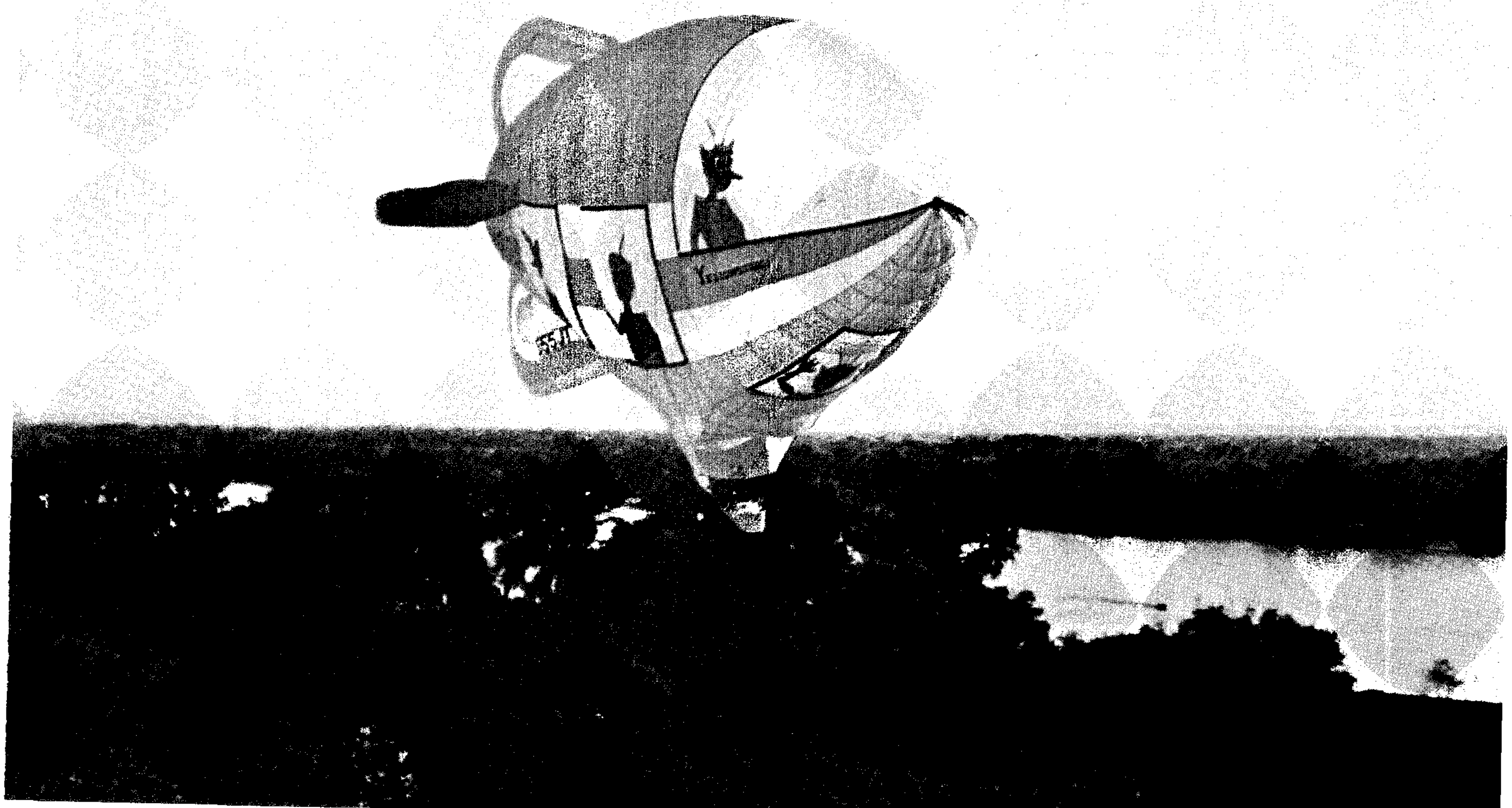
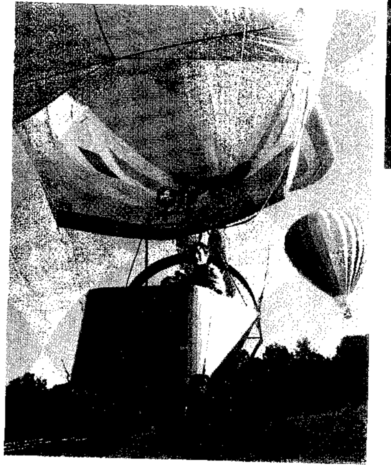
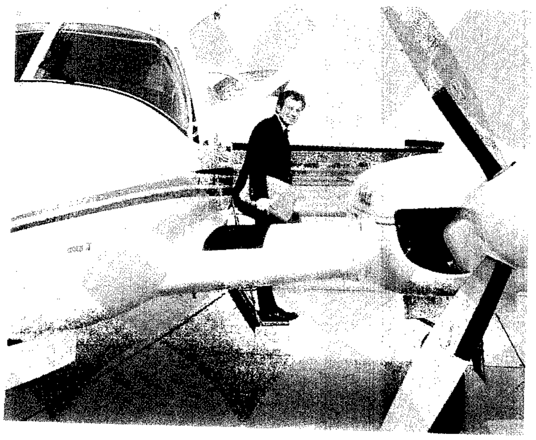
* *You should allow Rioja wines to breathe at least five minutes per year spent in the bottle. It will reward you with superb bouquet and rich flavour.*









There is a rare blend of adventure and practicality in the makeup of James "Buddy" Thompson, Chairman of Glenmore Distilleries. He avidly pursues the ancient sport of hot air ballooning, but in an airship he helped design using a Volkswagen engine and modern aerodynamics for greater control. Credit for the graphics of the "Yellowstone" go to daughters Lisa and Emery, and sons Jim, Jr., and Sam. Buddy, the first hot-air airship pilot in the United States, claims his craft is "the wave of the future, and I won't let pilots of obsolete balloons forget it."

Being daring yet practical has paid off for Buddy Thompson in the liquor industry. He's helped Glenmore Distilleries grow by looking beyond his own industry for managers. He assembled a team of seasoned marketing people that have launched the 106-year old company on a program of acquisition and diversification.

Besides the traditional Bourbons of a Kentucky distillery, Glenmore now markets the immensely successful Amaretto di Saronno liqueur and Old Mr. Boston pre-mixed cocktails, brandies and cordials, Desmond & Duff Scotch and a full line of other spirits. This year the Company is looking at wines and "several possibilities outside the spirits industry."

Outside his business life Buddy Thompson is just as active in the Louisville community. He is a past Chairman of the United Way and The Fund for the Arts, and now is on the Board of Citizens Fidelity Bank, the Regional Mental Health Agency, the Regional Cancer Center and the local Airport Board. "I complained so much about the way the airport was being run they dared me to join the Board." He has been Chairman for eight years.

With his wife, Allie, Buddy also spends a good deal of time farming their 160 acres outside Louisville and tending their herd of Black Angus.

To keep abreast of what's happening in the many facets of his life, Buddy Thompson reads SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. He claims at least one article each month gives him information he needs—about computers, chemistry, behavior—plus information he enjoys.

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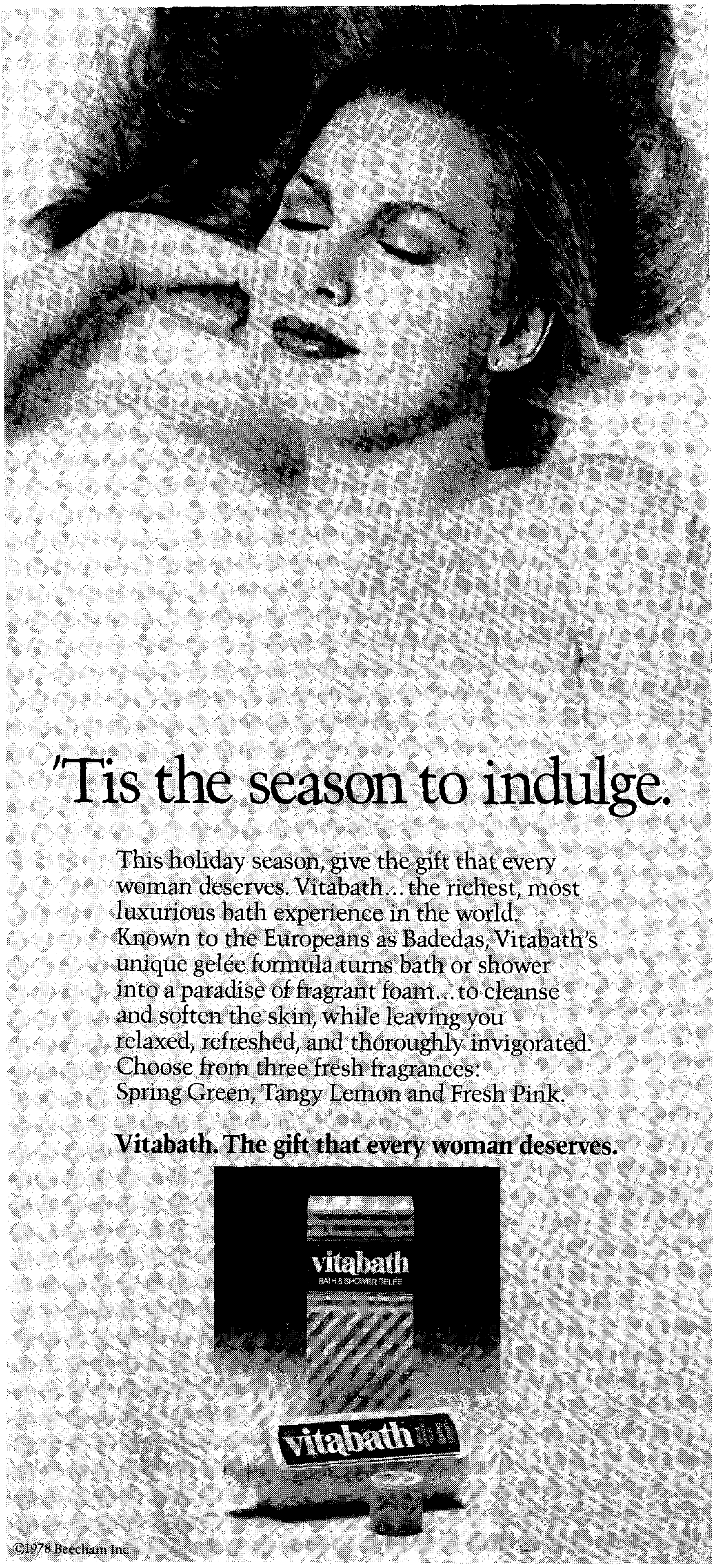
and its phosphates, should show, but that would have been different if, despite the extraction methods, much protein had remained.

They turned to enzymes. The specificity and speed of enzymes, the power of each to catalyze its own reaction intensively and nothing else, fits them for the burden of proving a biological negative. Pure, crystalline enzymes were just beginning to be available, in great part through the work at a sister unit of the Rockefeller Institute, in Princeton. Other enzymes of proved strength, in crude form, were obtained from rabbit bones, swine kidneys, and the mucus of dogs' intestines. Of these, enzymes known to digest proteins left the transforming principle intact. Enzymes known to degrade RNA left the transforming principle intact. And enzymes that ignored protein but attacked samples of known DNA destroyed the activity of the transforming principle. Avery and his co-workers complicated the enzymatic tests by adding selective chemical inhibitors and by exploring the subtle effects of temperature variations on enzyme activity. The results always agreed, they reported, with what happened in parallel experiments with known DNA.

They went on to immunological tests. These demonstrated that neither pneumococcal protein nor capsular polysaccharide was present in the transforming extract up to the extreme limit of sensitivity of the technique. They spun a sample of the extract on the ultracentrifuge and found that as it sedimented "the material gave a single and unusually sharp boundary indicating that the substance was homogeneous and that the molecules were uniform in size and very asymmetric." The result matched DNA from calf thymus. They tried electrophoresis, and found that as the molecules in a solution of the transforming principle were propelled by a weak electric current they stayed together as one substance—and that this moved relatively fast, as nucleic acids do. They found that the transforming principle absorbed ultraviolet light at certain wavelengths to yield the same profile as nucleic acids. They found, and saved for last, that the transforming principle could demonstrate its transforming power in extraordinarily small amounts—down to "a final concentration of the purified substance of one part in six hundred million" of the culture medium containing bacteria of the R form.

Avery's concluding discussion is one of those precursors which can sometimes be looked back to in science—or, for that matter, in philosophy or eco-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nomic theory or painting—in which one seems to see an idea struggling to shake free from a net of previous conceptions. Avery noted a striking point:

> The substance evoking the reaction and the capsular substance produced in response to it are chemically distinct, each belonging to a wholly different class of chemical compounds. The inducing substance, on the basis of its chemical and physical properties, appears to be a highly polymerized and viscous form of sodium desoxyribonucleate. . . . The experimental data presented in this paper strongly suggest that nucleic acids, at least those of the desoxyribose type, possess different specificities as evidenced by the selective action of the transforming principle.

And those are the attributes of a substance that is heterocatalytic—that can, as the gene must, cause the cell to make another specific substance unlike itself. In support of that, Avery also observed:

> Attempts to induce transformation in suspensions of resting cells held under conditions inhibiting growth and multiplication have thus far proved unsuccessful, and it seems probable that transformation occurs only during active reproduction of the cells.

But was the transforming principle autocatalytic as well?

> Once transformation has occurred, the newly acquired characteristics are thereafter transmitted in series through innumerable transfers in artificial media [that is, repeated generations, each started in fresh broth] without any further addition of the transforming agent. Moreover, from the transformed cells themselves, a substance of identical activity can be again recovered in amounts far in excess of that originally added to induce the change. It is evident, therefore, that not only is the capsular material reproduced in successive generations but that the primary factor, which controls the occurrence and specificity of capsular development, is also reduplicated in the daughter cells.

Thus, Avery circumnavigated the definition of the gene. He was clear and firm about what he had demonstrated; he would not leap.

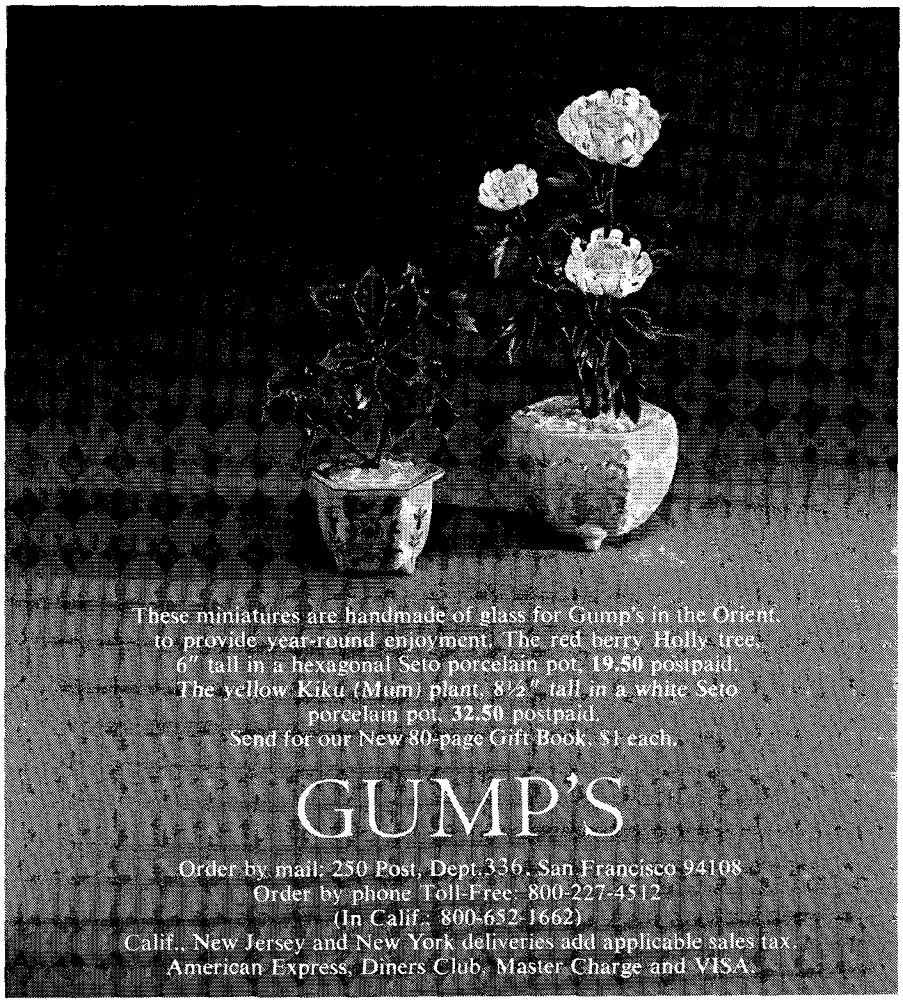
> Assuming that the sodium desoxyribonucleate and the active principle are one and the same substance, then the transformation described represents a change that is chemically induced and specifically directed by a known chemical compound.

There was an irrepressible doubt, and a call to resolve it by a new order of scientific precision:

> One must still account on a chemical basis for the biological specificity of its action.

So the conclusion checked and stumbled:

> It is, of course, possible that the biological activity of the substance described



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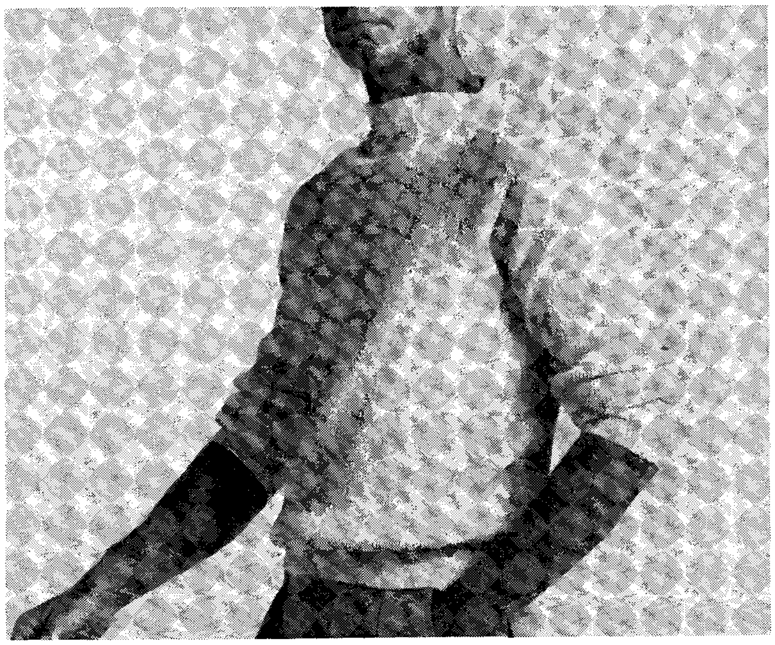

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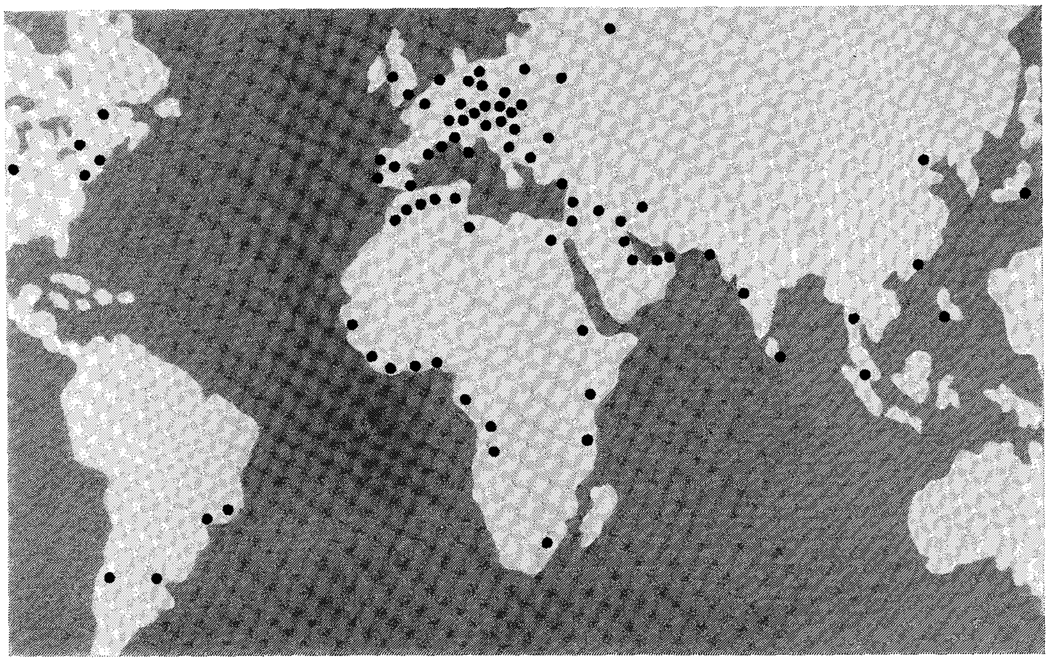

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is not an inherent property of the nucleic acid but is due to minute amounts of some other substance adsorbed to it or so intimately associated with it as to escape detection. . . . If the results of the present study . . . are confirmed, then nucleic acids must be regarded as possessing biological specificity the chemical basis of which is as yet undetermined.

That far, but in public no farther. Privately, Avery did go beyond that. A year before the results were published, he wrote a long letter to his brother, Roy, a bacteriologist, who was then at Vanderbilt University, in Nashville. The letter was meditative, speculative, marked by unassuming charm: it defined poignantly the sense of responsibility to science that some acknowledge. Avery first reviewed the years of searching, and then wrote:

> Try to find in that complex mixture, the active principle!! Try to isolate and chemically identify the particular substance that will by itself when brought into contact with the R cell derived from Type II cause it to elaborate Type III capsular polysaccharide, & to acquire all the aristocratic distinctions of the same specific type of cells as that from which the extract was prepared! Some job—full of headaches and heart breaks. But at last *perhaps* we have it. . . . This substance is highly reactive and . . . conforms *very* closely to the theoretical values of pure desoxyribose nucleic acid (thymus type). Who could have guessed it? . . . If we are right, and of course that's not yet proven, then it means that nucleic acids are not merely structurally important but functionally active substances in determining the biochemical activities and specific characteristics of cells—& that by means of a known chemical substance it is possible to induce *predictable* and *hereditary* changes in cells. This is something that has long been the dream of geneticists. . . . Sounds like a virus—may be a gene. But with mechanisms I am not now concerned. . . . Of course the problem bristles with implications. . . . It touches genetics, enzyme chemistry, cell metabolism and carbohydrate synthesis—etc. But today it takes a lot of well-documented evidence to convince anyone that the sodium salt of desoxyribose nucleic acid, protein free, could possibly be endowed with such biologically active and specific properties and that evidence we are now trying to get. It's lots of fun to blow bubbles—but it is wiser to prick them yourself before someone else tries to.

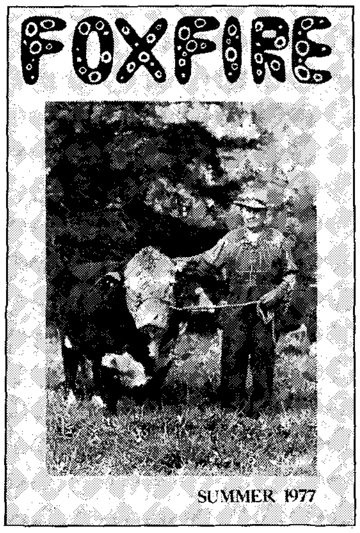
Avery's public caution stands in awkward contrast to the self-assurance of Watson and Crick nine years later. The cost may have been great. The Nobel Prize selectors had their attention drawn to Avery's work. They waited for the second round of discoveries. Avery was sixty-seven when the paper appeared; it was, Chargaff wrote in tribute, "the ever rarer instance of an old man making a great scientific discovery. It had not been his

"The only people who are generous enough to read English themes are English teachers."

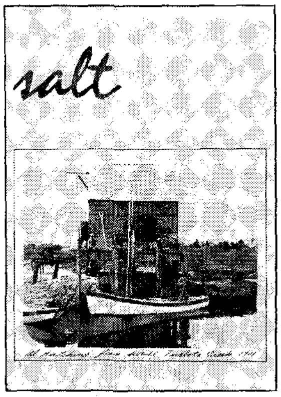
—from "You and Aunt Arie," by Pamela Wood, an English teacher

Foxfire was the first of them. As you can see, the idea has now spread far and wide—high school magazines where students picture the older ways of the community, and never mind teenage fantasy. Pamela Wood's book* telling how to do this advises down to the last detail of film processing, subscription list maintenance, and courteous interviewing technique how ordinary high school kids become chroniclers of lives, joys, place, reality, skills, and culture before and beyond the shopping malls that homogenize the continent. We are interested because photography and today's printing methods based on the photographic process are essential for these marvelous magazines, but anybody of the generations that stand between the chroniclers and their peppery interviewees can admire the professionalism in writing, editing, layout, and management skills that deliver such fascinating and instructive reading for the buyer's dollar. If you were going to say something about inarticulate, uppity modern youth, forget it. Could your own high school teach English this way?

Kodak



Foxfire, Rabun County High School, Rabun Gap, Ga. 30568, $8 per year



Salt, P.O. Box 302-A, Kennebunkport, Me. 04046, $7 per year

Three Wire Winter

Three Wire Winter, Steamboat Springs High School, Box 664, Steamboat Springs, Colo. 80477, $8 for 4 issues

You and Aunt Arie

Mo'Olelo, Kapaa and Kauai High Schools, Kauai, Hawaii 96746, $7.50 for 4 issues

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**You and Aunt Arie*, $6.75 plus $2.00 postage and handling from IDEAS, Dept. Y, Magnolia Star Route, Nederland. Colo. 80466.

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first. He was a quiet man; and it would have honored the world more, had it honored him more." Avery died in 1955.

I asked Crick one day about boldness and caution. "Some people, of course, are extremely cautious," he reflected. "Avery, exactly; he only put it in his letter to his brother. Boldness? I would have said that Lawrence Bragg and Linus Pauling were the people who most influenced me in these matters of style, and both have had that characteristic. Pauling to the point of rashness. I mean, one always knew about Linus that he would probably show an idea even if he realized—even if he knew—there was a good chance of being wrong. In fact, a lot of his ideas *were* wrong. But the ones that were right were important, and therefore he was forgiven for the fact that his structure of collagen was nonsense, for example, because the alpha helix and the pleated sheet were fine. But what I learned from Bragg was to grasp for the essence of the problem—and then when you've got something, get on with it and by and large publish it reasonably quickly. Though let me tell you that in the past I've often been dilatory, being from time to time of a lazy temperament. But more. From Bragg and Pauling I learned how to see problems, how not to be confused by the details, and that is a sort of boldness. And how to make oversimple hypotheses—you have to, you see; it's the only way you can proceed—and how to test them, and how to discard them without getting too enamored of them. All that is a sort of boldness. Just as important as having ideas is getting rid of them. And you realize that in those days, when we were working on DNA, the pace— Things *were* very much quieter then. Now, at the moment, I've been thinking a lot about this problem of the chromosome structure of higher organisms, and the *rumor* of this has got *around*—the pace has got so much more hectic. I must tell you I prefer the older style—but what can one do! When we started we were living in the woods, and now here we are in the middle of a city."

AT Harvard in the early seventies, Watson several times gave an advanced undergraduate course in the biology of viruses that cause tumors in animals. One September, I went to hear his opening lectures. The course was called Biochemistry 165, and met Tuesdays and Thursdays at 11 A.M. Watson's office was in the solid, shabby red brick Biological Labora-

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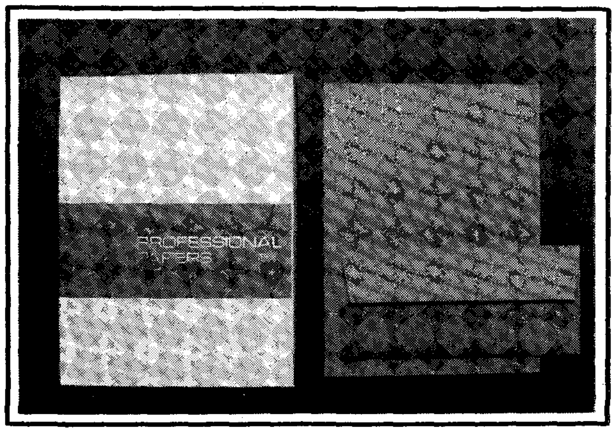

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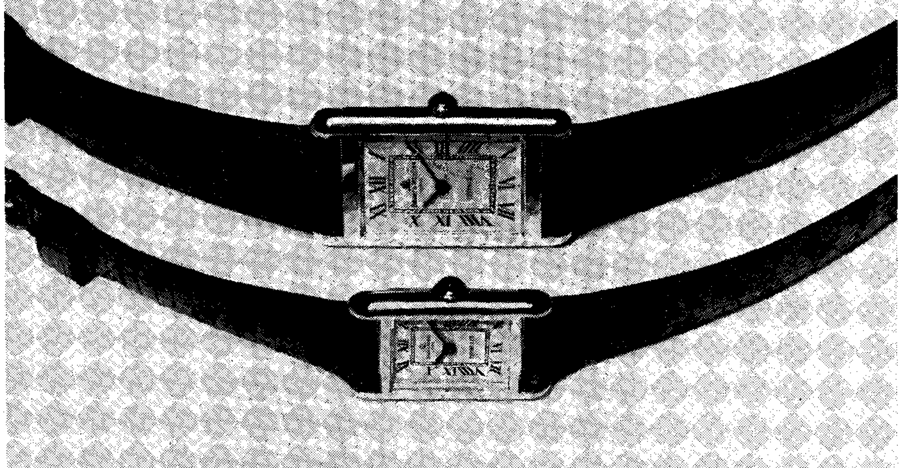

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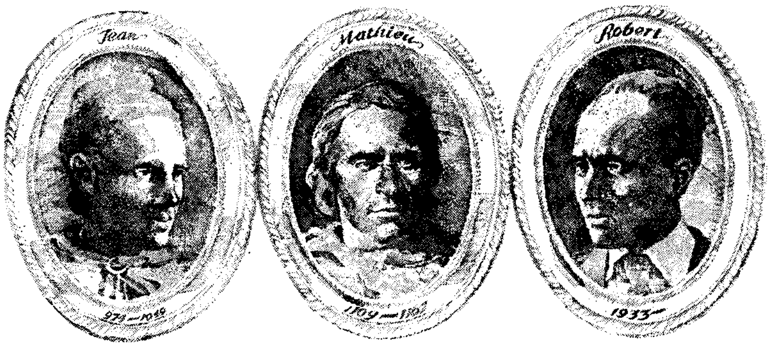
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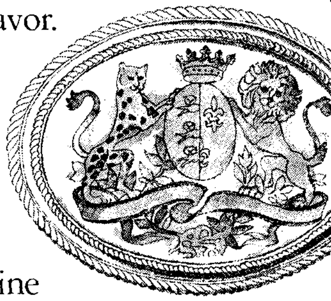

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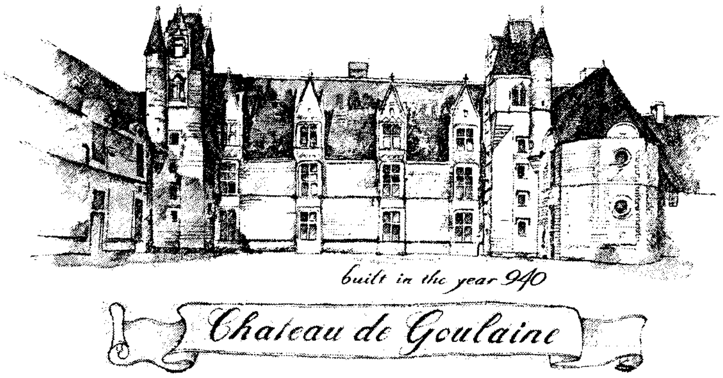
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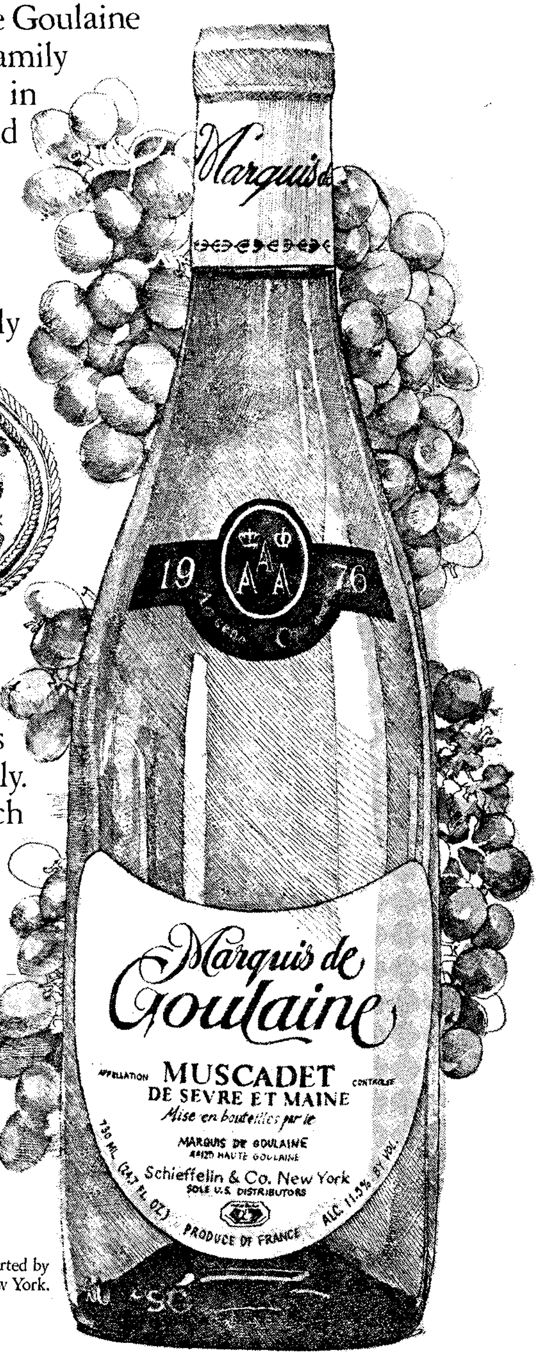
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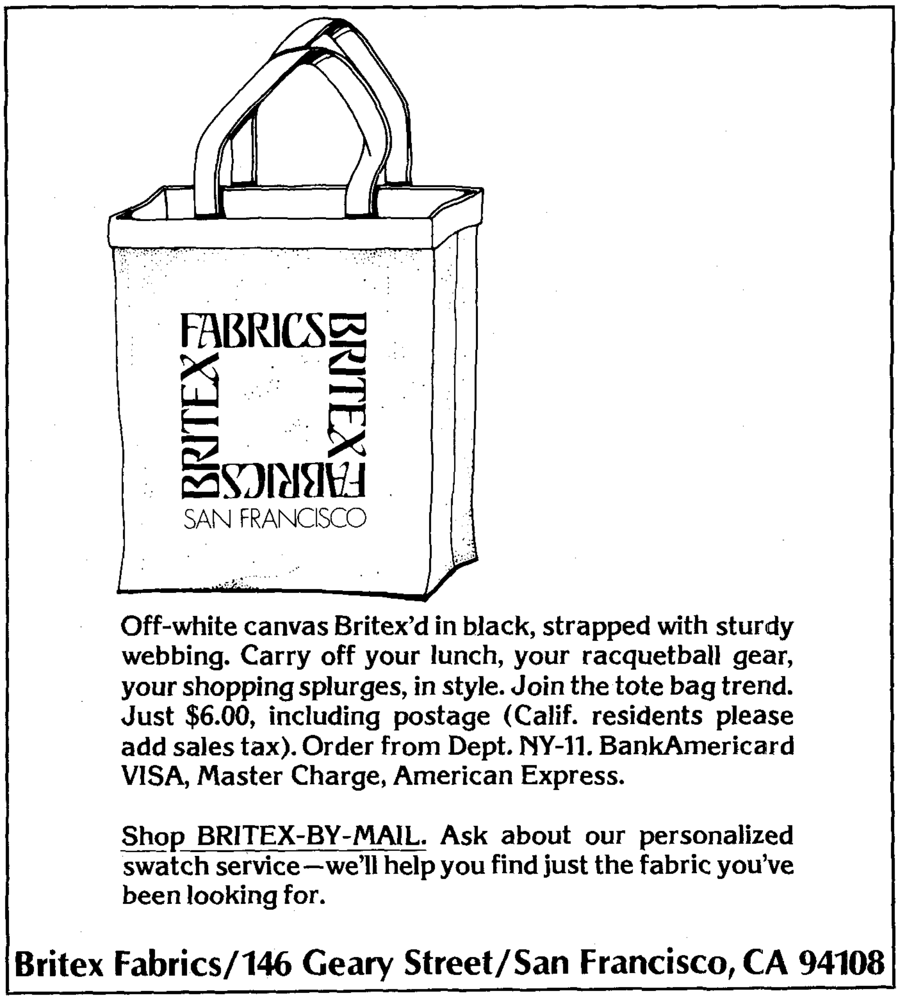
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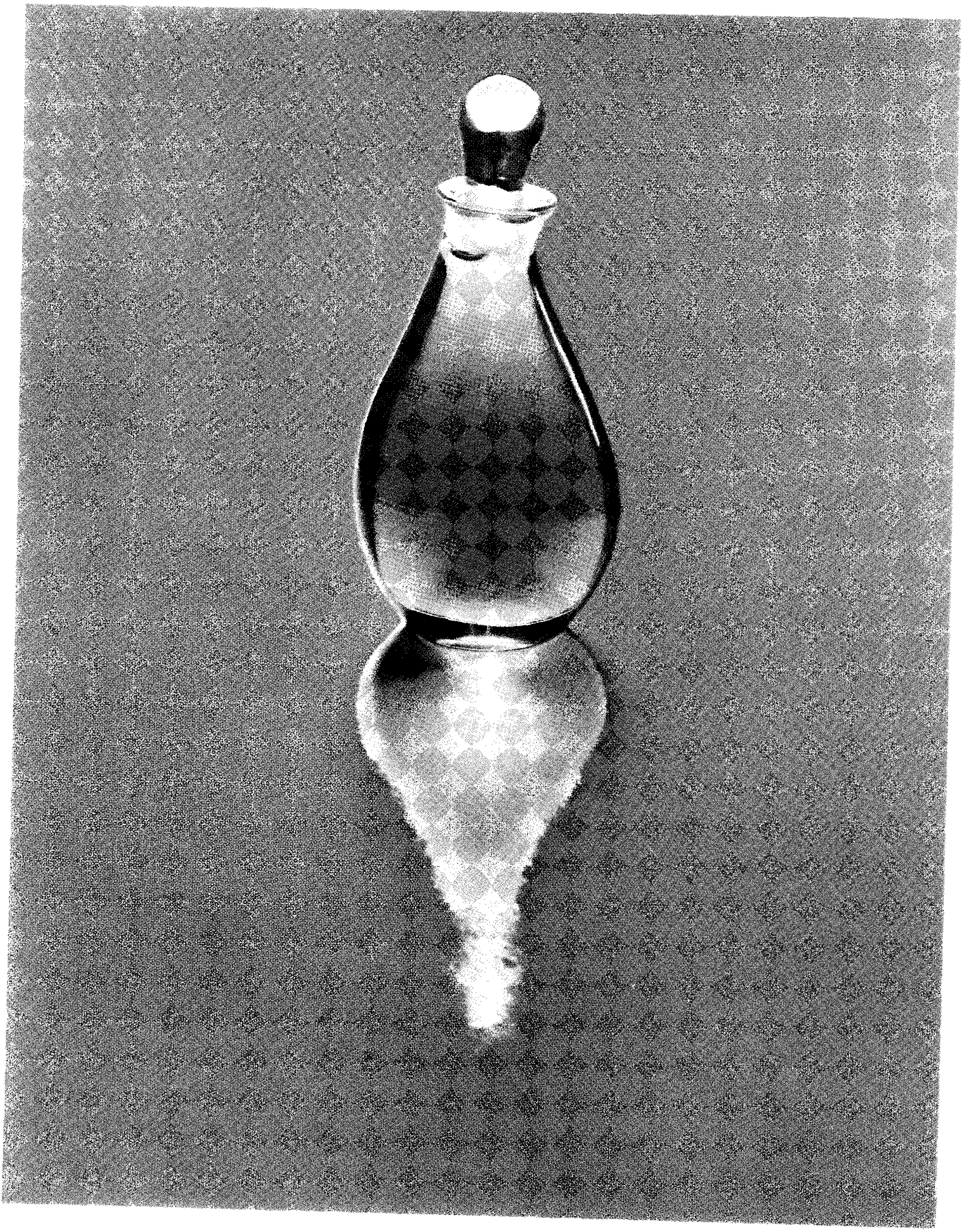
tories, off Divinity Avenue, but the lectures, his secretary said, were in the Science Center, several blocks away. The classroom was crowded, with students standing along the walls. Watson arrived, looked around him, and led us all across the corridor to a large lecture theatre that had banks of seats, steeply raked. He was wearing a rumpled suit of subdued greenish hue. Standing in the well of the room, he broke a piece of chalk in half and wrote the names of three books on the board: a text, a collection of research papers, and "Biohazards in Biological Research." As he wrote, his spectacles slipped down to the end of his nose. All three books were published by Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory, of which Watson is the director. He peered at the list, then turned to the announcements with which a course begins—guest lectures, discussion sections, and so on. "There'll be no meeting next Tuesday, because I have to be in Washington," he said. He stood with hands on the desk, stooping slightly. He spoke to the shoes of the people in the front row. His voice fell away; many were leaning forward to hear. He made even the routine announcements with an edgy skepticism: "I sort of warn you—anyone here who gets into this course because he thinks it might, ah, make medical school easier, but really doesn't want to do any work, might find himself with an embarrassing grade. I try to distinguish those who care from those who don't. One way to tell is from the term papers. One can read term papers—but only the first five with any interest or enthusiasm. By the time you reach No. 20, you're asleep. Awful. But one thing that always does come through—even if you're asleep—in reading these papers is whether somebody is actually trying to be novel or to think, that's the one thing. . . . The final exam will be open book. Why should you have to take a final? Why should I want to read them?" He looked genuinely perplexed. "I guess it's a matter of obliging you to get the priorities organized; you have to look back and sort out the important from the unimportant. The questions will be very general, to let you show you can tell the difference between the important and the trivia."

He went on, "The origins of tumor-virus work have been many; they have been, sort of—two. One is, people now, over the past sixty years, have tried to find viruses that cause human cancer. And then there's been a second group of people, often for different rea-



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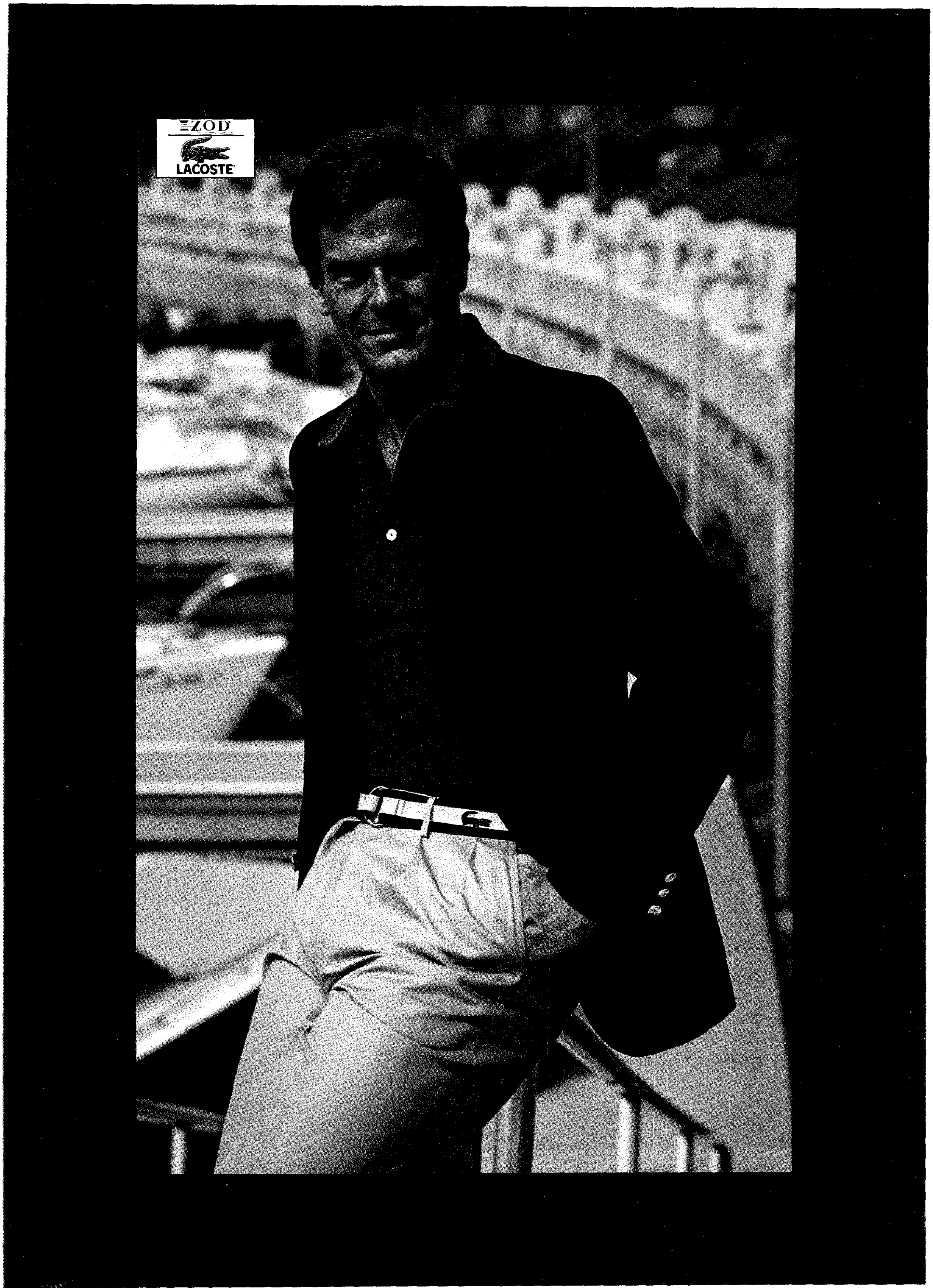

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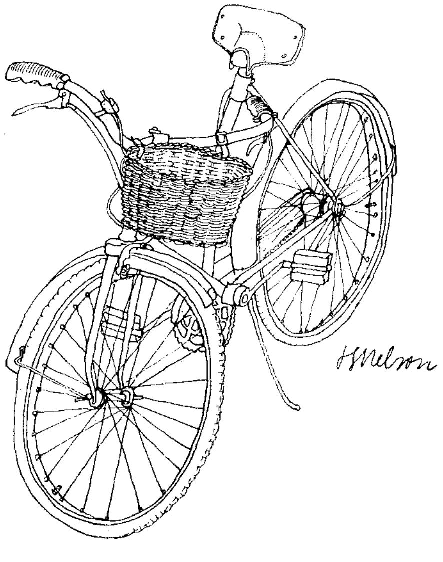
sons, who tried to take animal cells and grow them in culture as if they were bacteria. Cell culture. Originally known as tissue culture. . . . This field . . . for some time, but . . . mystique . . ."

A voice from the back of the hall shouted, "*Louder!*"

Watson looked up, his eyes wide. "Yes, I'll try," he said clearly. "I know I mumble. The only way I don't mumble is if people in the back will be rude. And I don't mind. Call 'Louder' and I'll speak louder. For at least five minutes."

What followed, in this and the next couple of lectures, was appropriately technical in detail, and the mumblings and false starts never ceased—but they soon ceased to matter very much, because what Watson was talking about was exciting, and his way of seeing it, dubious and depreciative, was exciting. He spoke ad lib and seemed caught up in the subject, thinking it through afresh, so that each lecture grew spontaneously from live and immediate findings, questions, speculations: "It turns out the Salk and the Sabin polio vaccines had SV40 virus, which is an animal-tumor virus, in the tissue cultures where they were made; Salk injections carried SV40 virus right in with them. No evidence yet that it causes tumors in people. . . . One form of cat leukemia is virus-caused and -transmitted. To other cats. The open question is: Is the cause of leukemia in human beings, for example, a cow virus?" Watson was funny and scandalous about the shortcomings of scientific ideas as well as of scientists, though few of these asides are comprehensible out of context. The dry, alert distrust never faltered. Watson seemed never to miss pointing out doubts, reservations, "murkiness," "holes," the absence of sure knowledge, the facts not worth credence: "I planned today to give a talk on serum factors in cell culture, which I find hard to do, because I think a year from now— Right now one can report a lot of facts, and I have the feeling that it's probably not worth your while learning them, because someone will find out the truth. But I'll try and go through some of it. The basic fact is that cells in culture require serum in order to grow. That seems absolutely to be solid. And the second fact, which to me is a lot less solid—and some people don't believe it at all—is that there's something called contact inhibition." Later, unexpectedly: "It's my belief that the biochemistry of tumor viruses and cells will show a unity—a hope that now seems almost impossible."



After the second lecture, Watson and I walked across to the Faculty Club for lunch. His mind was still running on the topic he had announced for the next lecture. His shoes, tan suède with rubber soles, were both untied. "Only ten years later will one be able to look back and see how terribly we have oversimplified these things."

I ventured, as an amateur, to suggest that perhaps it was characteristic of modern biology that the great simplifications and discoveries seemed soon—as though by the very act of bringing light and order into confusion—to generate evidence that exactly the reverse was also sometimes true. Once the double-stranded structure of DNA was accepted, it was possible to find that in some circumstances DNA occurred in single strands; once the genetic function of DNA had incontrovertibly replaced the notion that DNA was structural, it became possible for those investigating the chromosomes of higher organisms to suggest, as Crick had begun to do, that much of the DNA in them served a structural role. There are several more examples.

Watson played with the notion of such clarifying opposites for a moment or two, then tossed it away. "That's true and not true," he said. "All this extraordinary complication is what you'd really expect, you know. These mechanisms had to accumulate gradually in the course of evolution, so it's obvious that at each point the next variation may not be particularly consistent with what's come before." In a deft appropriation of the nineteenth-century fundamentalist argument against Darwinism, the wonderful, the overflowing, the redundant and self-contradictory complication of the living world becomes the best intuitive sup-

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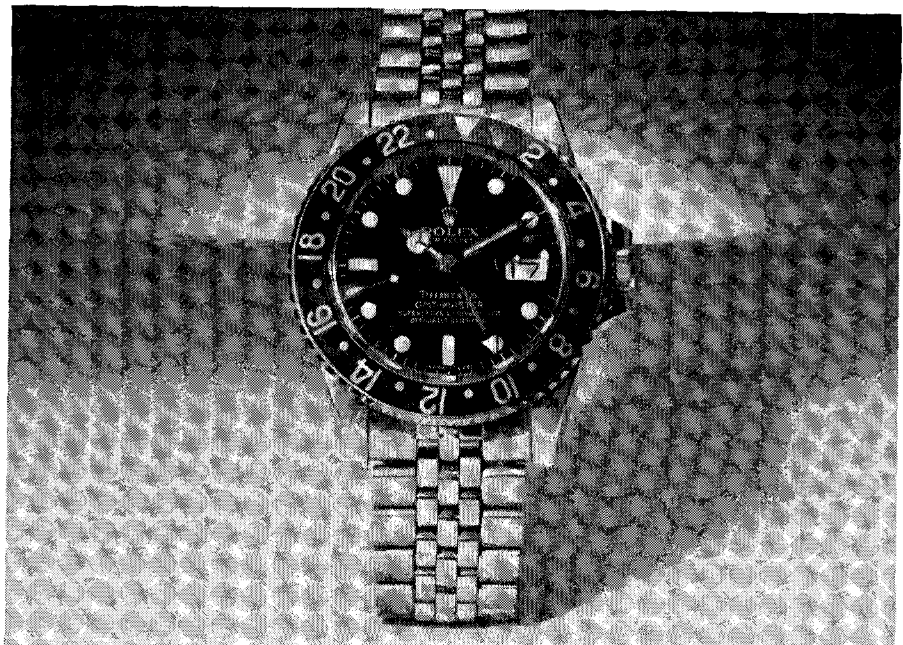
port for its piecemeal and undirected evolution.

At lunch, Watson began to talk about why he had become director of the laboratories and teaching program at Cold Spring Harbor, and about the research there. "I am fond of the place," he said. "It has always for me stood for good science. In the sense that Harvard has always tried to put out that it stands for good scholarship. Cold Spring Harbor has always had very high standards, and the thought that you might lose an institution with high standards seemed to me a great loss. I think during the summers, well, it is the most interesting place in the world, if you're interested in biology. Only place where you can be stimulated by as much of what is going on, and by the people. In the winters, it's small, but the labs are running; you don't go into hibernation for eight and a half months. We have enough people. And it's not clear that if we had twice as many people we'd be any more productive." We ordered lunch. "I think Cold Spring Harbor— Well, I'd like it to be a place where advanced science can be done, and also where people can come to talk about it occasionally, talk about it in a formal atmosphere of meetings and advanced courses—and sometimes to make it more permanent by putting it into books."

I asked what he thought research at Cold Spring Harbor should be concentrated on, and what the most lively areas were in molecular biology now.

"That's too broad a question," Watson said. "I just wouldn't want to try to answer that. In a small lab, in your own research effort, you can't be too broad. We have a sort of mania—an obsession—to understand tumor viruses at the molecular level. And then just working out a human cell as if it were a Swiss watch, figuring out everything in it. The lab is of a size where— Seeing it from a countrywide viewpoint, it would be better to have other groups of about that size and excellence working in other places in the United States than to make this one larger. You can't argue that you should be twice as big in order to have a chance of doing something interesting.

"What are the main areas? I would guess two. This animal-cell culture and its interrelationship with viruses, and neurobiology. Those are the two main fields that really have the momentum—you know they are going to go ahead fairly fast. They are both very difficult—fields where a certain degree of professionalism is necessary. And professionalism generally requires



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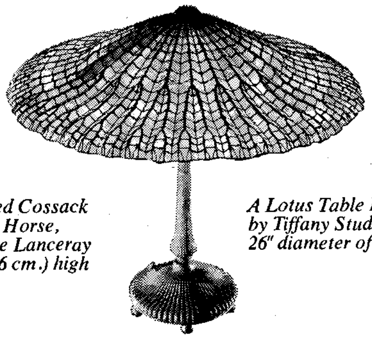

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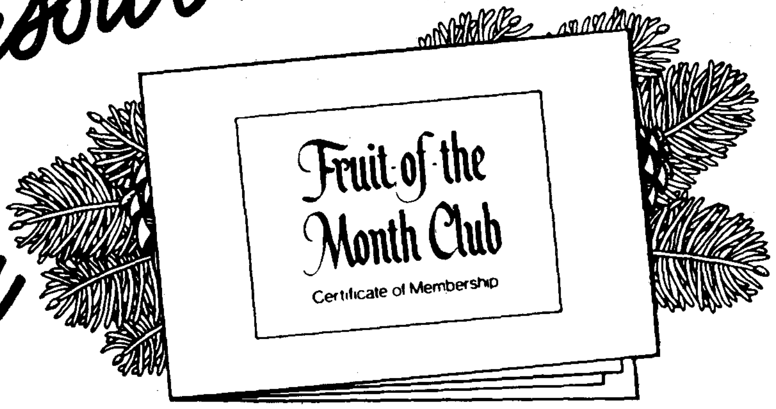
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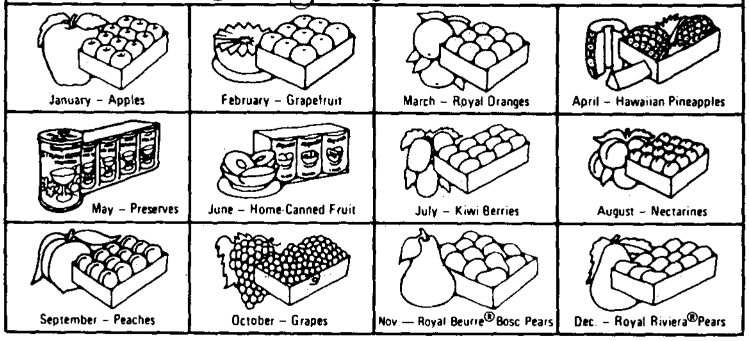
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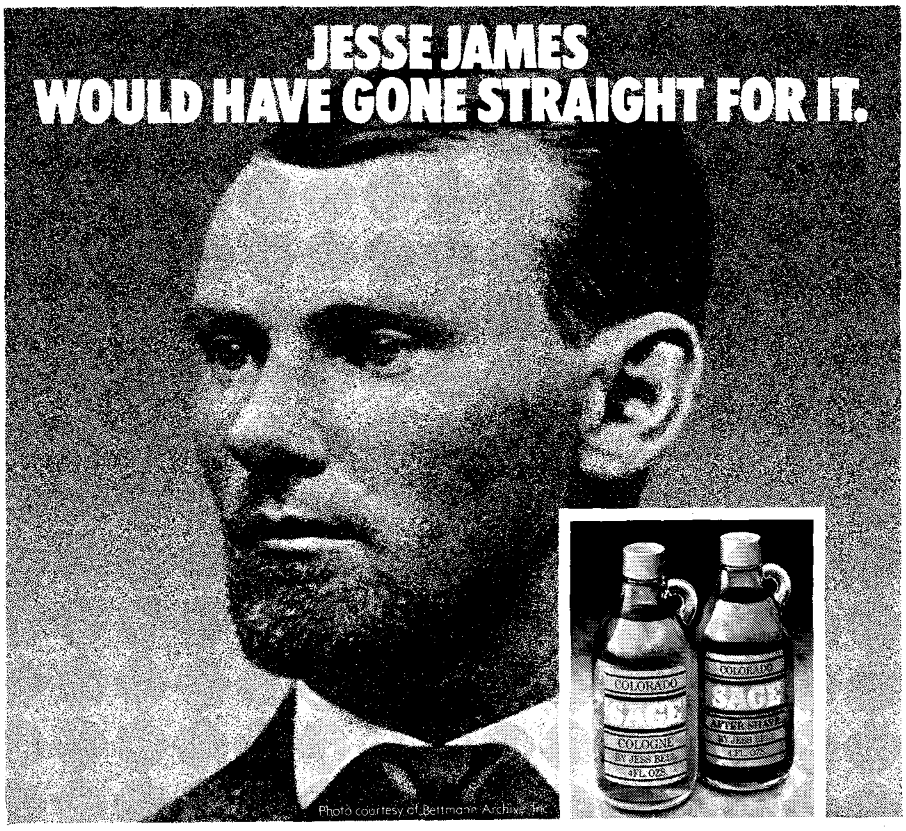

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a few years of doing it." Watson made it clear that wives, children, houses, and regular hours are the bane of committed laboratory research. "If you get some kid of eighteen or nineteen, begin to get him able to do experiments in this field, then he may have twenty years in which you can count on his being productive. The sorts of breakthroughs that made tumor-virus research possible occurred about ten or fifteen years ago—not that you then had any illusions it was going to be easy, but you knew you could put a student into it and there'd be something for him to be doing ten and twenty years on.

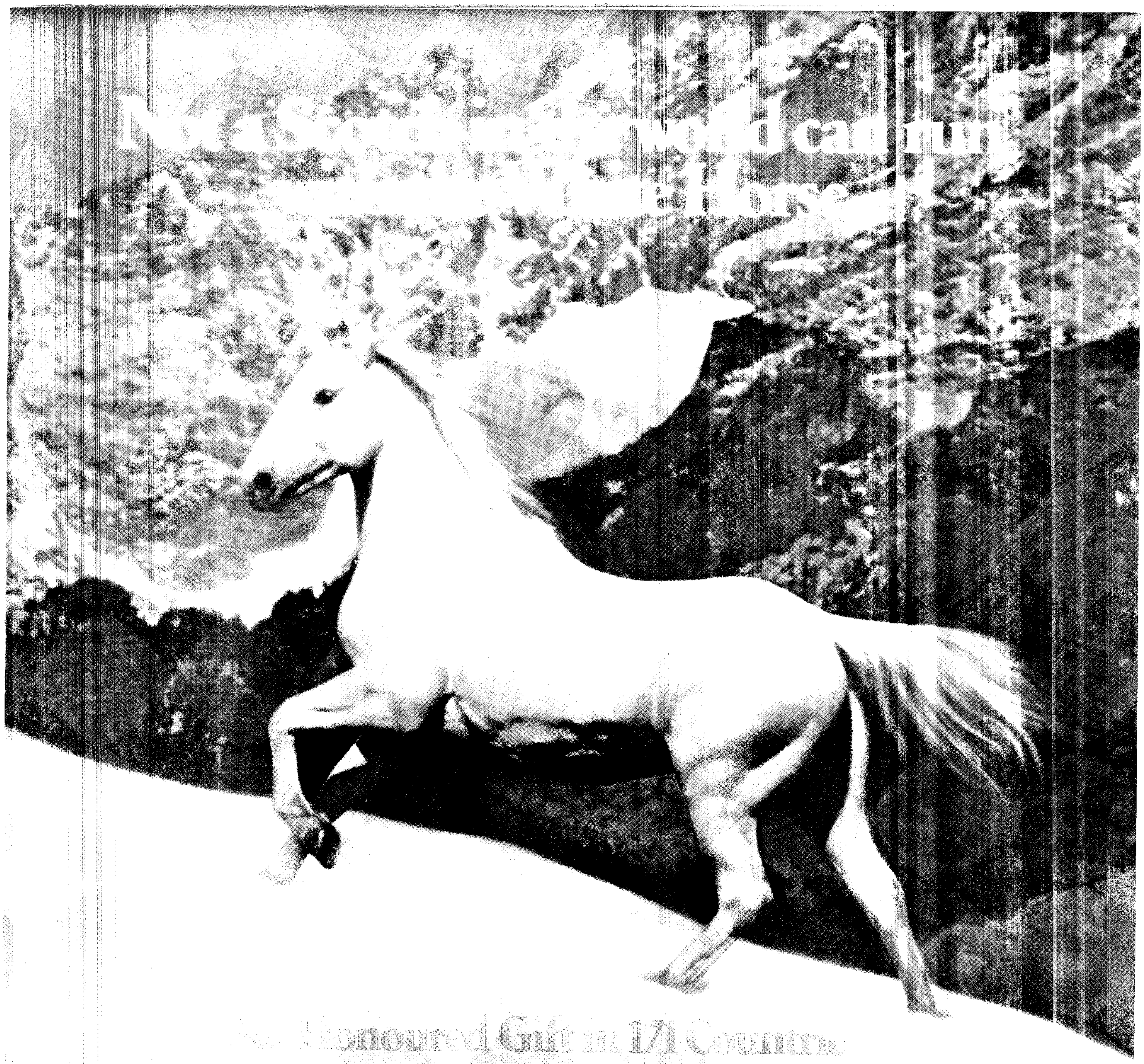
"Of course, before a field comes into existence you are going to have to use people trained in something else. It's certainly obvious that when molecular biology—as we now use the term—was starting, Crick and I couldn't have come in through taking a Ph.D. in it; we had to be trained in other things."

I said that incomparably more was required of students now.

"It's much harder," Watson said. "I mean, when I was a student there were vast amounts of what you could call classical knowledge of zoology and botany, and I never learned any, because I figured it wasn't relevant. Even lots of genetics I never thought that I needed to know. So I had to learn only a few facts, and I got my degree very fast—not because I was really that bright but because there was very much less to learn. Now, with the knowledge explosion in biology, the mass of facts you should probably know in order to move with some confidence in any part of cancer research, for example, is enormous."

Some scientists, I said, had told me that the professionalism required of students today made them as lopsidedly overtrained and overcompetitive as professional athletes.

"If education is too long, it'll probably kill you," Watson said. "As a scientist. That's why it's nice if in some way we can put people into a position where they can begin to do science not much after twenty. It's a shame to wait any longer; even then, you see, you are groping, at first. It probably takes a few years before you know what sorts of questions people are trying to answer but can't. And you say you have to know all these facts. Well, clearly the facts—some of them—that you learn are wrong, so if you take them too seriously you won't discover the truth. You could say that if you become too imbued with the ideas and talk about them too long, maybe your capacity for ever believing they're false



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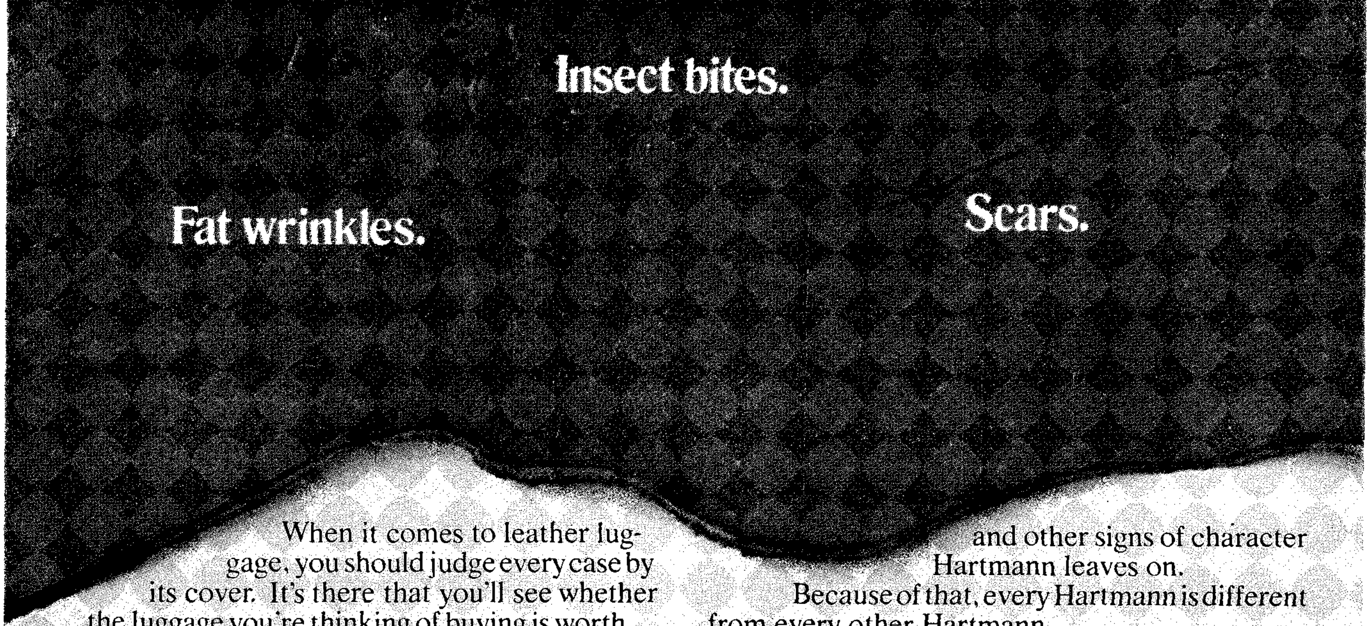

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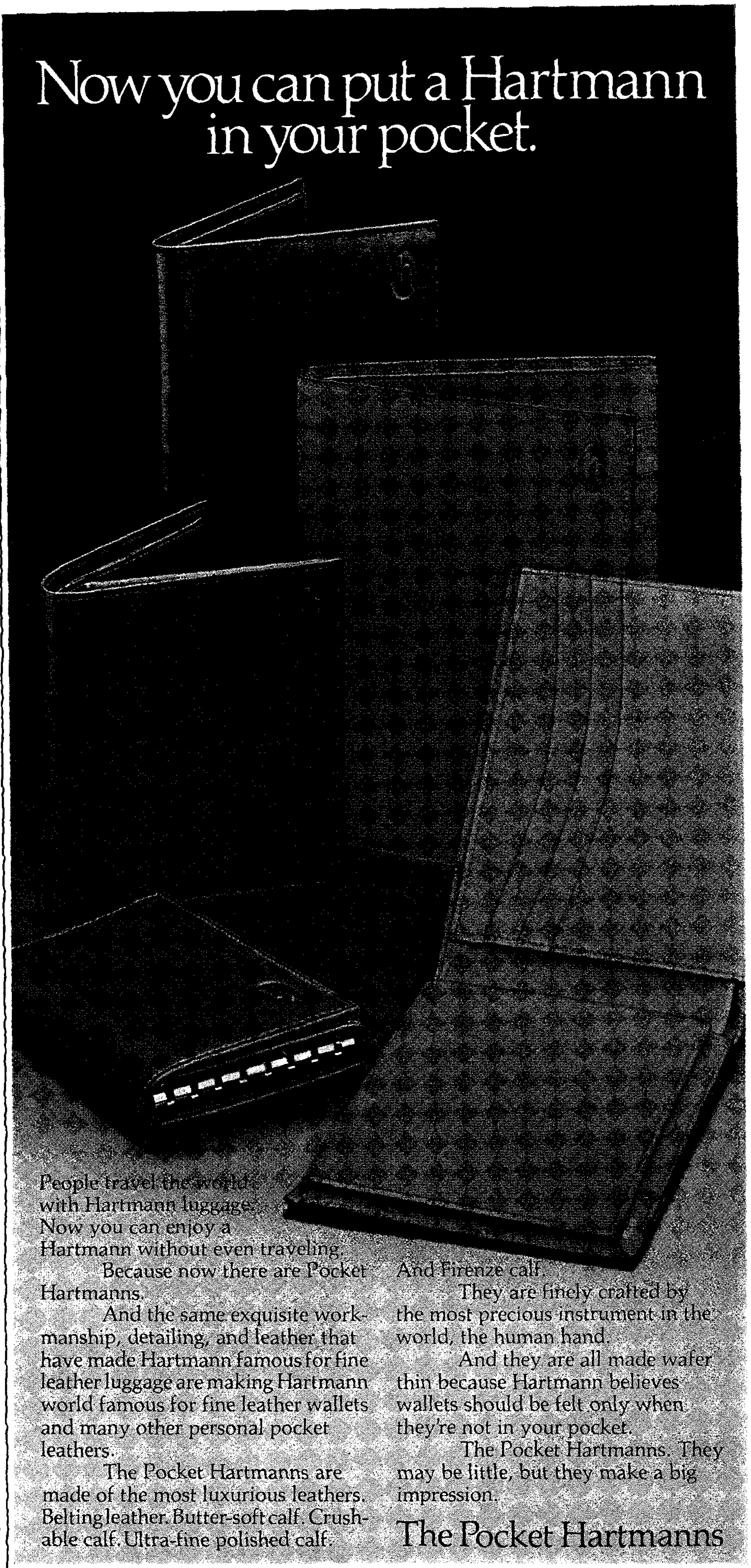
would be burned out. Probably what you should learn if you're a graduate student is not large numbers of facts, especially if they're in books, but what the important problems are, and to sense which experiments, work that's been done"—he breathed in with a hiss—"probably aren't quite right."

I asked how the prospects of today's graduate student or research worker with a new doctorate compared with what Watson had faced at the same stage.

"Oh, when I was in that position there was no money at all, either," he said. "There were a few fellowships, some National Research Council fellowships; they were pretty small. And that was the period when the Rockefeller Foundation had a great influence on science; it was the main supporter of the first work in molecular biology." He talked some more about the organization of biological research and its financing. He was going to Washington for the first three days of the next week to attend meetings of the National Cancer Advisory Board. "I think a lot of scientists do interact in some way or other with Washington. But I see myself as an insignificant outsider. The meetings take place in a big room in Building 31 of the National Institutes of Health, way out in Maryland. The War on Cancer. This is an annual program review. You'll see a great similarity to a Pentagon briefing on the successful war in Cambodia."

JAMES DEWEY WATSON entered the University of Chicago in 1943, at the age of fifteen. His schooling had been entirely ordinary, in the Chicago public system, but he was noticeably bright and had never been accustomed to hiding the fact. He had been one of the early Quiz Kids on the wartime radio program. The University of Chicago has always had a cross-grained intellectual magnificence. In the forties, its physics was particularly good, though Watson did not then know what has since become a commonplace—that beneath the stands of its disused football stadium ticked the world's first atomic pile. In that decade, too, Chancellor Robert Hutchins' program for the undergraduate college of the university had its flowering. It seems to be half forgotten now what extraordinary excitement Hutchins caused in American education—particularly among intelligent adolescents. Chicago admitted them two years before they would normally have graduated from high school, then promised



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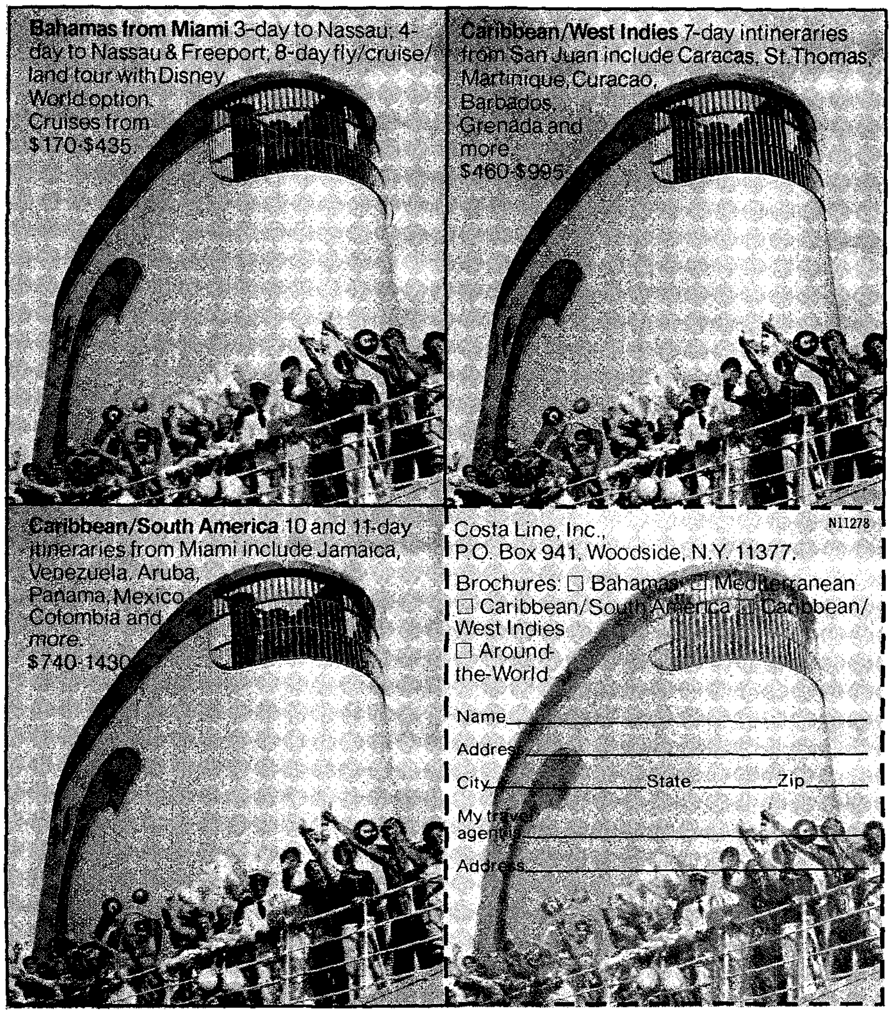

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them a four-year degree for which every student was obliged to take all the courses there were—literature through science to mathematics and philosophy. These were taught from original works—the great books in their broader sense, already the object of considerable condescension but not yet vulgarized and commercialized. Among the great books were great research papers. To be fifteen at the University of Chicago was not prodigious, hardly a matter for remark.

Watson had one stabilizing advantage for an adolescent in that milieu: he lived at home with his family. Many young students, he once told me, had got terribly lost. His family lived a streetcar ride away. His mother worked in the admissions office of the university; later, she moved to the housing office. They were very poor. There was an uncle who lived in one of the North Shore suburbs and lectured at the Art Institute; he was the guardian of the family's cultural values and social standing, but they hardly ever saw him, because they had no car. Graduates from Hutchins' program, having skipped a couple of years in the normal educational sequence, sometimes found their degrees nonnegotiable; Watson finished the program in 1946 but stayed on to get a full, normal bachelor's degree by taking a year of zoology. Biology at Chicago had been poor and conservative, he thought. "I managed to escape without knowing any genetics or biochemistry," he told me. Ornithology had been "a way of playing at science," and as he went further, he said, he had lost his committed interest in birds. At the time, though, he told friends that his ambition was to be curator of birds at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York; he spent the summer of 1946 taking a course in advanced ornithology at the University of Michigan.

Science is a calling that comes in adolescence. "You get accustomed to doing it yourself in a way that feels good," Watson said. "That sets it for life. By the age of sixteen or seventeen." Teaching at the University of Chicago then was Sewall Wright, a founder of the mathematical discipline called population genetics; Wright has recalled that Watson sat in on a course of his—one in which since 1944 he had discussed the work of Oswald Avery. Watson remembered being interested by population genetics, but he has often said that the decisive influence on him was the book "What Is Life?," by the physicist Erwin Schrödinger. This was a short work, published in 1944, that speculated about the physical basis—the atomic and molecular basis—of biological phenomena. Schrödinger was an Austrian of Roman Catholic background; in the late twenties he had founded quantum mechanics in its modern form; during the war he lived in quiet exile in Dublin. His book popularized some suggestions about the nature of the gene in the light of the principles of quantum mechanics—suggestions that had been made in Berlin in 1935 by another physicist, Max Delbrück. Watson once wrote that from the moment he read Schrödinger's book "I became polarized toward finding out the secret of the gene." He also became polarized toward Delbrück.

Watson applied to do graduate work at Harvard, which turned him down—fortunately, he later said, because Harvard was not then strong in genetics. He applied to the California Institute of Technology, where genetics was uniquely strong, but which also turned him down. He was accepted by Indiana University, at Bloomington, and was given a fellowship of nine hundred dollars for the 1947-48 academic year—along with a crisp note from the dean of the graduate school saying that if he still wanted to study birds he should go somewhere else.

Indiana University in the late nineteen-forties had one of the world's greatest classical geneticists—Hermann Muller—and younger men of promise. When Watson arrived, Muller had just won the Nobel Prize for his discovery, twenty years earlier, that X rays cause mutations. He had begun writing about genes in 1911; three hundred and thirty-six publications later, almost a decade after Watson and Crick found the structure of DNA, Muller was writing about "Genetic Nucleic Acid: the Key Material in the Origin of Life." Muller worked not with micro-organisms but with the fruit fly *Drosophila melanogaster*, and he pursued the mapping of its genes and mutations through the endless petty paradoxes of their interactions and their sequences on the chromosomes. Muller's understanding of the nature of the gene was profound, not least when he looked over the shoulders of his colleagues working with bacteria and viruses. In 1921, or almost a quarter century before Avery's paper on the transforming principle appeared, Muller, in a brilliant intuitive flash, had foreseen how micro-organisms might revolutionize genetics.

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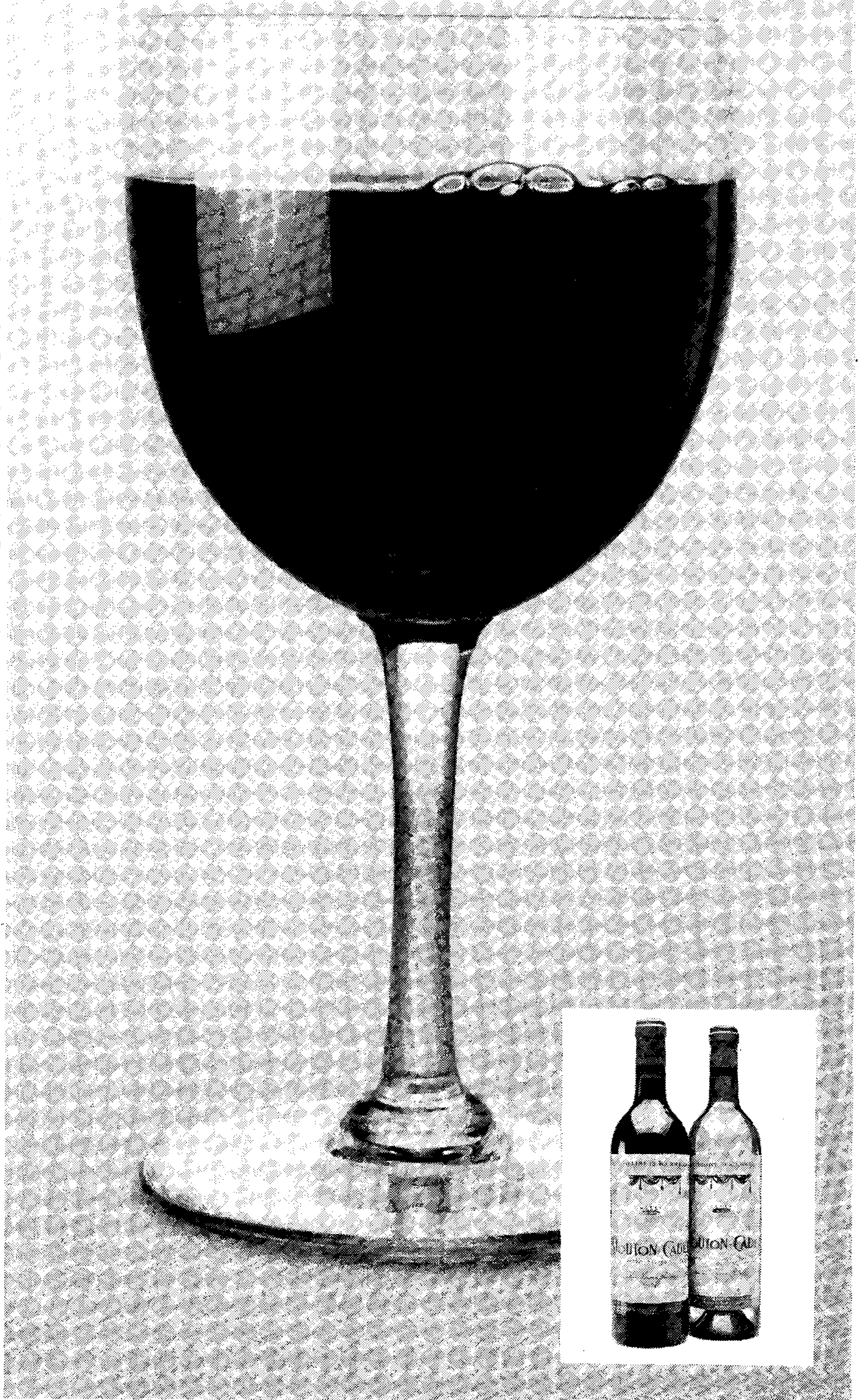

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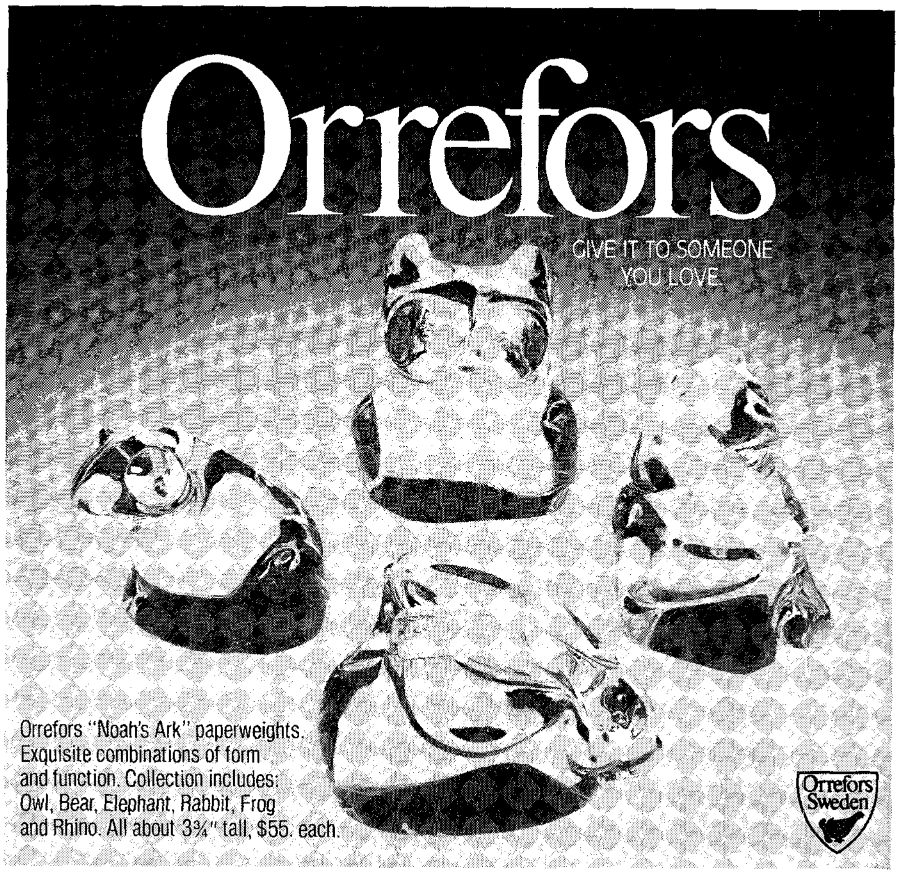

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had been distinguished only gradually from bacteria—beginning with the characterization, in 1898, of the viral cause of the mosaic disease of tobacco. Like bacteria, viruses were living, transmissible, multiplying agents. But viruses were far smaller, able to remain infectious after passing through filters of porcelain so fine that all bacteria then known were held back, and viruses were far simpler, able to reproduce only as parasites within living cells. Then, in laboratories in France and England during the First World War, it was observed that bacteria were preyed upon and destroyed by far smaller entities, which appeared to reproduce themselves and multiply. In 1915, a bacteriologist named Frederick Twort, in London, published in *The Lancet* a confused note about a transmissible, filterable agent that destroyed bacteria; he wondered, among several possibilities, whether it might be a virus or an enzyme, or whether a virus is itself some kind of enzyme. Two years later, probably independently, an exactly similar agent was reported by Felix d'Hérelle, a French-Canadian bacteriologist working at the Institut Pasteur in Paris. D'Hérelle later wrote that while studying, of all things, a diarrhea of locusts in Mexico he had first come upon a filterable agent causing a disease in bacteria. When he returned to the Institut Pasteur, in August of 1915, he was asked to investigate an epidemic of dysentery raging in a cavalry unit stationed near Paris. In cultures of the dysentery bacillus he again found an agent that could get past the finest filter, multiply parasitically within the bacteria, and destroy them. D'Hérelle christened his discovery "bacteriophage," from the Greek word "*phagein*," meaning "to devour." The name has stuck, though these days it is usually shortened to "phage." D'Hérelle believed that bacteriophages would prove to be a panacea against infectious bacteria; wrong in that, he rightly insisted that they were viruses, and went on to characterize their life cycle. In 1921, while many bacteriologists still believed that the Twort-d'Hérelle phenomenon was caused by a bacterial enzyme, not a virus, Muller noted that these entities not only multiply but mutate; and so—speaking at a symposium of the American Society of Naturalists, in Toronto—he looked ahead:

> That two distinct kinds of substances—the d'Hérelle substances and the genes—should both possess this most remarkable property of heritable variation or "mutability," each working by a to-

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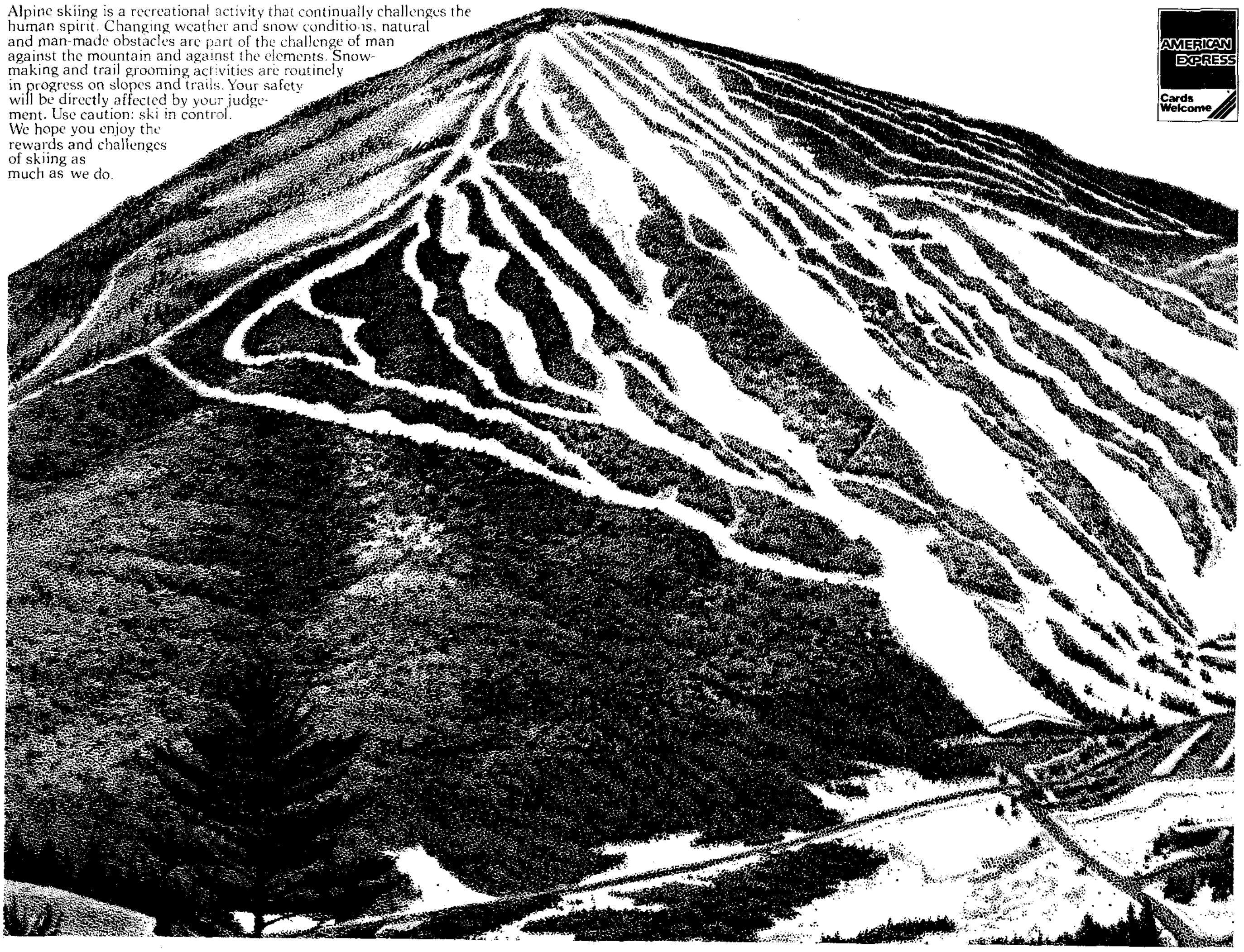

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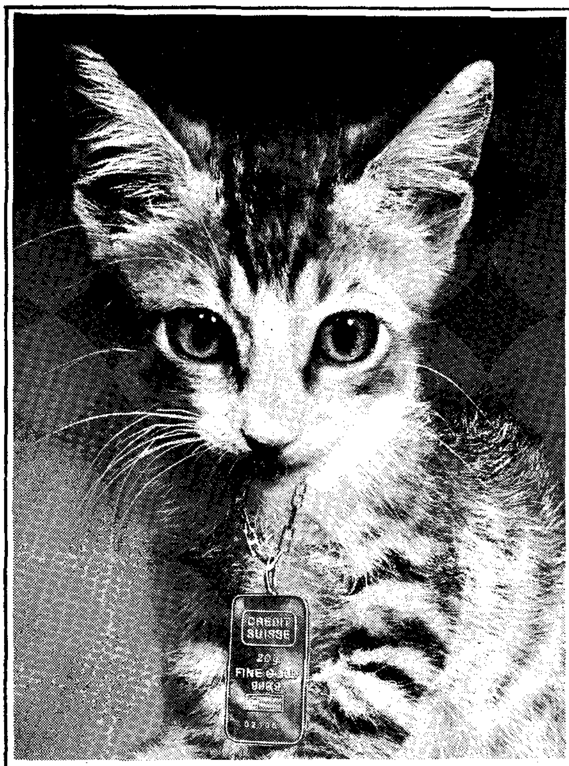

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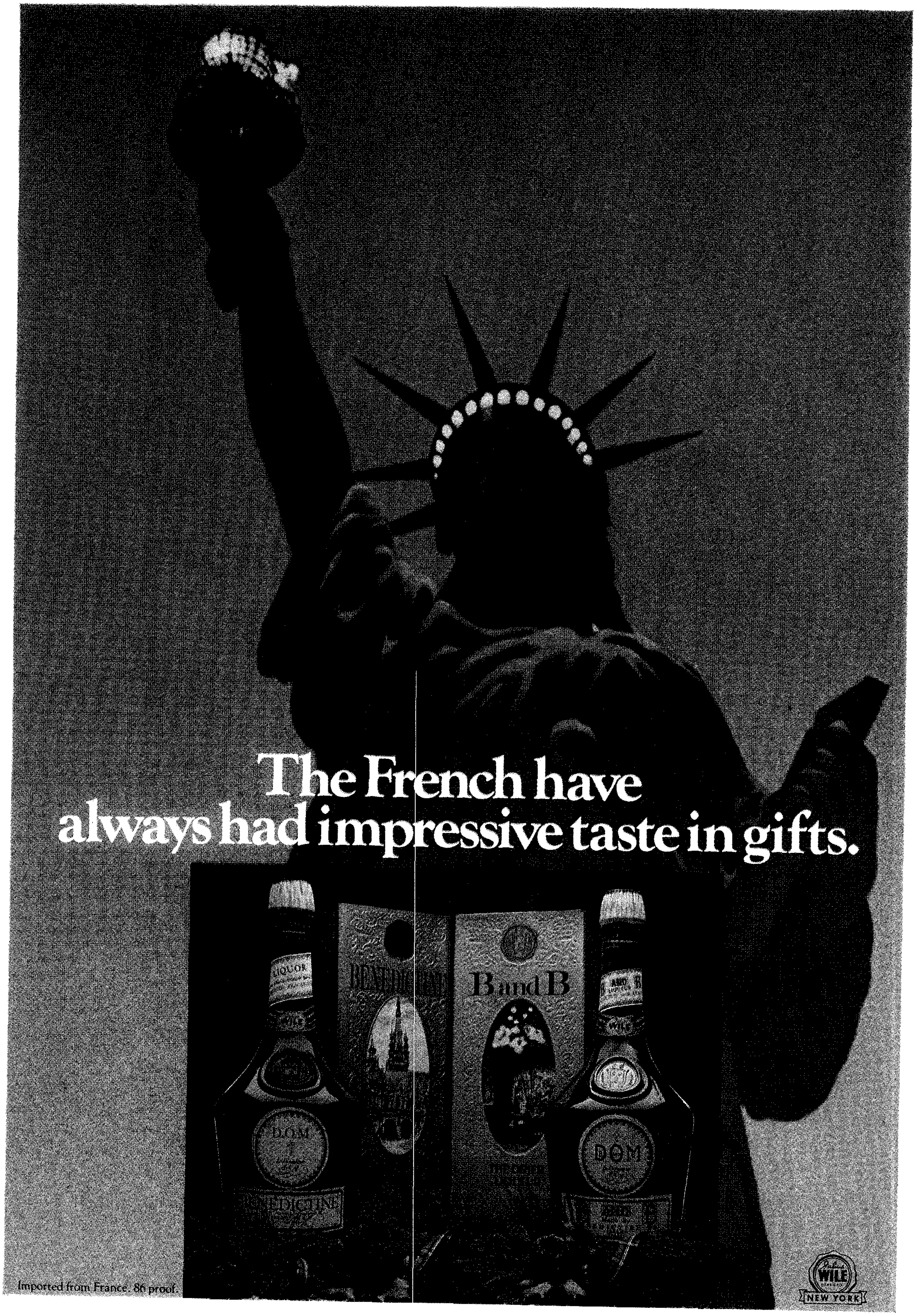
> tally different mechanism, is quite conceivable . . . yet it would seem a curious coincidence indeed. It would open up the possibility of two totally different kinds of life, working by different mechanisms. On the other hand, if these d'Hérelle bodies were really genes, fundamentally like our chromosome genes, they would give us an utterly new angle from which to attack the gene problem. They are filterable, to some extent isolable, can be handled in test-tubes, and their properties, as shown by their effect on the bacteria, can then be studied after treatment. It would be very rash to call these bodies genes, and yet at present we must confess that there is no distinction known between the genes and them. Hence we cannot categorically deny that perhaps we may be able to grind genes in a mortar and cook them in a beaker after all. Must we geneticists become bacteriologists, physiological chemists and physicists, simultaneously with being zoologists and botanists? Let us hope so.

Muller's hope of 1921 is justly famous among biologists. Unlike many inspired conjectures in the history of science, it had in it nothing woolly. Twenty years later, to explore Muller's conjecture—that is, to discover and explain the relation "between the genes and them," the bacterial viruses—developed into one of the two great routes that converged on Muller's ambition "to grind genes in a mortar" and so to find in chemistry and physics the foundation of the phenomena of genetics.

Watson was drawn to Indiana by Muller's presence. Watson's career and his energies and intellect as a scientist were given their shape and direction at Indiana—but not to any large degree by Muller. The great formative influences on Watson were Salvador Luria, who was teaching and doing bacteriophage research in Bloomington, and, through Luria, his close friend Max Delbrück, and, around Delbrück, a small, enthusiastic band of researchers, scattered across the country, who thought of themselves as the American phage group. Luria is a short, vibrant North Italian. His voice is husky and deep. He bursts with ideas whole and in scraps. He trained in medicine in Italy and came to the United States at the beginning of the Second World War. Several years ago, he wrote, with uncharacteristic dryness, "Service in the Italian Army in 1936-1937 had given me a chance to study calculus, and a month's wait for the American visa in Marseilles in 1940 had permitted me to read G. N. Lewis's 'Physical Chemistry.' "

The mass intellectual emigration from continental Europe in the nineteen-thirties, which so stimulated phys-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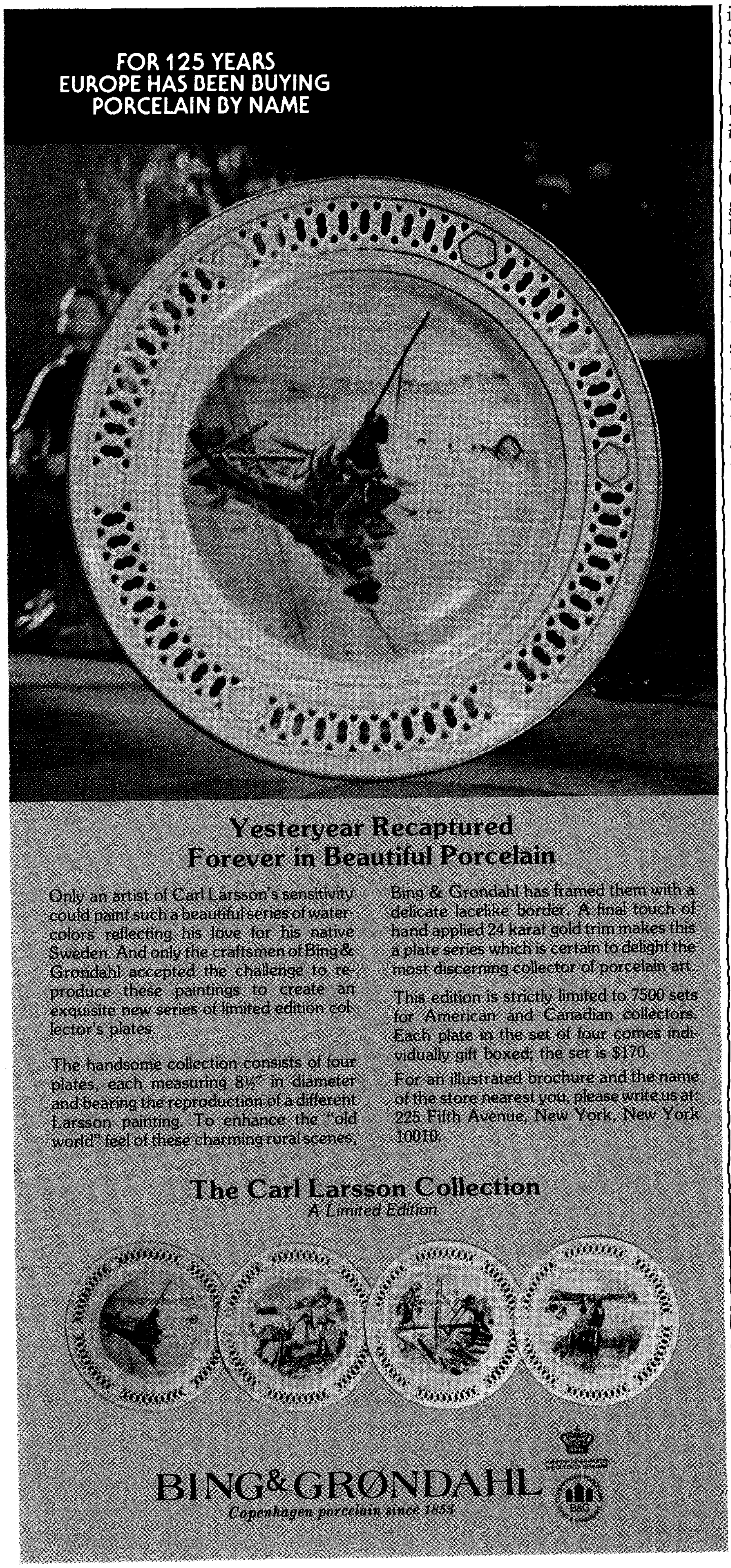

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ical science in England and the United States, also had profound consequences for biology, even though the men involved were fewer and younger, with their reputations still to make. They included Perutz, who moved from Austria to England in 1936, and Chargaff, also an Austrian, who emigrated to the United States in 1934. A later and less direct influence was the distinguished and passionately intelligent Hungarian physicist Leo Szilard, who in the nineteen-thirties had been the first to envision the possibility that sustained nuclear fission, a chain reaction, could work and cause an explosion, and among the first to urge that the United States should try to make an atomic bomb. Szilard worked on the atomic project at the University of Chicago through the war; afterward, in reaction against the weapons and against the big-money, big-team physics he had been instrumental in creating, he turned to biology. (He also turned to campaigning within the international scientific community for disarmament—for example, through the Pugwash conferences, which he helped to found.) In 1947, Hutchins gave Szilard an appointment as professor of biology and sociology. In the early years of molecular biology, Szilard was an erratic, if interesting, experimenter and theorist, an effective critic of others' work, and an intellectual and ethical inspiration to younger scientists.

The most important immigrant to biology, however, was Max Delbrück. Delbrück was German, born to the aristocracy of the intellect—his father was the professor of history and his uncle the professor of theology at the University of Berlin—and trained as a quantum physicist. His mind and style had been formed by Niels Bohr, the physicist and philosopher who made Copenhagen one of the capital cities of science between the wars. Delbrück's ideas about the physical properties of the gene had led Schrödinger to write "What Is Life?" Delbrück was perhaps the earliest of the theoretical physicists to cross over to biology; Szilard, Crick, and Maurice Wilkins were others, while Linus Pauling, arriving at biology from a different tangent, was a physical chemist whose strength was founded in quantum mechanics. The move from physics has been the intellectual migration that has mattered most to biology.

Delbrück arrived in the United States in 1937, and went first to the California Institute of Technology, in Pasadena, as a Rockefeller Fellow. He immediately began research in the Biology Division there, with Emory Ellis, who was working with bacteriophage. In 1940, Delbrück moved to Vanderbilt University, in Nashville, where he remained through the war; hired to teach physics, he concentrated his research on phage. By 1926, d'Hérelle had described the life history of a bacterial virus, in three steps: attachment of the phage particle to the susceptible bacterium, multiplication of phage within the bacterium, and lysis, or bursting, of the bacterium to set free the progeny virus particles, which can then attach themselves to other susceptible bacteria. D'Hérelle had also invented the simple techniques for detecting and counting viruses which are still the basis of the work. When Delbrück arrived at Caltech—"intent on discovering how his background in physical sciences could be productively applied to biological problems," Ellis later wrote of him—nobody had seen a phage, for the electron microscope was not introduced until 1939. Ellis showed him some charts of phage growth which demonstrated what d'Hérelle had found—the stepwise cycle of multiplication. Delbrück's immediate response was "I don't believe it." He went to work with Ellis, repeating and sharpening the stepwise growth experiments and attempting to disentangle the separate stages in the life cycle of bacteriophage.

"One might wonder how the biologist can learn anything about the behavior of organisms so small," Delbrück wrote of those first phage experiments a few years later, while most of the mysteries were still unsolved. He went on:

> The answer is that bacterial viruses make themselves known by the bacteria they destroy, as a small boy announces his presence when a piece of cake disappears. Much of what we know about the viruses is based on the following experiment, which requires only modest equipment and can be completed in less than a day. Bacteria first are grown in a test tube of liquid meat broth. Enough viruses of one type are added to the test tube so that at least one virus is attached to each bacterium. After a certain period (between thirteen and forty minutes, depending on the virus, but strictly on the dot for any particular type), the bacterium bursts, liberating large numbers of viruses. At the moment when the bacteria are destroyed, the test tube, which was cloudy while the bacteria were growing, becomes limpid. Observed under the microscope, the bacteria suddenly fade out.

The investigations that Ellis and Delbrück published together in 1939, known in the trade as the one-step

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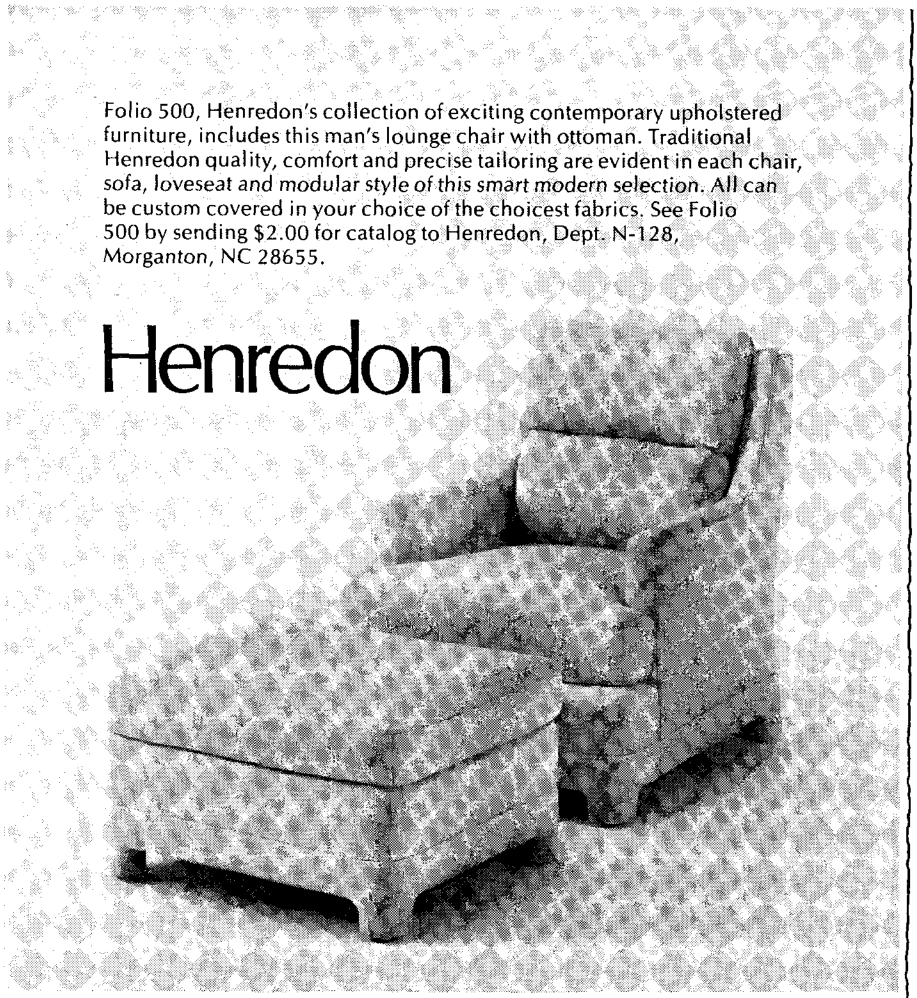

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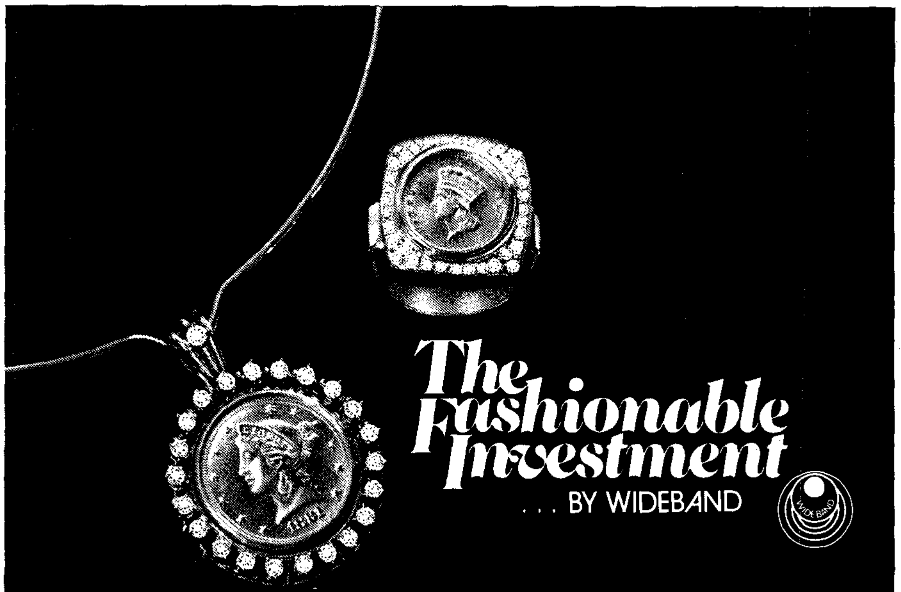

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growth experiment, proved that lysis of the host bacteria and release of the daughter burst of phage indeed occur strictly on the dot. The beauty of the one-step growth experiment in the eyes of other biologists resides first in the ingenious simplicity by which concentrations of bacteria and phage were manipulated to make sure that the phage all began penetrating the bacteria in synchrony. Then, there were the methods that Delbrück perfected of assaying, every few moments, the presence and number of free phage particles, by taking a measured sample from the broth of bacteria and phage and spreading it across a plate of nutrient jelly, where each virus starts a colony of bacterial destruction that multiplies at such a rate that within a few hours the result can be seen by the naked eye, as a bare spot in the bacterial lawn—called a plaque, d'Hérelle's original term—to be counted and characterized for size, texture, outline. Then, too, scientists found this paper, like most of Delbrück's, memorable for clarity of argument and laconic style.

For Delbrück, the beauty of the one-step-growth experiment lay in the way it raised far more questions than it answered. In a lecture in 1946 to the Harvey Society—a medical society in New York City which invites research biologists to speak; the invitations are a signal honor—Delbrück described the fascination of bacteriophage as "a fine playground for serious children who ask ambitious questions." He went on:

> Let me illustrate by reference to an imaginary theoretical physicist, who knew little about biology in general, and nothing about bacterial viruses in particular, and who accidentally was brought into contact with this field. Let us assume that this imaginary physicist was a student of Niels Bohr, a teacher deeply familiar with the fundamental problems of biology, through tradition, as it were, he being the son of a distinguished physiologist, Christian Bohr.
>
> Suppose now that our imaginary physicist, the student of Niels Bohr, is shown an experiment in which a virus particle enters a bacterial cell and twenty minutes later the bacterial cell is lysed and 100 virus particles are liberated. He will say: "How come, one particle has become 100 particles of the same kind in twenty minutes? That is very interesting. Let us find out how it happens! How does the particle get in to the bacterium? How does it multiply? Does it multiply like a bacterium, growing and dividing, or does it multiply by an entirely different mechanism? Does it have to be inside the bacterium to do this multiplying, or can we squash the bacterium and have the multiplication go on as before? Is this multiplying a trick of organic chemistry which the organic chemists have not yet discovered? Let us find out. This is so

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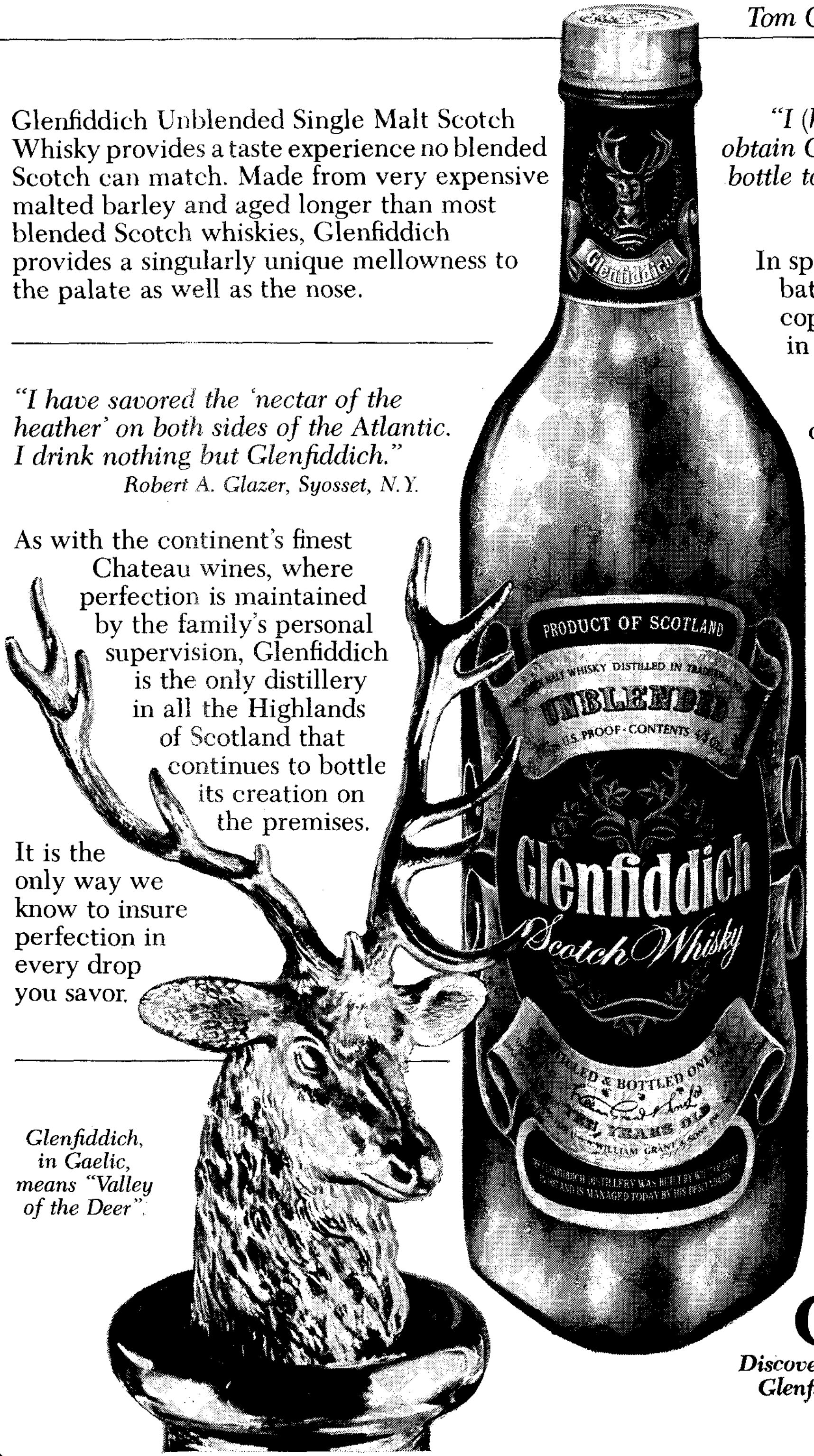

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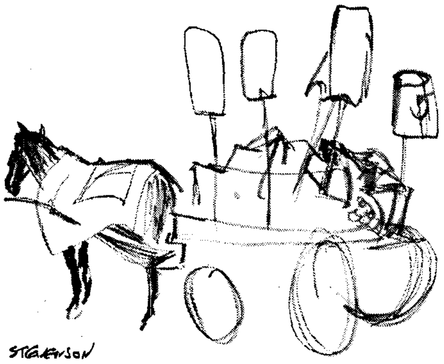
simple a phenomenon that the answers cannot be hard to find. In a few months we will know. All we have to do is to study how conditions will influence the multiplication. We will do a few experiments at different temperatures, in different media, with different viruses, and we will know. Perhaps we may have to break into the bacteria at intermediate stages between infection and lysis. Anyhow, the experiments only take a few hours each, so the whole problem can not take long to solve."

Perhaps you would like to see this childish young man after eight years, and ask him, just offhand, whether he has solved the riddle of life yet? This will embarrass him, as he has not got anywhere in solving the problem he set out to solve. But being quick to rationalize his failure, this is what he may answer, if he is pressed for an answer: "Well, I made a slight mistake. I could not do it in a few months. Perhaps it will take a few decades, and perhaps it will take the help of a few dozen other people. But listen to what I have found, perhaps you will be interested to join me."

Several scientists had already responded to the charm of the man and the subject. On December 28, 1940, at a meeting of the American Physical Society in Philadelphia, Delbrück and Luria met. Luria had recently arrived in the United States. He was not a physicist, despite his presence at a physicists' convention, yet he knew some physics, was a friend of Enrico Fermi, and had begun phage research of his own while he was still in Italy. After several hours' conversation, Luria wrote later, he and Delbrück had dinner with Wolfgang Pauli and another European physicist "during which the talk was mostly in German, mostly about theoretical physics, mostly above my head." Then "Delbrück and I adjourned to New York for a forty-eight-hour bout of experimentation in my laboratory at the College of Physicians and Surgeons" of Columbia University. In the fall of 1973, Luria said, "It was not an experiment to do. It was just to see—because what happened is that Max wanted to work with a particular phage that attacks staphylococcus, a phage named Krueger phage, after the man who first wrote it up, and Max had been told by Krueger that this phage should not be assayed by plaques, the way one does *all* the assays, but should be assayed by a very complicated method, which partly turned out later to be the reason that Krueger got very crazy results—results that he interpreted in a very crazy way. And I had got the same phage from Krueger, and I was assaying it all the time in the usual way like every other, and I told that to Max, and he said, 'I want to see,' so I said, 'Fine. If you come up on Monday I'll have plates and everything ready and we'll play around.' And he did, and we did."

The two men planned a series of experiments to do together and debated where to do them—whether at Vanderbilt or in New York. Three weeks later, Delbrück wrote to Luria that he had been invited to attend the next annual symposium at Cold Spring Harbor and to spend the rest of the next summer there; could they work together at Cold Spring Harbor? "If that could be arranged satisfactorily at C.S.H., I might overcome my antipathy to the place," he wrote. In fact, Delbrück got married that summer, and spent the first weeks of his marriage at Cold Spring Harbor. He has returned there to work and teach many summers since. At the end of January, 1943, at Delbrück's invitation, a microbiologist named Alfred Hershey visited Nashville for a few days; he had written papers about phage that had caught Luria's and Delbrück's attention. In a letter to Luria, along with the draft of a new theoretical idea, Delbrück gave his first impressions of Hershey: "Drinks whiskey but not tea. Simple and to the point. Likes living in a sailboat for three months, likes independence." The three men were the nucleus of the phage group. Delbrück recently characterized this beginning as two enemy aliens and "another misfit in society." The three shared the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine in 1969, seven years after Watson, Crick, and Wilkins.

THE next essential discovery about the relation of genes to bacteriophage was that phages have complex structures. The opposite had been widely assumed: the mystery of viruses in the late nineteen-thirties was that they seemed like chemicals rather than organisms. The electron microscope was invented in Germany just before the Second World War. The first models in the United States were built by RCA in Camden, New Jersey, in 1939. They were, of course, immediately trained on bacteria, revealing



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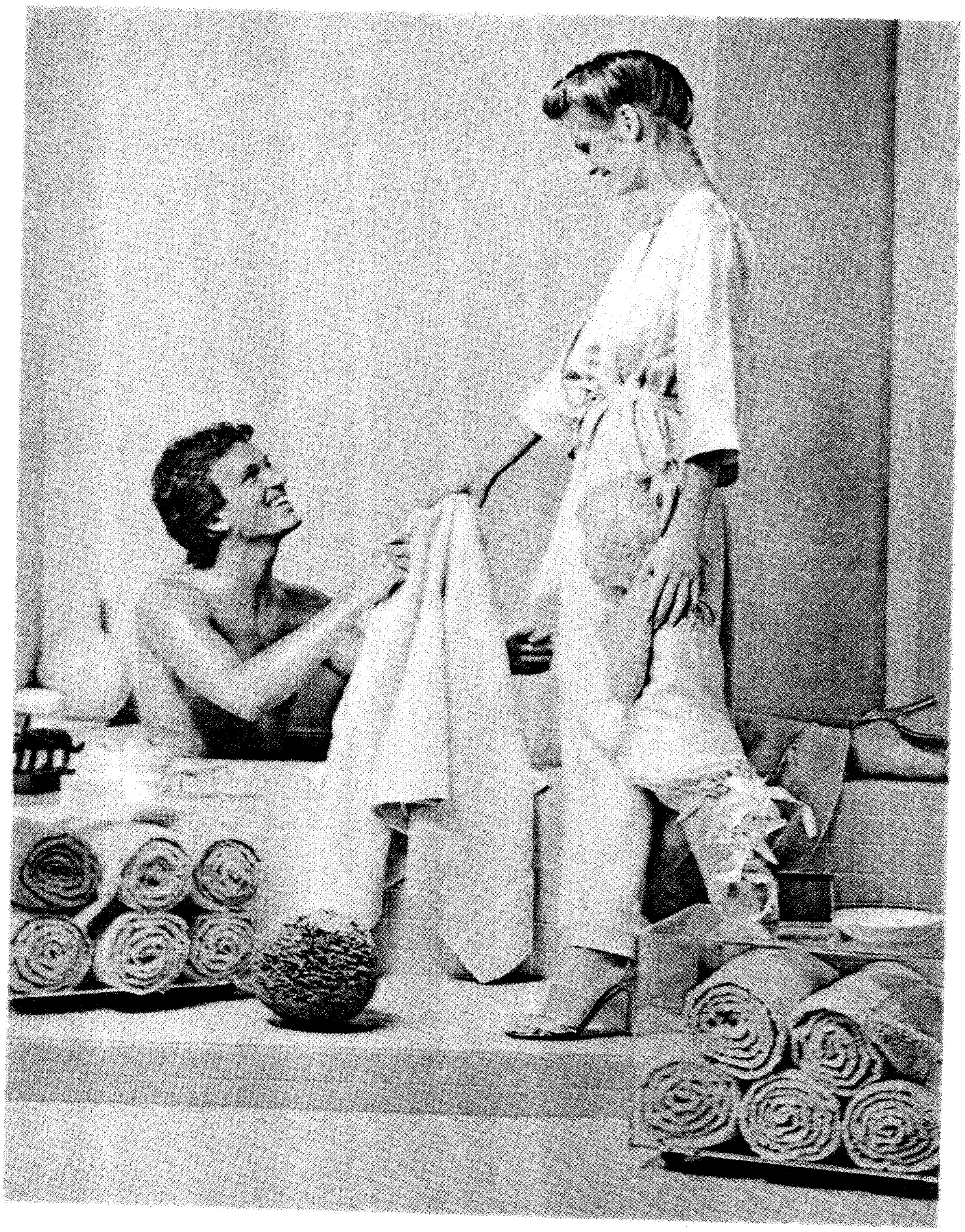

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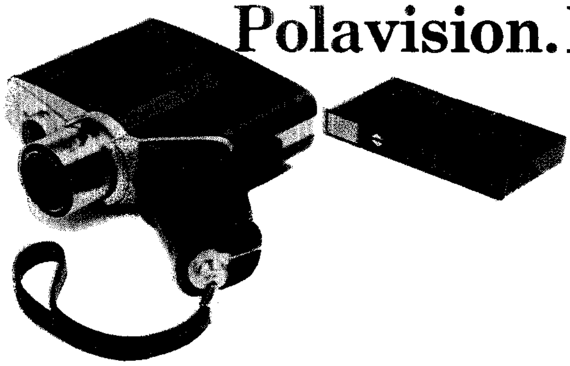

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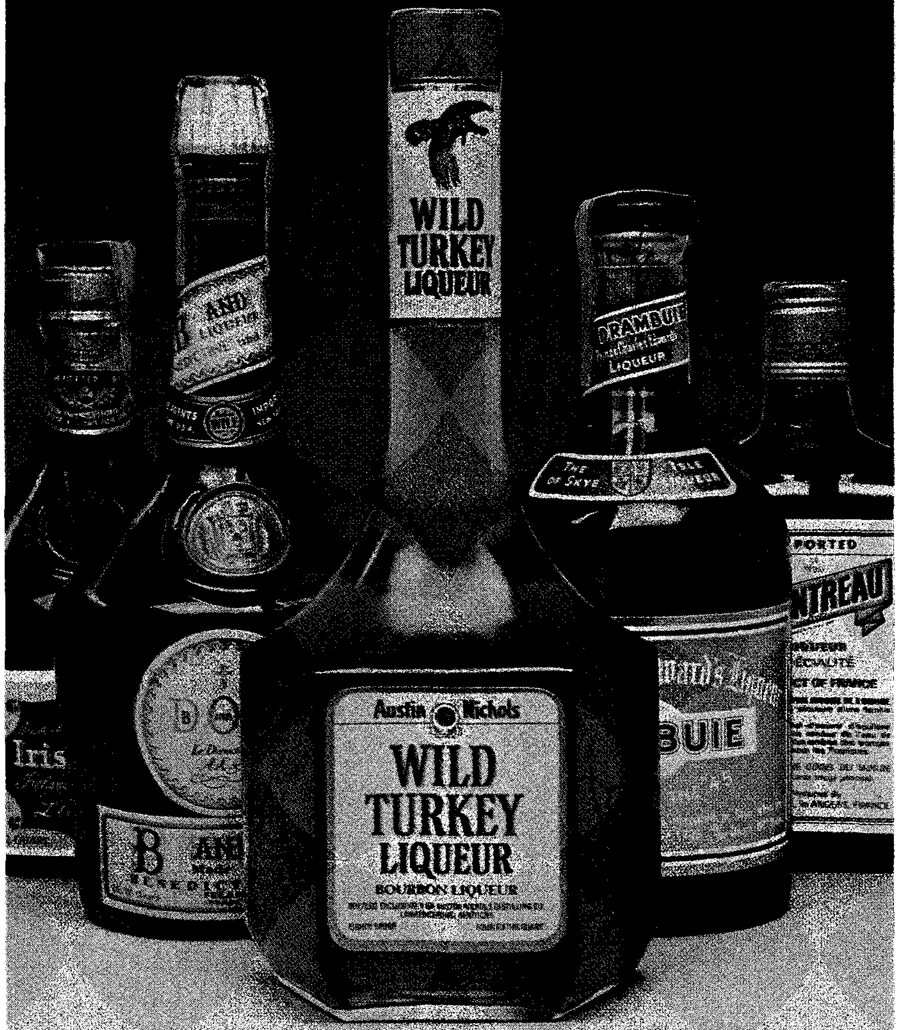

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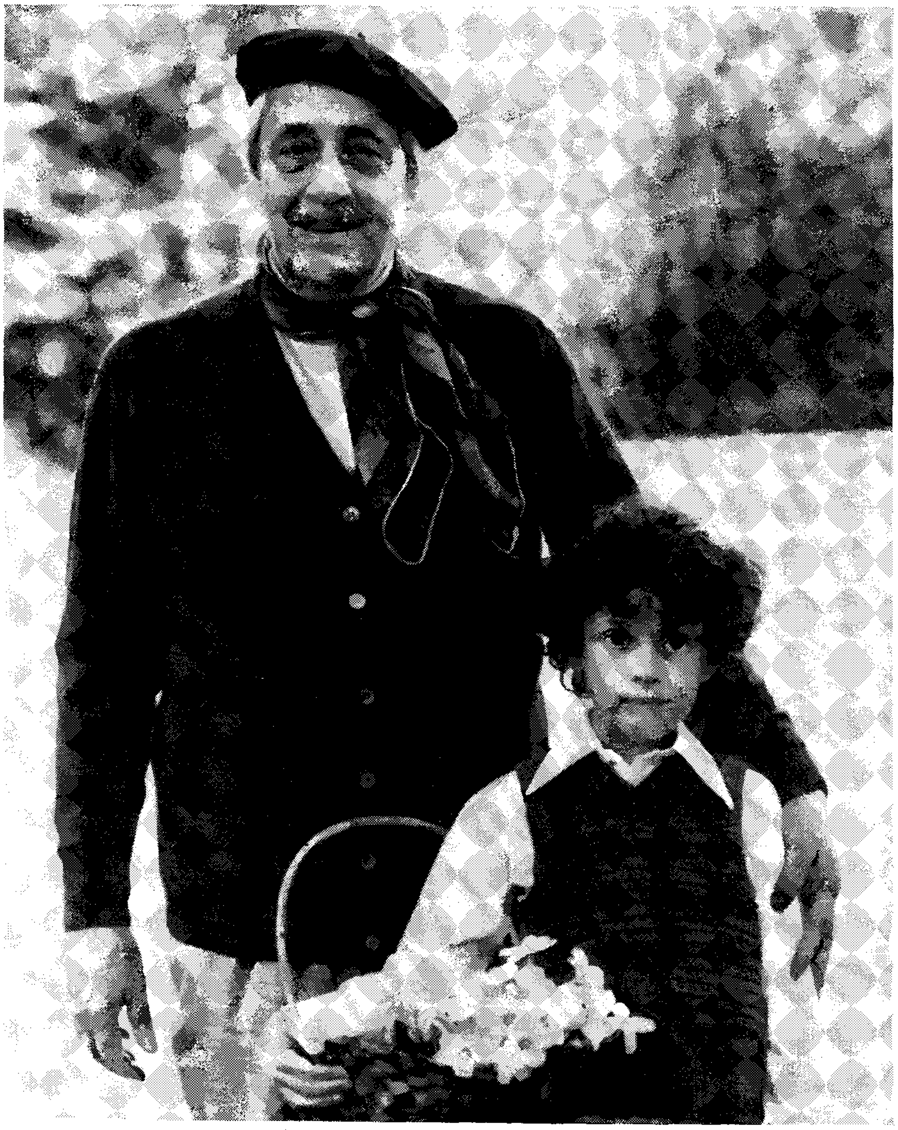
structural details never before seen. Within a year, bacteriophage preparations had been found to contain vaguely sperm-shaped particles. Early in November of 1941, Luria came to RCA to ask whether the electron microscope could be used to see how big phages are. Luria talked to Thomas Anderson, a physical chemist, from the University of Wisconsin, who had spent a year in Camden, on a fellowship, taking pictures of specimens of all sorts sent in by biologists of all sorts. Luria told Anderson that, with an associate, he had just estimated the sizes of several types of phage by the indirect method of dosing them with X rays and counting the proportion left active—like firing a shotgun shell (of known size) into a swarm of bees (of known density) and estimating from the reduction in stinging power of the swarm the diameter of the individual bee. Luria wanted to confirm the estimates. Anderson thought that the idea was reasonable; Luria said he would come back in a month with some highly concentrated phage stocks. He arrived with samples of three different phages on Monday, December 8, 1941, the day after Pearl Harbor. He and Anderson didn't get much done that day, or even that week, because the phages were not sufficiently concentrated to be spotted for sure in the microscope. So in the first week in March, 1942, Luria came back with small vials of phage stocks that assayed as high as ten *trillion* particles per litre—a billion or so in a few drops.

Now, Anderson later wrote, "we could really see the phage as tadpole-shaped particles, whose heads ranged from 600 to 800 A [angstrom units, named after the nineteenth-century Swedish physicist Anders Ångström; one A is a ten-billionth of a metre, and there are two hundred and fifty-four million angstrom units to an inch] in diameter, depending on the species." These sizes were roughly what Luria had expected, and each species was found to have a characteristic structure. Luria and Anderson ran some quick controls to see whether they could find anything similar in plain broths, in cultures of bacteria without phage, and so on—they couldn't—and sent off a report to the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences* within a week. "There was no doubt in our minds that we had found the phage particles, but certain other workers remained skeptical for years," Anderson wrote. "I remember particularly the reaction of Alfred Hershey's teacher, kindly old professor J. J. Bronfenbrenner, who had worked on bacteriophages for many years at Washington University in St. Louis. . . . When he first saw our pictures . . . he clapped the palm of his hand to his forehead and exclaimed, '*Mein Gott!* They've got tails!' ”

Permutations of the basic phage experiments were endlessly rich. Although through the mid-forties fewer than a dozen investigators were active, since almost every one of them was exploiting his own private system of phages and host bacteria the results grew so complicated—and so difficult to compare—that in 1944, during the summer at Cold Spring Harbor, Delbrück negotiated what came to be called the phage treaty. He persuaded most of the phage workers to concentrate on a set of just seven bacteriophages, T1 through T7 (“T” stood for “type”), of the same bacterial host—a particular strain of *E. coli*, strain B and its mutants, to be grown in broth at blood heat. In the next fifteen years, some of the most significant discoveries resulted from departures from the phage treaty, but, even so, their significance was in large part measured against the basis established by the action of the T set of phages on *E. coli* B.

The most fundamental line of research grew directly out of the experiments Delbrück and Luria planned at their first meeting, at the end of 1940. Bacteriologists had for some time been puzzling, rather ineffectually, over the phenomenon of resistance—the occasional appearance, in an enormous population of bacteria susceptible to a particular phage, of variant bacteria that the phage can't prey upon. By the wonderful dynamics of microbiology, these resistant individuals can be identified, two or three in a billion, because they alone survive saturation by phage to produce colonies of progeny. Since antibiotics began to be widely used, later in the nineteen-forties, the most familiar form of resistance has been the rise of strains of bacteria that are not susceptible to penicillin, the tetracyclines, and so on. Today, even the layman thinks of resistant bacteria as originating from mutation—a rare but stably heritable change in the genetic makeup—that lets the bacteria survive to reproduce. But when Luria and Delbrück first got together, conventional bacteriologists were by no means sure that micro-organisms could be thought about genetically or in terms of natural selection. Many believed that resistance was some kind of adaptation induced in a few of the bacteria in a culture by the exposure to the antibacterial agent; the mechanism



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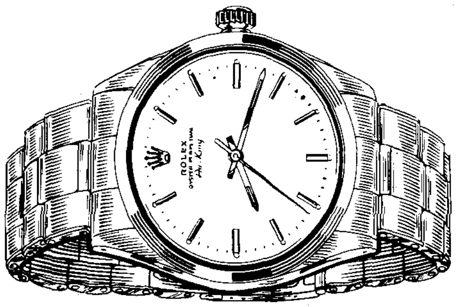

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of induction was never specified, although one might imagine a metabolic change so drastic that it would rarely succeed but when it did would be passed on to the progeny. The idea smacks of the pre-Mendelian, pre-Darwinian notion of the inheritance of acquired characteristics; Luria damned bacteriology as "the last stronghold of Lamarckism."

One Saturday evening in January of 1943, after Luria had moved to Indiana University, he went to a faculty dance at the Bloomington Country Club. There, watching the fluctuating returns obtained by colleagues gambling on a slot machine, he thought of the experiment that would distinguish between resistance induced in bacteria and resistance resulting from previous spontaneous mutation. What Luria perceived was that previous spontaneous mutations would pay out occasional jackpots of resistant bacteria that would be much larger than the payouts produced by induction. He tried the first experiment on the following morning and wrote to Delbrück about it. Delbrück promptly replied that Luria really ought to go to church, but a fortnight later sent along the manuscript of the fully worked out mathematical basis of the experiments. The point of the fluctuation test can be seen without the detailed mathematics, however. As a friend explained it to me, "What they did was statistically very simpleminded, but such intelligent and simpleminded things just hadn't been done in this field before." Luria understood that he could begin with a broth seeded with *E. coli;* distribute equal small amounts (hardly a drop) into each of twenty small, separate test tubes and a larger amount (ten millilitres, amounting to two teaspoonfuls) into another, larger tube; and allow the bacteria to multiply overnight, through a dozen or more generations. Then he could take thirty petri dishes containing jelly saturated with phage T1. Into twenty of these plates, set to one side, he would distribute the contents of the twenty small tubes. Into the remaining ten plates of T1 he would put equal small amounts, all drawn from the bulk culture in the larger tube. If the production of resistance began only at the moment of exposure of the bacteria to the phage, it wouldn't matter whether the bacteria came from many individual cultures or from one bulk culture: the twenty plates on one side should show about the same distribution of resistant colonies, the same fluctuation from the average count, as the ten plates on the other side. When Luria performed the experiment, though, the twenty separate cultures showed much wider fluctuations of resistant colonies, indicating—as Luria had understood when he watched the slot machine—that a few of the individual tubes had contained resistant bacteria from near the beginning of the overnight growth period, while in a few other tubes resistant bacteria had appeared and begun to multiply very late or not at all.

The fluctuation test was the first real evidence that bacteria underwent mutation. And if stable, heritable mutants occurred in bacteria, then genetic analysis began to be possible. Years later, other members of the phage group found more direct ways of proving the same point; nonetheless, bacterial genetics was born with the publication, in 1943, of the paper by Luria and Delbrück reporting the fluctuation test, and the event has been compared with the birth of genetics itself, in 1865, on the appearance of Mendel's paper.

Meanwhile, better electron microscopes took better pictures, which showed that phage have a structure of startling intricacy. Species can differ, but the phages T2, T4, and T6 look like a modern water tower out on the prairie: a tank with a conical top and bottom for a head; below that a narrow sheath, as tall as the head, a core within the sheath, and a base plate with six spikes, and six long, thin, stiff tail fibres with knees in them—which provide the finishing sinister touch. What struck Delbrück and Luria as particularly strange in Anderson's micrographs, however, was evidence that few of the phages, perhaps none, appeared to enter the host bacteria. Instead, they attached themselves to the outside by the tail fibres and seemed to squat down. The analogy of a hypodermic syringe was not thought of until much later. Chemical analyses of great delicacy established that these phages were made up of approximately equal parts of protein and DNA, and that the protein was of at least five different types, one for each sort of tail structure and a large proportion of head protein.

Then—but not until 1949—Anderson found that the phage T4, if grown in salty broth that is suddenly diluted with distilled water, was immediately inactivated. His electron micrographs showed phage ghosts, with empty heads. A colleague, Roger Herriott, demonstrated chemically that the ghosts consisted entirely of protein, with none of the DNA that was normally present. Evidently, osmotic shock burst the heads, liberating the phage DNA. Some beautiful electron micrographs taken years later show the phage ghost

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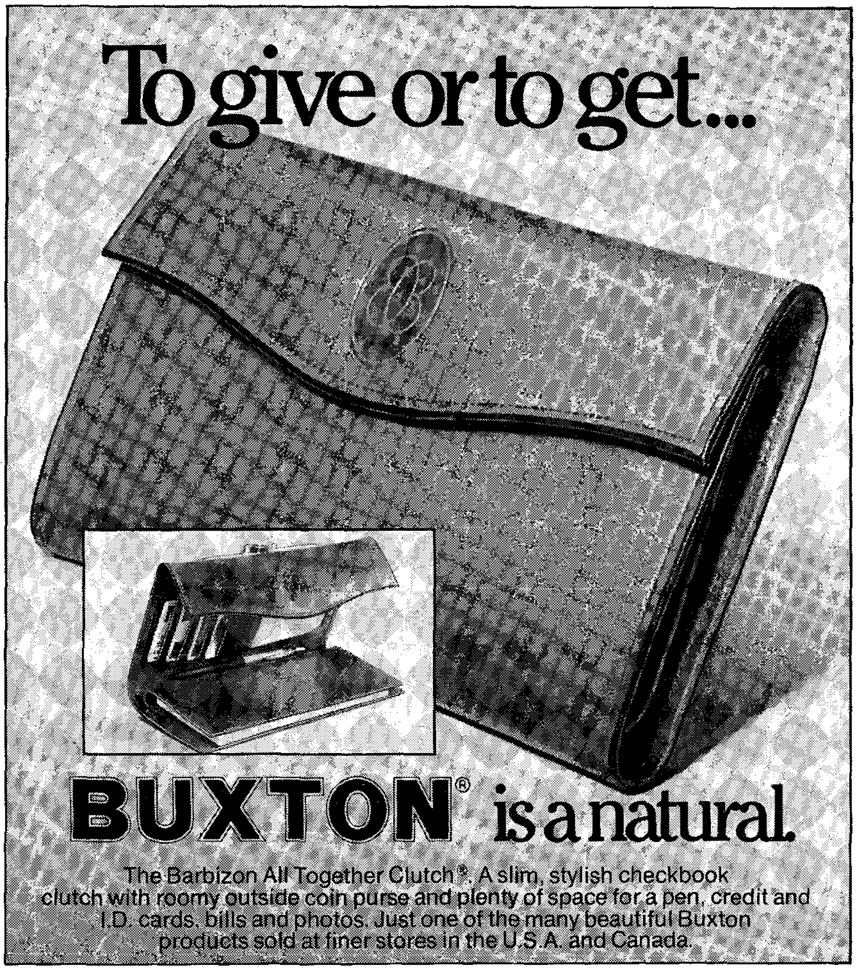
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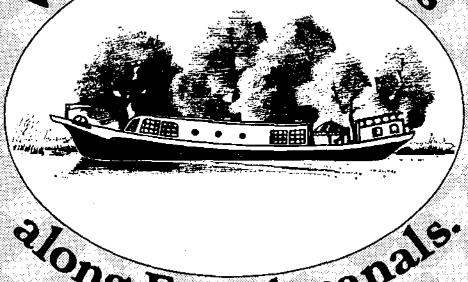
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lying in the midst of its looping, criss-crossed DNA threads—or, rather, thread, for it can be traced from one free end to the other, and is about five hundred and fifty times as long as the phage head that contained it. In November of 1951, Herriott wrote to Alfred Hershey, with the unmistakable freshness of a new idea, "I've been thinking—and perhaps you have, too—that the virus may act like a little hypodermic needle full of transforming principles; that the virus as such *never enters the cell*; *that only the tail* contacts the host and perhaps enzymatically cuts a small hole through the outer membrane and then the nucleic acid of the virus head flows into the cell."

ON an afternoon in May of 1943, Delbrück was walking across the Vanderbilt campus when he met Roy Avery, who said that he had received a long and interesting letter from his brother in New York and Delbrück must come read it. Fourteen pages, handwritten—this was the letter, since become famous, in which Avery described his experiments with the transforming substance and allowed himself to speculate about what they meant. Oswald Avery was not part of the phage group. Sociologists of science have concluded that this was a chief reason the paper about transformation of pneumococci appears to have had so little consequence for so long. They have backed up the conclusion by counting and mapping the worldwide distribution of the *Journal of Experimental Medicine* in 1944, to find that geneticists might have been unlikely to see the work when it appeared, and by tabulating references at the ends of papers published by leading members of the phage group and skimming through texts of reports and discussions at the annual Cold Spring Harbor symposia in the decade following 1944, to find that Avery's work was irregularly and, on the whole, rarely mentioned. The conclusion drawn from all this—that Avery had been shut out by the phage group—irritated Delbrück and amused Luria, because it supplied a false and blindingly trivial explanation of what they thought was a much more interesting passage in the history of ideas.

In the summer of 1972, I went out to Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory to interview Delbrück. Cold Spring Harbor is situated along the Sound side of Long Island, hard by Oyster Bay, just over an hour by train from Pennsylvania Station. A sweep of highway leads down a hill from the Cold Spring Harbor station to the town; a few hundred yards from the bottom there is an inconspicuous sign on a wooden board and a road in to the laboratory. The road is to an extent the life of the place—the road and the long lawn stretching down to the water. Buildings are scattered on either side of the road, the houses erect, somewhat shabby, Victorian or earlier, some of them offices now, some dormitories, the newer laboratory buildings sitting low, less conspicuous; the lawn slopes off to the right beyond the first group of buildings, down to a volleyball court, more low labs, a boxy, airy, pleasant little library. Across the pretty cove, Cold Spring Harbor itself, lies a boat basin. Meetings, meals, parties, discussions spill across the lawn or up onto the road. Groups of swimmers wander along the road and off to the right through woods to the sand spit; a lot of science gets talked on the road. The administration buildings, and beyond them the tennis courts and then the director's big house, lie to the left along the road. Watson, when he is around, walks the length of the road four or six times a day and probably does more administration there than in his office. I found Delbrück by stopping somebody on the road, and was directed to a gray building nearby. Bulky equipment stood in the corridor. A metal trunk labelled "CONTROLLED ENVIRONMENT INCUBATOR SHAKER" chugged and gasped.

Delbrück was at work that morning by the far wall of a large, cool room, beyond several ranks of lab benches. Surfaces all around were agreeably littered, the way a painter's studio might be littered, except that here were bottles and beakers, and microscopes covered with crumpled plastic bags. A flask was marked "RADIOACTIVE WASTE—LIQUID." A table held a row of flat glass dishes with glass covers, gray-green fuzz growing inside. A handwritten sign above said "DON'T LEAVE OPEN FLOWER POTS!" Delbrück sat on a high wooden stool, looking into a binocular microscope and working with something on its stage. He had on round steel-rimmed spectacles with smaller square magnifying lenses added in front. He wore a short-sleeved tan knit shirt, tan-and-blue shorts, and pale-tan sandals. He had muscular calves, gray hair closely cropped, large and graceful hands. A Bunsen burner to his left on the bench put forth a high, almost invisible flame, through which from time to time he flicked the tips of a

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pair of tweezers. At the other end of the laboratory, two young men, a Japanese and a black-bearded European, whistled and chattered in cryptic phrases over their own experiment. Delbrück put a cover on a flowerpot and marked the cover with a felt marker. We went outside to talk, and sat in the shade of a tree, beside a low wall at the top of the lawn, looking out over the water to the sailboats.

"Let's start with Avery," Delbrück said. "Several people have made a big deal out of the fact that Avery was ignored. For a number of years. And have bolstered their assertions with statistics of citations and things like that. But I think that's not proper. First of all, I know that Luria and I, for instance, were very well aware of Avery's work at least since '42." In the tree, a bird sang. "Maybe even '41—which was the first summer we were together here at Cold Spring Harbor. I know that in two successive summers before Avery's great discovery was announced we went to visit him at the Rockefeller. And he was very attentive to what we were doing, and we were very attentive to what he was doing." He talked for a minute about the background of Avery's work with transformation. He spoke at a reflective pace, precisely, with a quirky fluency that broke up ordered prose with unexpected dashes of out-of-date American slang. "So, these methods were all very crude and uncertain at the time, and the main thing that Avery worked on was to make the transformation more reproducible. Even toward the end, the methods were still terribly cumbersome and uncertain in their results. Nevertheless"—Delbrück's voice grew firmer—"it was obvious that he had something very interesting there. And then, when he was sure of the discovery—I think I was among the very few, first people who heard about it, because he wrote this long letter to his brother Roy Avery, at Vanderbilt. Which is where I was."

I said that I knew of the letter but that it had slipped past me that Roy was at Vanderbilt.

"He was at Vanderbilt; and the day he received the letter I met him and he told me about it, and I read it then. And, in fact, it was I who unearthed the letter years later, because there was some occasion at the National Academy when I was supposed to give a talk, and they wanted to emphasize DNA, and I remembered this letter and wrote to Roy Avery, and he and his wife spent a whole week looking through old boxes and finally found it." The occasion was a memorial address after Avery's death. "I go into all this by way of showing that we were very much aware of what Oswald Avery was doing—and also of his discovery that this transformation worked if you took a preparation that ostensibly contained only DNA."

Ostensibly? But was there skepticism?

"Certainly. I mean, everybody who looked at it, and who thought about it, was confronted with this paradox: that on the one hand you seemed to obtain a specific effect with DNA, and on the other hand DNA, it was believed at the time, was a *stupid* substance, a tetranucleotide which couldn't do anything specific. So, one of these premises had to be wrong. Either DNA was not a stupid molecule or the thing that did the transformation was not the DNA. So this was very clearly the dilemma, and at that time it was not a matter of right thinking or of profundity, or of anything except that you had to find out. Which was right. And Rollin Hotchkiss, who had joined the Avery group in 1935, in several years of very careful work established that indeed it was the DNA.

"So then the dilemma became: Can DNA carry specificity, or are we really not dealing with specificity at all but with a third possibility—some very special case where all the specificity is already there but just needs a stupid kind of molecule to switch it from one kind of production to another? Today we would say that the information is already in the genes; we might say now that you 'de-repress' a gene. At that time, we might have said, for example, that you can switch a tree from non-flowering to flowering"—he gestured at the tree—"and if you do it by manipulating the daylight-and-dark cycle, then you are not putting in a molecule with information but just throwing a physiological switch. Everybody who was interested in these basic questions discussed this. I distinctly remember wading here at low tide with Rollin Hotchkiss every so often—he came for meetings—and remember him plugging the idea that DNA might contain enough specificity. For example, that the base ratio was not equal parts of the four nucleotides but somewhat off—though he was completely vague about how that could get enough specificity into this kind of macromolecule. And even after people began to believe it might be DNA, that wasn't really so fundamentally a new story, because it just meant that genetic specificity was carried by some other god-

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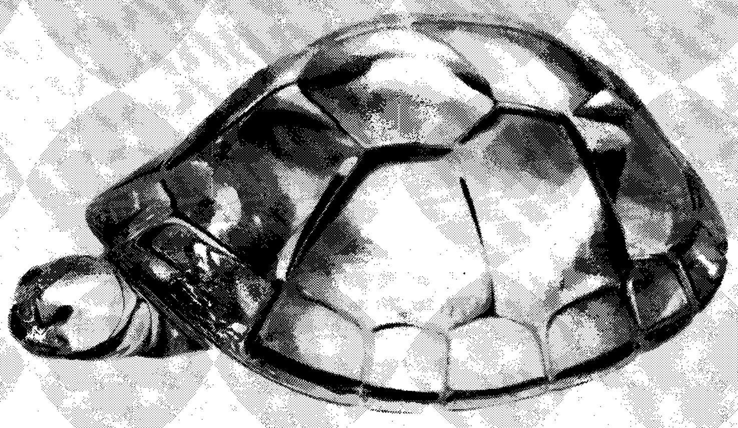

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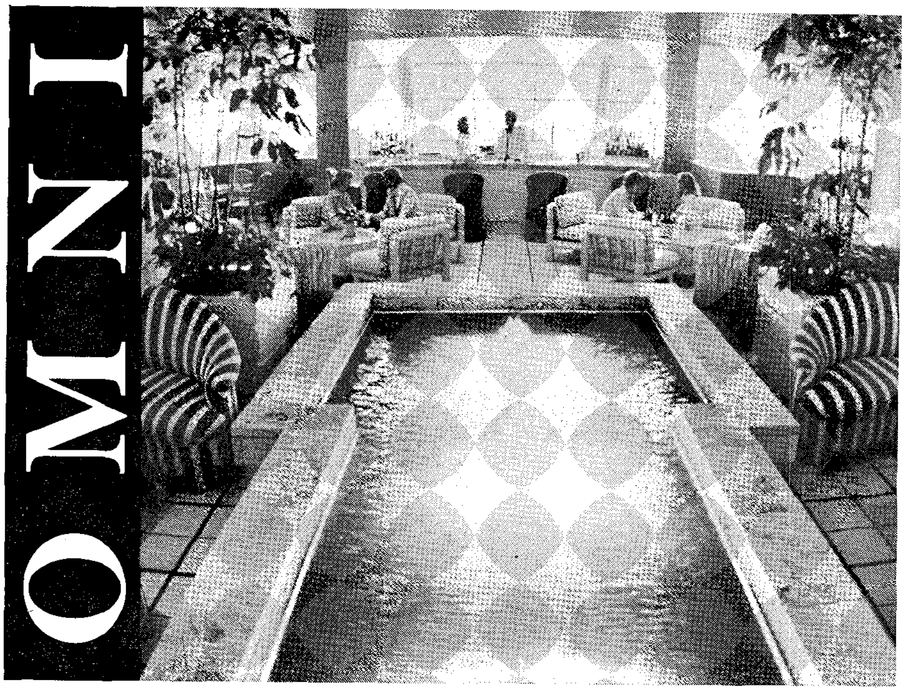

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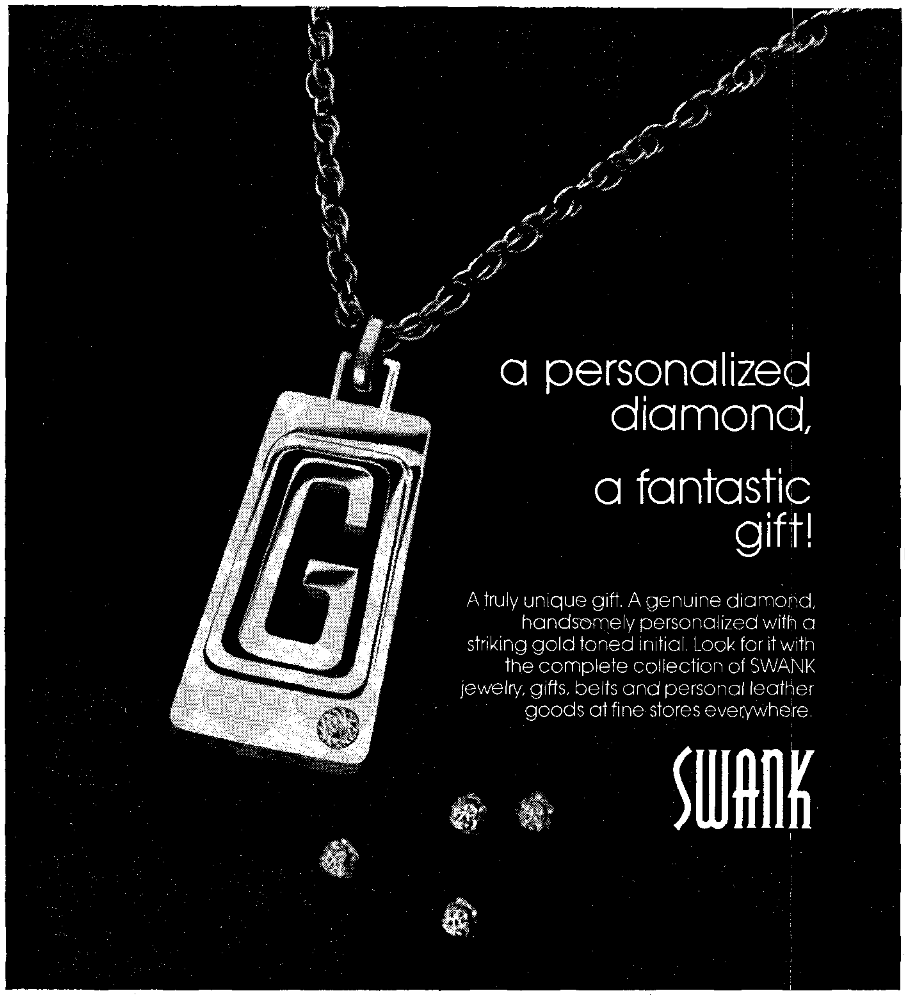

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dam macromolecule, instead of proteins.

"Both proteins and nucleic acids were hopelessly inadequately characterized in those days. Proteins were characterized a little more, because we knew that there were twenty essential amino acids. Or twenty-*odd* amino acids—one didn't, after all, know really how many. But whether proteins were built in a regular repetitive way or in a very specific way was still unknown in the forties. And, similarly, DNA—one knew it was a fibrous molecule; one didn't really know how the nucleotides went in together, or even whether it had branches in it or not. So, while it was true that Avery's discovery, after several years of refinement, led to the conviction that there had to be enough specificity in the DNA, you really did not know what to do with it.

"So I don't really see, in retrospect, that Avery was neglected. I think that certainly all the people who were seriously interested in what we now call molecular genetics, which at that time didn't have that name, who were interested in the *nature of the gene*—those who were fully aware of the data and were discussing it, to the extent that it *could* be discussed, they clearly saw the three alternatives. That it was contamination, and not DNA at all. Or that the transformation was not really specific but just a special case, a physiological switch. Or that the DNA did carry specificity—but even if it did carry specificity, then nobody, absolutely nobody, until the day of the Watson-Crick structure, thought that the specificity might be carried in this exceedingly simple way, by a sequence, by a code. This dénouement that came then—that the whole business was like a child's toy that you could buy at the dime store"—Delbrück laughed and shook his head—"all built in this wonderful way that you could explain in *Life* so that really a five-year-old could understand what was going on. That there was so simple a trick behind it." He laughed again, the same rueful way. "This was the greatest surprise for everyone."

I asked Delbrück how he meant that the Watson-Crick structure was a dénouement.

"The dénouement at that time was only with respect to the structure and the replication mechanism, and not with respect to the readout. How you use this Watson-Crick structure to, as we say now, *code* for anything—to carry specificity—was still very, very obscure."

Was it not even evident that the

place to look was in the sequence of nucleotides?

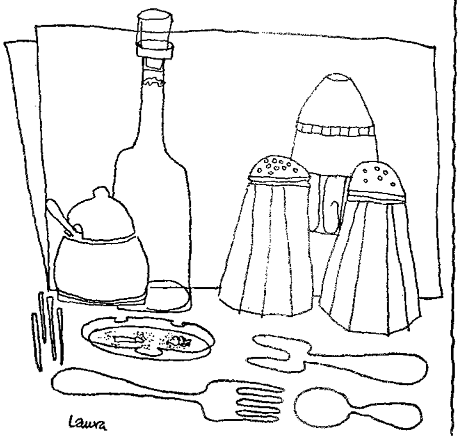
"In some way, of course, for that was the only degree of freedom left; but how you could use the sequence to code information for amino acids was just completely baffling." We talked about that puzzle. "So in retrospect what the dénouement was was that both the principle of replication and the principle of readout are very simple, and the actual machinery for doing it is immensely complex. That's the way it has turned out."

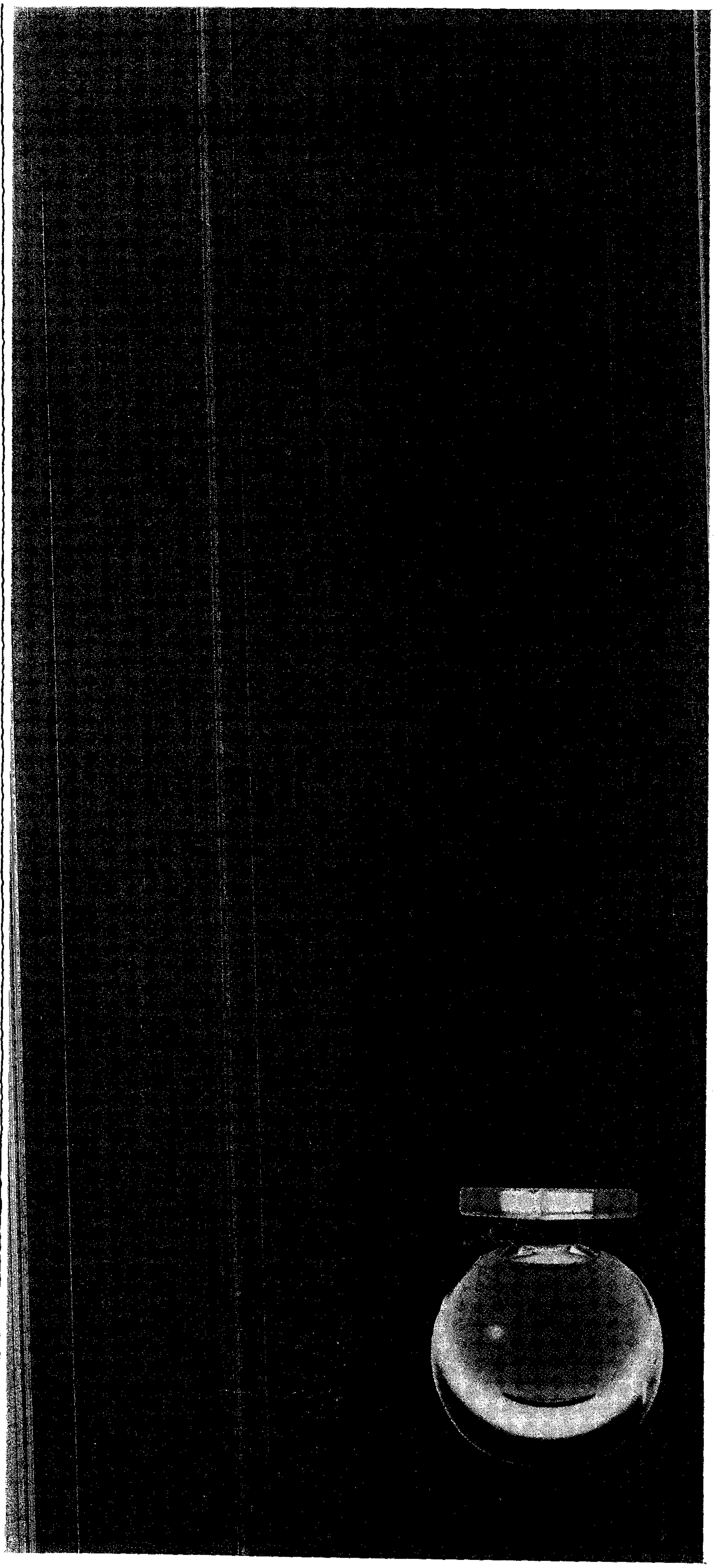
Therefore, I said, what the Watson-Crick structure did was to define the problems to be solved next?

Delbrück said slowly, "Yes. Yes. Yes—it gave a very marvellous fixed point from which to start on both these problems. Replication and readout. Marvellous in that it was so concrete. I mean, that it gave the hope that the whole solution would be possible in terms of concrete, three-dimensional chemistry. Stereochemistry. Enzyme chemistry. Which before was not clear."

WHEN I met Luria again, at the house of a friend in Lexington, Massachusetts, I asked him about the phage group's reception of Avery's work.

"I was the one of us who knew him best, I think," Luria said. "I had a great admiration for him. But he was certainly working in what seemed something very different—but then, I must admit, there was probably a weakness in much of our thinking. It was not because of some highfalutin idea that certain scientific ideas or discoveries are ripe and others premature but because of the fact that we were blocked in biochemical thinking. People like Delbrück and myself, not only were we not thinking biochemically but we were somehow—and probably partly unconsciously—reacting negatively to biochemistry. And biochemists. As such. As a result, I don't think we





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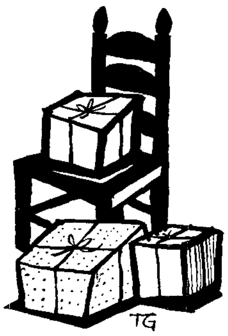
attached great importance to whether the gene was protein or nucleic acid. The important thing for us was that the gene had the characteristics that it *had* to have. And that's why Watson and Crick were so tremendously significant to us, as *genetic* thinkers. Because their structure had embedded in it—one saw immediately—the properties of the gene. I mean— But let me give my story. I got excited about the original transformation phenomenon—in fact, I first discovered its existence—from Dobzhansky's 'Genetics and the Origin of Species,' the edition of 1941 or so. And as soon as I met that phenomenon I went to talk to Avery. This was sometime in the spring of 1943, or earlier—before he published. And Avery told me the whole story, how the transforming principle seemed to be nucleic acid, and so on. Talking with Avery was a marvellous experience. He was a wonderful, short man. Very unpompous, very dignif— He had the dignity of non-dignified people, very simple. And as he was talking he would close his eyes and rub his bald head. And always very precise. And every bit of it a chemist—even though he was an M.D."



I mentioned Delbrück's account of having read Avery's letter the day Roy Avery received it, and the explanation that the real problem had been that nobody knew what to do with the fact that DNA might not be a stupid molecule.

"You see that you are saying the same thing as when I said that we were not biochemists," Luria said. "To tell us that the transforming principle was DNA or was protein—it meant very little, because so what? But I think it is completely wrong to say that we were not aware—that is just typical. I mean, we were *perfectly* aware. Every time I was in New York, I went to see . . ." Luria had warmed to the work, and the phrases came tumbling out. "In fact, late in '45 I was in the library at the Rockefeller, and I found a paper in *Experientia* where André Boivin reported that there was transformation in the Avery manner in *E. coli*—which later nobody was able to confirm, until very recently—and Avery came into the library, and I showed the paper to him, and he said, 'Oh, come and have lunch; we will please everybody at the table,' and so we took the paper out, and when Hotchkiss and the others joined us at the table Avery said, 'Well, today we have got Continental company—and Continental support.' I think it is complete nonsense to say that we were not aware." If the phage group failed to seize on DNA as the genetic substance, Luria said, that was not because Avery was an outsider or his discovery in some abstract way premature but because the evidence really seemed incongruous. "Between 1949 and '51 the results pointed the other way, and I'm the one mainly responsible, having found that when you break open the phage-infected bacteria early to see what you can see, the earliest signs of any phage that you can discover inside the bacteria are some protein shells. So I put forward the suggestion that maybe this protein was the genetic material of the phage."

Would Luria want to try to explain Delbrück?

"Oh, it's very difficult," he said. "Very difficult. I expect the element that lots of people tend to ignore is the enormous influence on his personality of the— What to call it? Of the dominant tradition of the German intellectuals. The very strong need—the habit of feeling that the intellectual enterprise is really superior. That's one. There are many features. I always think, of course, of the things in which he and I differ—for example, his enjoyment. He is—I won't say eager for enjoyment in a childish way, but he is outgoing in that, for him, to play tennis or go to the mountains or camp in the desert or to do something that comes to his mind and get pleasure out of it is very important. I was brought up in the puritan tradition of Jewish Northern Italians—that if something gives you pleasure there's something wrong with it. And, you know, good research is not fun, I discovered. Good research is not the kind that is fun to do, necessarily. You have to be able to drop doing something that you do well, and— It's like nature study. Nature study is the enemy of biology."

Was Delbrück good at picking people?

"It's not so much that he's good at picking people as that he is attracting to people," Luria said. "Because he is terribly intelligent. Because it is so very exciting to work with him. His ideas, the way he thinks, the order— I find Francis Crick, for example, probably the only person who is equally—who

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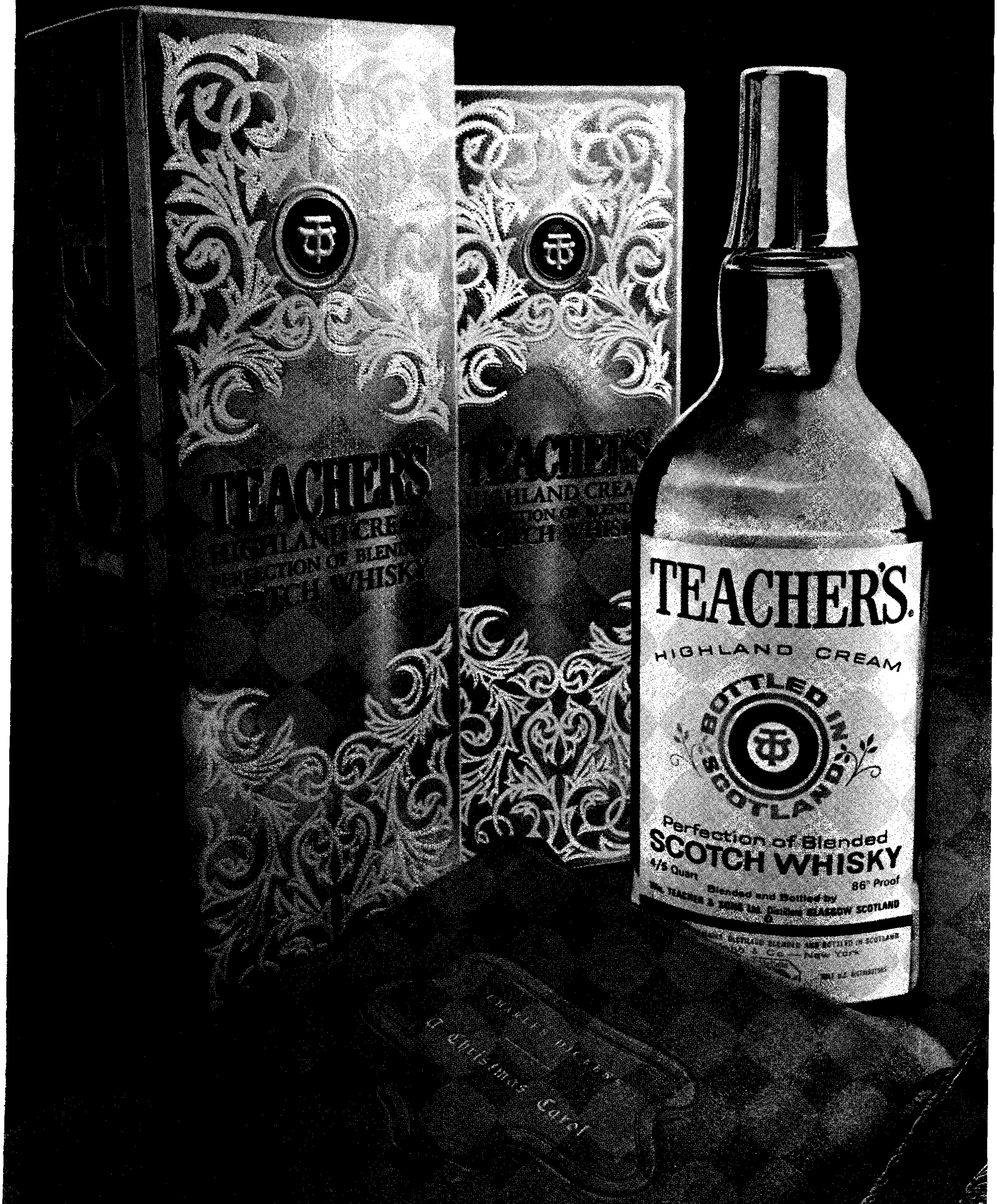
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is exciting in that same way. Also because of the way they talk about the things they are working on—Max not to the extent of Francis; nobody talks like Francis; Max is rather silent. But to spend the days chewing on a problem with him, and writing and erasing things on the blackboard, is terribly exciting. By American standards, he is unusually cultured. You know, most American scientists are duds—they have never read a sensible book."

What had Watson been like when he first came to Luria?

"In the first term he was at Indiana, he took a course with me," Luria said. "I didn't know him at all. There were forty students in the class. But at the end of that course he came to talk, and asked if it would be possible to do his thesis with me, even though he was a zoology student."

It had been asserted, I said, that Luria programmed Watson to become the kind of scientist he was.

"God only knows. I haven't programmed anybody," Luria said. "But he was a very remarkable fellow. Even more odd then than later. But tremendously intelligent, with this mixture of self-assurance and uncertainty of himself that very often bright kids have. It's very difficult to say what we—Mainly, what we did was to give him a pleasant environment to work in. He did a rather simple problem for his thesis, but very beautifully. What struck me from the beginning—and I remember comparing him in that to Muller—was that he was a person who looked completely dishevelled all the time, a mess, except in things that mattered. I have never known anybody whose notebooks, for example, were so perfect as Jim's notebooks. He had lines and different colors, a system—at any moment, he could pick out any experiment. Jim makes the very great distinction: if something is not worth doing, it is not worth doing well."

What gave Watson the ambition to find the secret of life in the physical nature of the gene?

"You know, one doesn't talk about these things," Luria replied. "It never comes up. I mean, it's clear that we were thinking about nothing but the gene. Self-respecting geneticists who are molecular biologists don't think about anything but the gene. Of course, one is interested in experiments, but fundamentally, since 1938—and, as far as I'm concerned, until about 1960—one was interested in nothing but the gene. My interest in other problems started only when I noticed that too many people were interested

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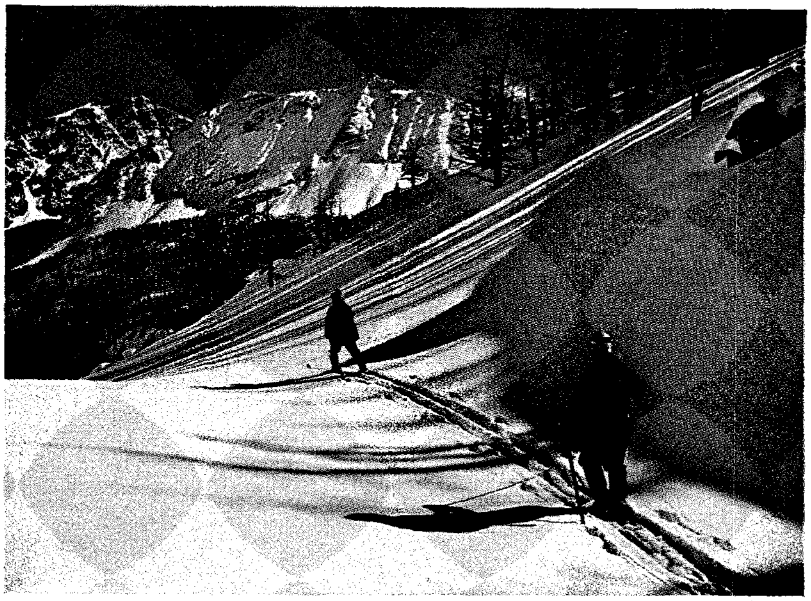
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in the gene. It was well taken care of."

FOR fifteen years or so, before the group around Delbrück and Luria grew too big with success and outran its problems, it formed, from all accounts (and there have been quite a number of accounts) one of the rare refuges of the twentieth century: a republic of the mind, a glimpse of Athens; a commonwealth of intellect held together by the subtlest bonds—by the excitement of understanding, the promise of the subject, the authentic freedom of the style. For Watson, the phage group was more than that: it was home. In 1966, when Delbrück's friends in science put together, for his sixtieth birthday, a volume of reminiscences about working with him, Watson wrote awkwardly, brassily, wistfully about his graduate-student days, and called the piece "Growing Up in the Phage Group." In the fall of 1947, Watson, aged nineteen and in his first term at Indiana, had taken Luria's course in viruses and also Muller's in gene mutation. Looking back, he wrote in the volume of reminiscences:

> It seemed natural that I should work with Muller but I soon saw that *Drosophila*'s better days were over and that many of the best younger geneticists, among them Sonneborn [Tracy Sonneborn] and Luria, worked with microorganisms. The choice among the various research groups was not obvious at first, since the graduate student gossip reflected unqualified praise, if not worship, of Sonneborn. In contrast, many students were afraid of Luria who had the reputation of being arrogant toward people who were wrong. Almost from Luria's first lecture, however, I found myself much more interested in his phages than in the Paramecia of Sonneborn. Also, as the fall term wore on I saw no evidence of the rumored inconsiderateness toward dim-wits.

At the beginning of 1948, Watson moved over to work in Luria's laboratory. That same academic year, Delbrück had gone from Vanderbilt back to the California Institute of Technology, now as professor of biology. In the spring, he stopped in Bloomington for a day. Watson was introduced to him at Luria's apartment. "His visit excited me, for the prominent role of his ideas in 'What Is Life?' made him a legendary figure in my mind," Watson wrote. "My decision to work under Luria had, in fact, been made so quickly because I knew that he and Delbrück had done phage experiments together and were close friends."

As a dissertation topic, Luria assigned Watson a variation on some re-

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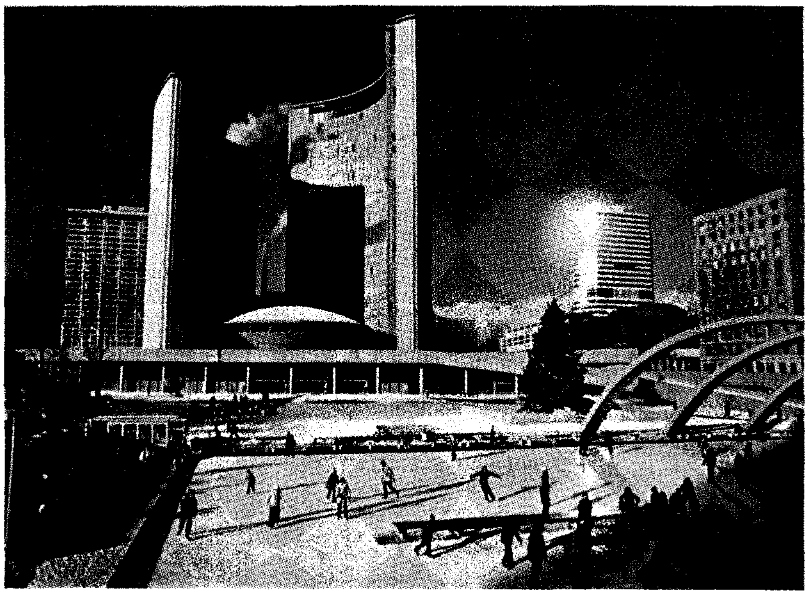
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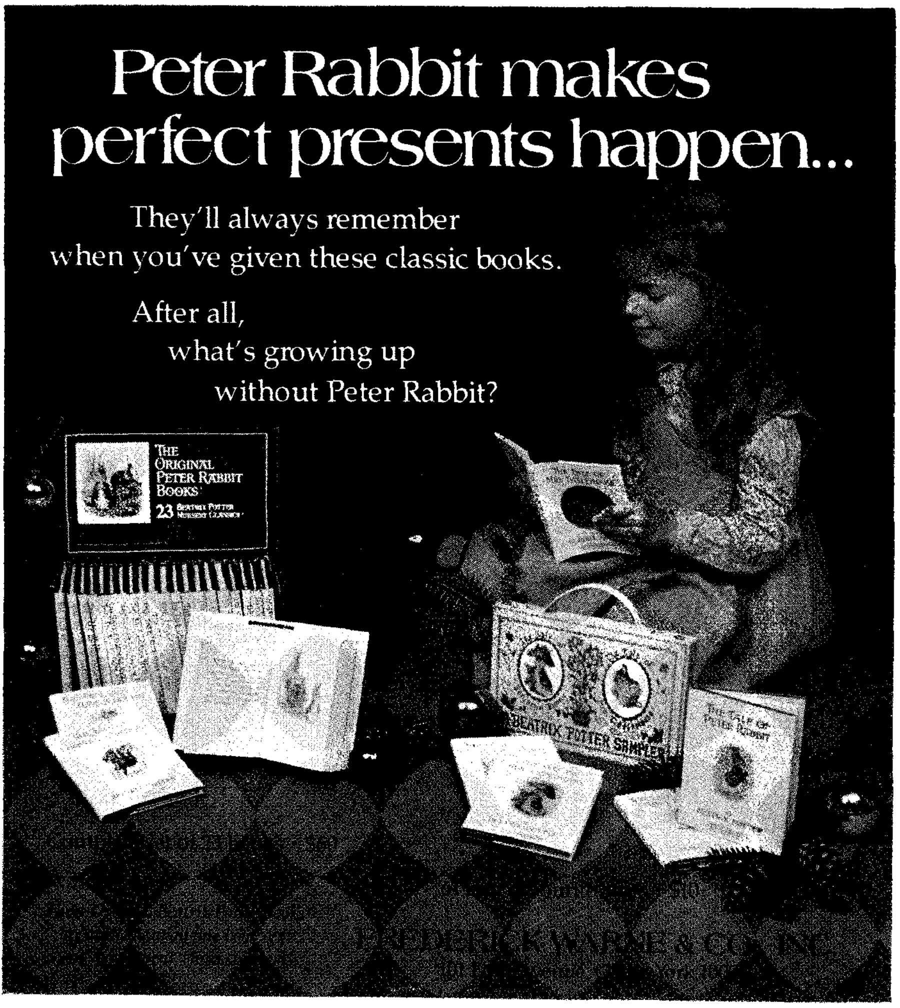
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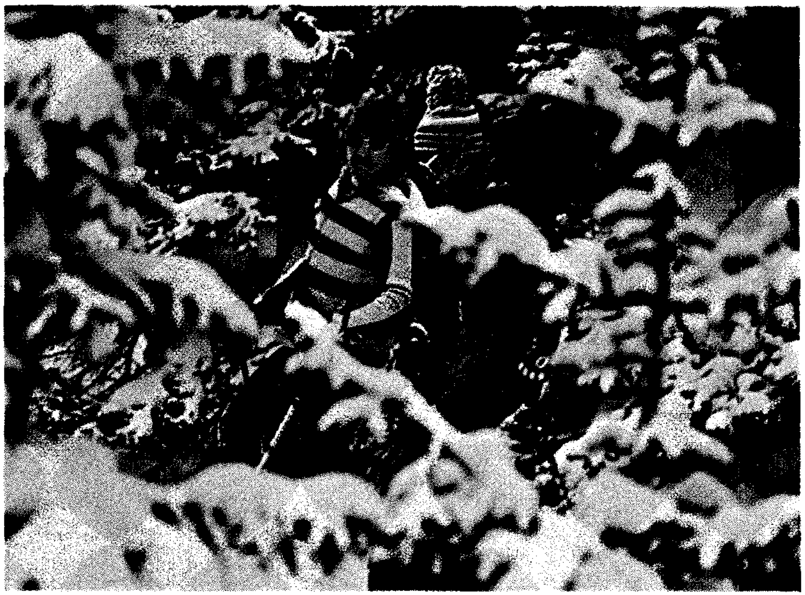

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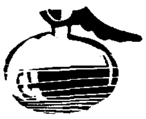
search he himself was attempting. He sought to understand exactly what happened to the genetics of phages that had been inactivated by ultraviolet light, and asked Watson to pursue a parallel line with phages inactivated by X rays. Luria was on the trail of a number of discoveries that have since proved highly instructive; but the processes by which phages grow within bacteria are much more complicated than he could then envisage. Watson's X-ray project turned out to be a cul-de-sac off Luria's detour.

That summer, Watson went to Cold Spring Harbor for the first time. Luria and his wife went, too; the Delbrücks came for the second half. Summers at Cold Spring Harbor then were simpler and less crowded than they have since become. Courses and meetings were small and leisurely. Experiments were no easier, if the comparison means anything: Columbus had a rougher crossing than Lindbergh, after all, and good scientists find themselves doing things of which the first measure of difficulty is the fact that nobody has done them before. Yet the labor of biological discovery then was certainly less expensive, far less demanding of fancy equipment. Housing at Cold Spring Harbor was rudimentary, too: patched screens, peeling paint, lumpy mattresses—an American summer in the country in the years before the city, whether Wall Street offices, Broadway theatres, or university laboratories, was air-conditioned. The director of the laboratory from 1941 (and until 1960) was Milislav Demerec. Watson remembered Demerec as a man who went around switching off lights and who refused to make non-essential repairs like replacing a broken toilet seat; but he was also a practicing *Drosophila* geneticist who had early seen the point of Delbrück's micro-organisms. Demerec, for example, first collected the seven phages that became the T set.

In 1945, at Cold Spring Harbor, Delbrück had given a summer course in bacteriophage research. Deliberately taught at a level that attracted established scientists from other fields, the phage course became a yearly institution and was an important instrument in the growth of the phage group. In 1947, at the age of forty-nine, Leo Szilard took the course, along with an associate, Aaron Novick, who later called it "a biology that had been made comfortable for people with backgrounds in the physical sciences," and explained, "In that three-week course, we were given a set of clear definitions, a set of experimental techniques, and the spirit of trying to clarify and understand. It seemed to us that Delbrück had created, almost single-handed, an area in which we could work." Another event every summer was the Cold Spring Harbor Symposium on Quantitative Biology, to which scientists came from all over the world; the series had begun in 1933 and after a three-year wartime lapse had been reëstablished in 1946 with a two-week meeting on heredity and variation in micro-organisms. Less formally, the phage group got together there to hear about one another's progress. Geneticists and microbiologists set up laboratories, often bringing their own equipment. Cold Spring Harbor in the summer grew to be the place where one could find people and be in useful prolonged contact with them. When Watson went there, it was informal, intimate, and exclusive, and even the play—swimming, canoeing, gathering clams or mussels, playing baseball in the evenings at the foot of the lawn, standing around talking on the road, having a beer at a place in the village called Neptune's Cave—was saturated and preoccupied with science. Years later, Watson wrote, "As the summer passed on I liked Cold Spring Harbor more and more, both for its intrinsic beauty and for the honest ways in which good and bad science got sorted out." It is interesting to compare the reminiscences of members of the phage group with the accounts—also numerous—of scientists who worked with Niels Bohr in Copenhagen in the nineteen-twenties and thirties. Delbrück succeeded in creating at Cold Spring Harbor that spirit of ceaseless questioning, dialogue, and open-armed embrace of a life in science which he had learned from Bohr—but with a down-to-earth American character and a good measure of his own high-minded intolerance of shoddy thinking.



In the fall of 1948, on an expedition to Chicago with Luria, Watson met Szilard. The encounter was unproductive. "Most conversations with Szilard occurred during meals, which seemingly consumed half of his time awake," Watson wrote. "Soon I was crushed by his remark that I did not know how to speak clearly." In Bloomington that winter, Watson took a course in proteins and nucleic acids which was taught by Felix Haurowitz, who—though Watson had no reason to know it—in Prague, twelve years earlier, had introduced Max Perutz to the mystery of what happens when the hemoglobin molecule takes up oxygen. In 1949, Haurowitz taught that proteins were so complex that only they themselves could direct their construction; he diagrammed a mechanism whereby a protein gene, stretched out on a rack of the DNA moiety of the chromosome, would collect amino acids, pairing like with like, to build an identical chain. (Delbrück, in a short paper he read at a Cold Spring Harbor symposium, had speculated about the energy requirements of such schemes for proteins' building their own duplicates, but that was in 1941.) Watson's own research reached the point where he knew he had a safe thesis—but a dull one. In the summer of 1949, he and others migrated to Pasadena instead of Cold Spring Harbor, because Delbrück's wife, Manny, was expecting a baby. Watson remembered the seminars several times a week, "dominated by Delbrück's insistence that the results logically fit into some form of pretty hypothesis;" camping trips that seemed innumerable; glimpses of Linus Pauling. Delbrück dryly told Watson that he was lucky his thesis was boring; otherwise, he might have to follow it up instead of having time to think and learn.

That fall, Watson and his mentors began to wonder where he should go once he got his Ph.D. To a young American in awe of Luria and Delbrück, Europe sounded like the only place to produce first-rate ideas. Herman Kalckar, a Danish biochemist, had taken Delbrück's first phage course at Cold Spring Harbor in 1945 and was known to be interested in phage reproduction and in nucleotide chemistry; Watson could be placed with Kalckar in Copenhagen, spread the phage gospel, and learn something about nucleoproteins. The matter was arranged for Watson early in November, on a weekend when Szilard had brought the phage people in the Midwest to Chicago, and when Delbrück and Kalckar himself also happened to be in town. Another young member of the phage group, Gunther Stent, who was a postdoctoral fellow with Delbrück, would also go to Kalckar's lab; a friend of Kalckar's in Copenhagen, Ole Maaløe, had taken the phage course with Delbrück the past summer in Pasadena. Luria helped Watson get a Merck Fellowship from the National Research Council—three thousand dollars for a year, and normally renewable. That spring, Watson wrote a draft of his thesis in a month, "but Luria did not like it and took it home for rewriting," he wrote. He passed his Ph.D. exam—"not surpris-

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ingly . . . without fuss"—in May of 1950, at the age of twenty-two, and spent June at Caltech and a final six weeks at Cold Spring Harbor.

The phage group was perceptibly growing: thirty-odd people came to the meeting late in August. Watson's interest was attracted by a report of some experiments with phage that had been fed a diet in which the phosphorus was a radioactive isotope, so that after it was made into phosphate groups of the phage DNA its fate in the next generation could be traced. The experiments were inconclusive—indeed, somewhat misleading—but they prompted a long succession of attempts to distinguish the functions of proteins and DNA in micro-organisms, and, in particular, to see what happens to the DNA. Anderson had just published his electron micrographs showing the liberation of DNA from phage inactivated by osmotic shock, which pointed in the same direction. Then Watson sailed for Europe.

Watson has always trailed after him a pungent mixture of frankness and reticence. One of the nervous springs of his intelligence is that he cannot help giving voice to impulsive reactions—to a piece of science, to an instance of bureaucracy, to an intellectual foible of an associate—that other people usually withhold. It makes him uneaseful company and the subject of endless anecdote. Probably as involuntary, less often noticed, is his inability to talk about motive, conviction, and belief except obliquely or in a tone of self-derision. Watson has called himself Salvador Luria's "first serious student." When Watson came to write his first book—"Molecular Biology of the Gene," an authoritative, extravagantly admired introductory text—he dedicated it to Luria. When he and Crick got the structure of DNA, the first person to whom he wrote about it from Cambridge was Max Delbrück. It's true, as Watson makes sure we realize, that Delbrück was a handy listening and talking post for Caltech's most formidable scientist, Linus Pauling—the one who Watson has claimed he believed was in direct competition with him and Crick for the structure. It is also true that throughout his accounts of the matter Watson gives his most spontaneous acts the color of calculation.

—Horace Freeland Judson

(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)

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[*Warren Hinckle in The Nation*]

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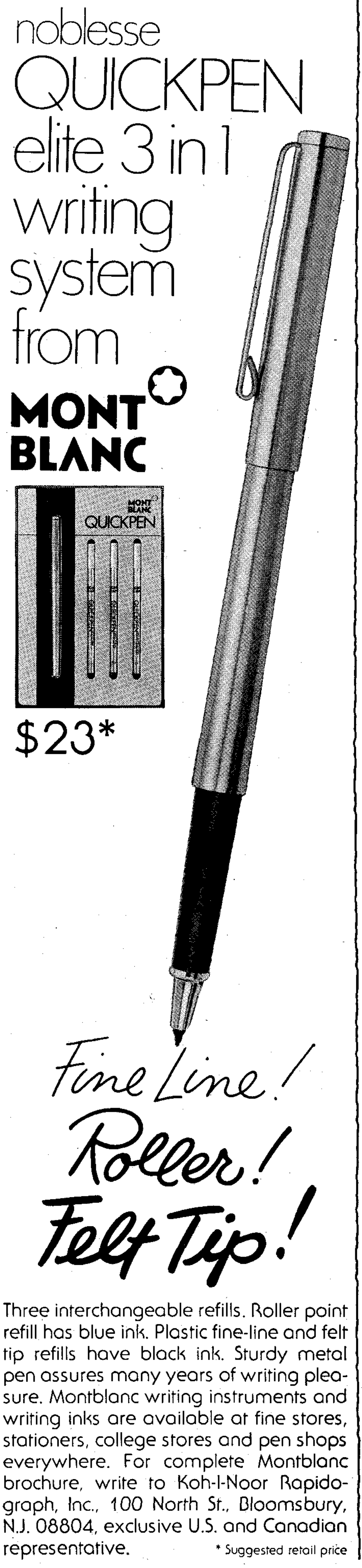

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FOOTBALL

Old Faces, New Faces

MANY of the Old Familiars who once spent their autumn Saturdays in the upper reaches of the Ivy League stadiums are now among the missing, to say nothing of the old customers in the seats lower down, and this commentator wishes that they were all back. At the impromptu *Kaffeeklatsche* (they were really Coca-Cola or Tab klatches) held in our catbird aerie, a deal of useful data on the skills of teams and of players there was not time enough for everyone to see could be swapped. But now that a new rule has just about abolished the role of scout (only one scout for one match with any future opponent from now on), these Old Familiars are no longer in attendance, and League football may be even quirkier than it was. For the films of the action on display which are shot by the camera crews of the universities involved are now the one source of news for the coaching staffs; by agreement, these films are exchanged. If the movie camera had been invented before football was invented, the size and shape of the playing field (and, indeed, of the teams themselves) might be rather different, inasmuch as today the needs of the television screen are paramount. But football, truly a Golden Oldie, remains as it is—a sport in which not all the participants can be picked up simultaneously by a single camera. And anyway, as all who have seen them know, the films done by the university camera crews often jump and jerk, and turn grainy at important moments. The scout is quicker than the camera in spotting exactly how a given maneuver develops, and so "defensing" (the trade term) against that maneuver is now just a bit harder; this can surely account every year for a certain number of what are known as "upsets." The more the better; absolute predictability could be the end of the real sporting life. And so adieu to the Old Familiars.

But new faces will, two years from now, be vis-à-vis the Ivy League, that Grande Dame (or Old Maid, if you are a dissident) of football. Let one more new house rule be mentioned: for reasons too arcane to be here explored, League football is now legal on every Saturday that falls between the seventeenth of September and Thanksgiving, which is, of course, a movable feast. It will be movable enough in 1980, say, to provide ten legal Saturdays, and for the first time the League will put on a ten-game season instead of the customary nine-game operation. This far in advance, Columbia has acquired Holy Cross as a competitor, Cornell has added Rutgers, William and Mary has been booked by both Harvard and Dartmouth, Pennsylvania has picked up neighboring Villanova, and Princeton has signed up Maine. Army returns to the League schedule, after a long hegira, against Harvard that same year, and Air Force is to visit Yale Bowl. Navy rejoins the year afterward, for a one-time stand against Yale, and in 1981 and 1983 Delaware will encounter Pennsylvania. Lafayette has a two-match deal with Princeton in the new scheme, and Navy has exactly the same deal. To the vast regret of this observer, some of these alterations will make Colgate a much less frequent visitor to the League; Holy Cross will be a much more frequent visitor. Brown becomes truly adventurous in 1983: that will be Penn State. A mostly black institution, Morgan State, which has been in these parts before, will have its first encounter with the League in 1984, against Yale. The notion that the League suffers from attacks of inbreeding may now be dismissed.

It is to be wondered whether all this is occasioned by a devout love of athletic endeavor or whether it has to do with the assembling of a wider variety of customer. Brown may know what it is doing when it picks on someone the size of Penn State, which at the moment appears to be more than a match for anyone else. A career in the Truly Big Time is what Rutgers now looks for, but though it is not within the Ivy League, it maintains close contact. Pennsylvania, which *is* in the League, once sailed the same course, and to the extent of—one memorable year—playing only one of its mates in what has become the League. League rules now make such a living-off-the-country expedition impossible; even in the ten-game years to come, only three of each team's encounters can go outside the League. But rules, as we have just seen, can change. Though only for the better, one hopes. —J. W. L.

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U.S. JOURNAL: SAN FRANCISCO

TINK

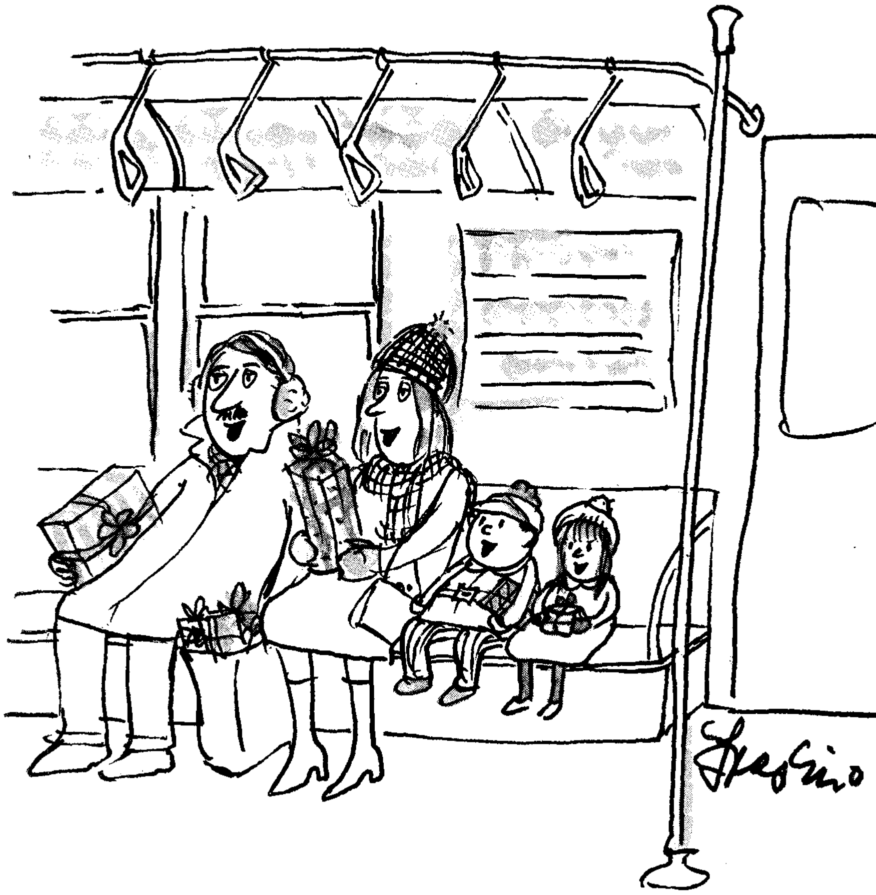
NOT long ago, while reading a Sunday edition of the Washington *Post*, I came across a book review written by a college friend of mine—a philosophy professor who signed the review Josiah Thompson but is known to just about everyone who has ever met him as Tink. Although Tink's nickname makes him sound playful, his specialty has been the cheerless Sören Kierkegaard. The last time I had noticed Tink's name in a book section was in 1973, when he was an associate professor of philosophy at Haverford: Knopf had published a biography by him that a lengthy review in *The New York Review of Books* said deserved to be read by all students of Kierkegaard. After reading the review that Tink had written in the *Post*, I glanced at the note on the reviewer to see if he was still teaching at Haverford. The note said that Josiah Thompson was "a private detective in San Francisco."

I read the author's note again. Now that twenty years have passed since Tink and I left college, I have started to become accustomed to hearing about classmates who suddenly change their style of dress or their jobs or their wives. We seem to have reached the time of life when reflections on beginnings and endings and aspirations and accomplishments can provoke some drastic decisions. The sort of career changes I usually hear about, though, turn an investment banker into a cattle rancher or an advertising executive into an innkeeper—changes almost as predictable now as the original choice was twenty years ago. For a moment, it occurred to me that the note about Tink in the *Post* was one of those notes that are meant to carry on some joke started by the book being reviewed—a joke I had clearly missed. But the book—"Lying," by Sissela Bok—was patently serious. A private detective? I realized I was not even certain what that means these days. A private detective like Sam Spade or Lew Archer? A private detective like the lumpy ex-cop who is hired to burst through the hotel-room door with a camera? I telephoned San Francisco information and asked if there was a listing for Josiah Thompson.

"We have one Josiah Thompson," the operator said. "With a telephone number but no address."

"That's him. That must be him," I said. A number but no address. How else would a private eye be listed?

IN the unlikely event that I had ever been asked if I knew any professors who could possibly become private eyes, I suppose Tink's name might have eventually come to mind. He did always have a taste for adventure. In college, Tink had played football despite being so much smaller than most of the other players that a friend of ours on the team, a kindly giant from the Midwest, always reacted to coming across him in a scrimmage by setting him aside gently on the way to a person of proper size. Tink's military service included commanding the Navy frogman detachment assigned to do beach reconnaissance before the Marines landed in Lebanon. At Haverford, he drove the sort of old Volvo that a lot of professors drive, but he also drove a motorcycle. In the late sixties, the last time I had the opportunity to talk with him at some length, he became known outside the scholarly journals as an amateur investigator of the John F. Kennedy assassination. He went to Dallas to search out witnesses; he become conversant with specialties like bullet trajectory and forensic pathology. He served for a time as a consultant to *Life* on the assassination, and he eventually published a book of his own, "Six Seconds in Dallas," which sought to prove the Warren Commission's single-bullet theory physically impossible. Tink had liked investigating the assassination. As someone suspicious of the government in general and bitterly opposed to its Vietnam War policy in particular, he saw his efforts as an opportunity to demonstrate that the government was capable of systematically lying to the public about the assassination and, therefore, about anything else. As someone who often seemed uncomfortable in the sort of academic hierarchy that made some other professors feel secure, he liked doing research in a field that recognized no credentials. ("There's no Ph.D. in the assassination.") As someone who, even in college, had always analyzed himself and his motives and his surroundings unsparingly, he felt, as he told me at the time, that "somehow one hopes to clarify one's own situation and one's own society by clarifying this." I may have been surprised to hear that Tink had become a private detective, but I was not surprised to



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hear that he had been questioning his life closely enough to consider a dramatic change.

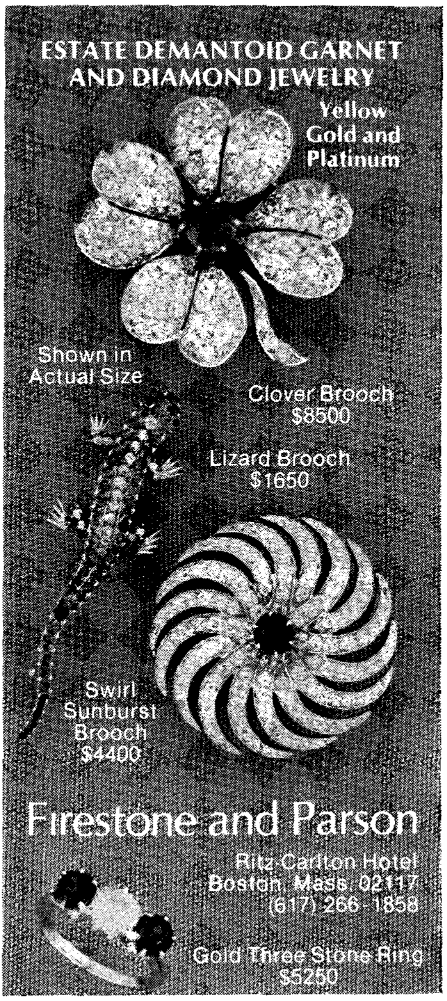
"Do you mean a private detective like in the movies?" I said when I finally reached him on the telephone.

"What's remarkable is how much like the movies it is," Tink said. He told me that he had done a lot of investigation for defense lawyers in political cases—one of the Huey Newton trials, for instance, and the trial of Bill and Emily Harris—but that he had also worked on conventional murders and even divorce cases. He was in fact a private detective, at hire for twenty-five dollars an hour plus expenses.

"I'll be there Monday," I said. "Meet me for breakfast."

TINK was wearing old corduroys, scuffed motorcycle boots, a work shirt, and a down hiking vest. He looked younger than most of the classmates I've run across lately. His hair was tousled, and he still spoke with the sort of informal friendliness that leads people to call him Tink within five or ten minutes of meeting him even if he has just quoted Heidegger. After a while, he pulled out a name badge identifying him as a poll-taker for a survey firm. The badge was for a job he was not looking forward to doing. At the request of a detective in another city, Tink was trying to find out whether a client's ex-wife could be shown to be living with and taking support from another man—a situation that would constitute an argument for reducing the client's alimony payments. The plan—or the scam, as Tink put it—was to get into the apartment as a survey-taker. The survey included, among the usual questions on Proposition 13 and the legalization of marijuana, some questions that could lead to revelations Tink's client would be interested in—questions about the number and relationship of the people in the household, for instance, and about the advantages of a law "granting full spousal rights to people living together for over one year." Tink, as it turned out, carried an array of business cards and credentials, including one that identifies him as the rector of St. Mary's in the Hollow. The most impressive cover he has ever used, he acknowledged, is provided by a card that introduces him as Josiah Thompson, professor of philosophy, Haverford College.

When Tink first began working part-time as a private detective, in the fall of 1976, the Haverford card described him accurately. He had arrived in California late that summer with the



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intention of using a sabbatical to write a biography of Nietzsche. His future at Haverford seemed assured. He had been given early tenure. Once he completed the Kierkegaard biography—which he had done research for in Denmark during his previous sabbatical—he was under no pressure to continue publishing books and articles. After his return from Denmark, in 1970, though, he found himself with increasing doubts about both scholarship and teaching. "In the academic world, the way one goes about proving things is too soft," he told me. "There's the well-crafted lecture. Was it true? Well, sure, but all sorts of other interpretations were also true." The students he was teaching seemed blander than those he had taught in the sixties—heightening his concern that what he was doing was "adding two per cent on top" of the education that upper-middle-class children were going to get whether he was involved or not. He seemed to have a professional life without risk. His antiwar activities became riskier—moving from civil disobedience to the sort of operations that were then grouped under the category of "bringing the war home." When he and his wife, Nancy, and their two children left for California in 1976—settling in Bolinas, a sort of Walden Pond for the comfortably laid-back, in western Marin County, north of San Francisco—it was with the intention of returning to Haverford after the sabbatical year. But, Tink told me, "there were intimations that it was an ending."

A few months later, while Tink was out riding his motorcycle, he stopped at a café and happened to meet someone who had hired Hal Lipset, the best-known private investigator in San Francisco, to find two children who had been snatched away during an argument about custody. The Nietzsche book was not going well. Tink was facing the sort of strains in his marriage that seem to have become endemic among our classmates in the last few years. He was restless. His assured future at Haverford seemed a burden rather than a comfort. "I looked down the road, and I couldn't see any highs," he told me. He missed the excitement of working on real rather than academic puzzles—what he calls "that very unusual *frisson* when you figure out something on paper and then go out in the real world and find it true." He arranged to have dinner with Lipset, and asked for a part-time job. Two days later, Tink went into San Francisco to have what he understood was

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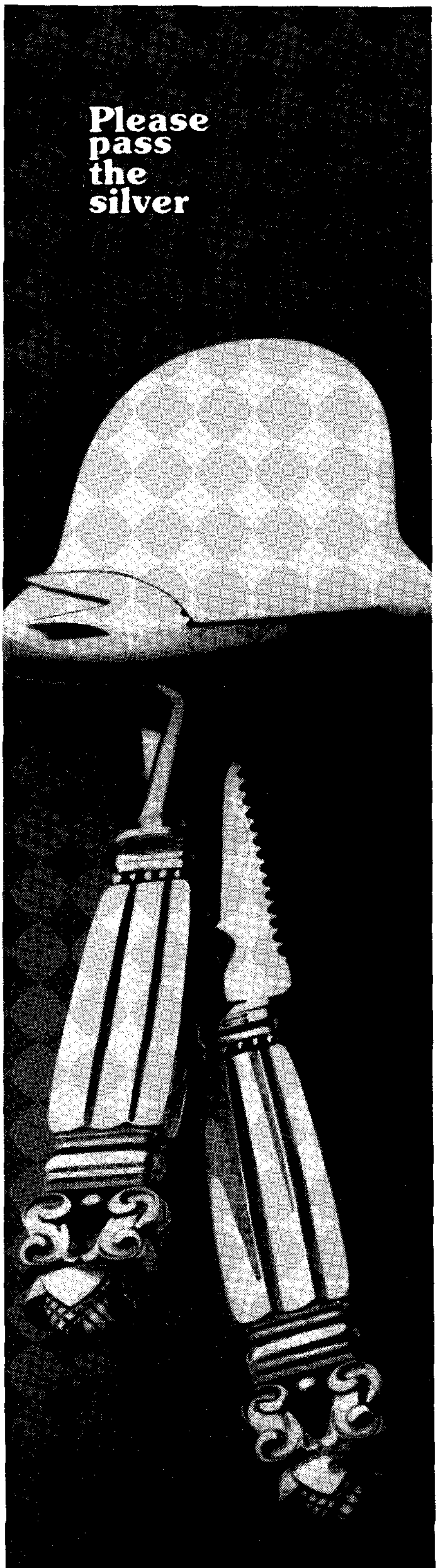

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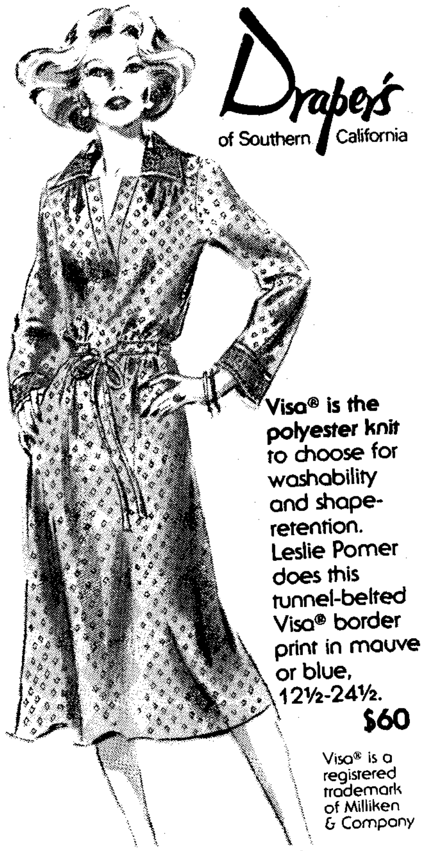
to be a more formal job interview with David Fechheimer, then Lipset's junior partner. He was immediately sent out on surveillance—assigned to watch one participant in a violent strike at a company in Oakland. "I thought, Well, they're doing a real trip on the professor," Tink told me. A lot of detectives consider surveillance one of the most boring aspects of their work. Tink, as it turned out, loved surveillance, even though he seemed to lose his man continually that first day. "Surveillance is the paradigmatic activity," he told me. "You are literally the private eye—the eye that sees but is not seen. There's a power to it."

Tink assumed that Lipset had hired him because of his work on the Kennedy assassination—there was some talk at the time that Lipset might be hired by the assassination committee then being organized in Congress—but both Lipset and Fechheimer say that they merely thought it good business to hire an obviously competent Ph.D. who was willing to sit outside someone's house all night for five dollars an hour. At the time, Tink was not the only person of rather impressive education who had been attracted to the Lipset Service. Hal Lipset, who served in the Second World War as a Military Police investigating officer, had opened an office in San Francisco in the nineteen-forties which specialized in providing investigative services for lawyers, and had become widely credited with raising the standards of private investigation in the city. By the nineteen-seventies, of course, the matching of people's education with their employment was no longer the rather simple matter it had been when Tink and I and the investment bankers and the advertising executives left college. Jack Palladino, who was in charge of the Lipset Service's operation in the Oakland strike, had graduated from Cornell, done graduate work in political science, and got a law degree from Boalt Hall, the University of California's law school at Berkeley. Another of the Lipset Service regulars, a young Australian woman named Sandra Sutherland, who originally joined a San Francisco detective agency with the idea that private investigating might be good training for investigative reporting, had done graduate work in developmental psychology and, with two other women, published a book of poems, "Almost Like Dancing," in 1975. The story of how David Fechheimer became a detective is one of the staples of the overeducated-private-eye world of San Francisco. According to the story, Fech-



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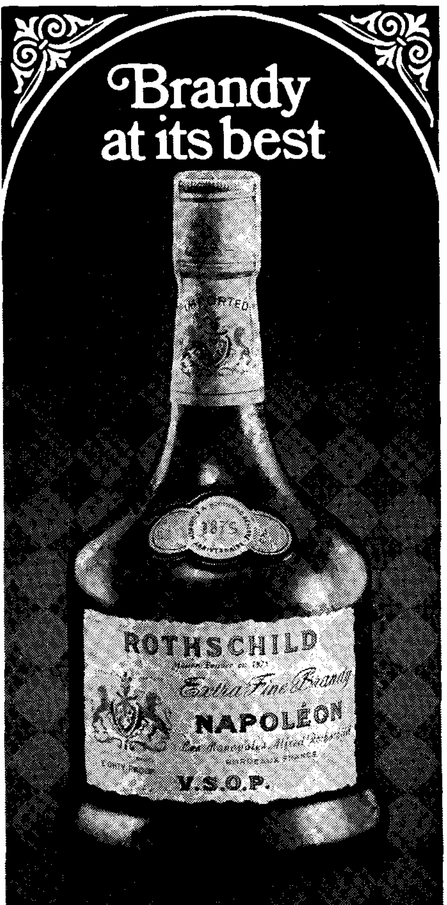

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heimer, then a graduate student at San Francisco State, read "The Maltese Falcon," by Dashiell Hammett, the former Pinkerton man, for a course in American realism, and reacted to the experience by phoning the Pinkerton agency to say, "I don't suppose you hire people with beards and no experience."

"A beard! We need a guy with a beard," the Pinkerton man said. "Come right on over."

When Fechheimer left the Lipset Service, in 1977, only a few months after Tink had been hired, Tink went with him as a sort of apprentice. Within a month or so, Tink found himself working on a murder case in Los Angeles, where two members of the American Indian Movement had been accused of killing a taxi-driver. Fastening on one piece of physical evidence—a taximeter—Tink spent days compiling a report that his colleagues still refer to as a model of research and analysis. He travelled to the Midwest to find a witness named Roland Knox and bring him back to Los Angeles. "It was a political case, filled with intrigue," Tink told me. "Most important, it was a murder case." It was the sort of opportunity Tink had in mind when he talked about "figuring something out that's not just a scholarly game."

When it came time to return to Haverford or give up his position on the faculty—and give up with it an assured salary and tuition assistance for his children's education and the other perquisites of what he had always thought of as "a soft life"—Tink and Nancy did some serious thinking. Not all his cases had been as satisfying as the Los Angeles murder. Once, he spent all night in a tree outside a house trying to get compromising pictures for a divorce case, only to find out that he was in a tree outside the wrong house. (He found out when the local police picked him up that morning

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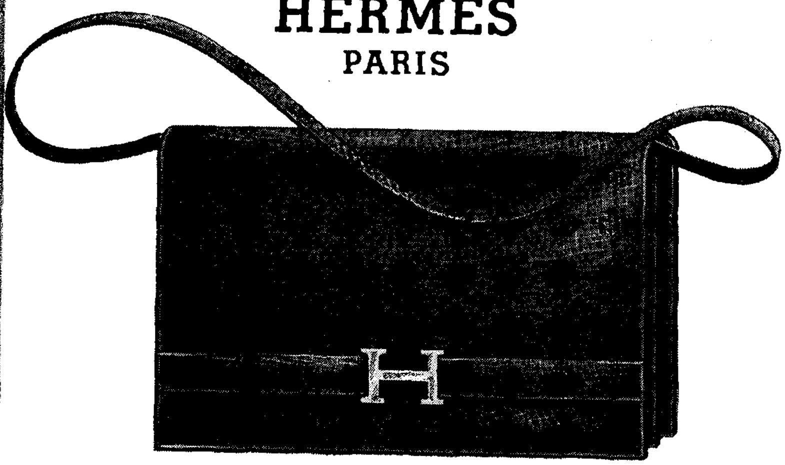

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lurking in some bushes with a camera.) Working for Lipset or for Fechheimer, he had not made enough money to support his family without the sabbatical pay from Haverford. Tink had always found Haverford remarkably free of the backbiting and petty jealousies that are supposed to be staples of faculty life, but the same could not be said for the world of the educated private eye in San Francisco. Still, he decided to resign from the faculty. Part of his decision, he thinks, had to do with preferring life in California to life in Pennsylvania. Part of it had to do with not being able to see any highs in his future at Haverford. Part of it, he knows, had to do with being hooked on detective work. "If I had gone back," he told me, "I knew in five years I'd look back and see myself walking into that courtroom in Los Angeles with Roland Knox, functioning at the top level, and I'd say, 'No guts, baby.' " This fall, when Fechheimer more or less decided to give up detective work for a while, Tink joined Jack Palladino and Sandra Sutherland—who are now husband and wife as well as colleagues—to form a new partnership. The business card that describes Tink accurately these days—or will as soon as the printer delivers it—says *Palladino, Sutherland & Thompson, Investigations.*

OVER lunch, in North Beach, Tink discussed the survey scam with his partners, acknowledging that he was somewhat troubled by the deception involved. Palladino had come up with the idea of a survey as naturally as Tink thought of posing as a philosophy professor, since the name of the company on Tink's name badge was in fact the name of a survey firm that Palladino ran while he was in graduate school. Palladino, who looks more like a trial lawyer than a detective, is particularly interested in the technology of detective work and of weaponry, although not to the extent of carrying a gun. ("I have a bulletproof vest, but it ruins my fitted suits.") He and Sandra Sutherland agreed that any of the conventional methods private investigators would use in the alimony case Tink was working on—bribing a building superintendent, spying, buying copies of both parties' bank records—would involve what Tink calls "the fundamental ambivalence" of trying to find out the truth through deceit. "This is a community of liars," Tink said. "But there's a sort of honor here. There's so much deceit, so much lying, so much

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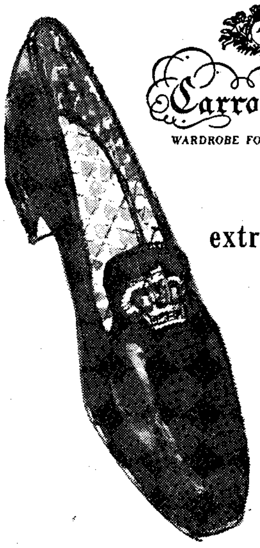

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manipulation, that the trust and honor with your partners and your client has to be strong."

"In another context," Sandra Sutherland said, smiling, "it's been called honor among thieves."

Tink smiled, too, and, after complaining a bit about the amateurish quality of the printing on his name badge, he left to take his survey. Despite having responded to Tink's talk about ambivalence with a joke, Sandra Sutherland acknowledged that the tension involved in what Lipset calls "the honest con" is one of the attractions of the detective business for her as well. In introducing her section of "Almost Like Dancing," she wrote, "I work as a private investigator, an occupation which exemplifies that 'genius for lying and adoration for the truth' that Denise Levertov has attributed to the poet." Having been deeply involved in the antiwar movement herself, she was particularly engaged at first by political cases—she was an investigator for the defense in the Angela Davis trial—but the fascination carries over to "the three-hundred-dollar murder" in Oakland, the casual drug or liquor stabbing for which the court might grant the public defender a few hundred dollars for defense investigation. "I think there are fascinations in this business for people who have led protected lives and think there are things about the world they ought to know and don't," she told me. "I always felt vulnerable, like a potential victim. I wanted to know how the cards are dealt."

But how, I asked, do people like Palladino, Sutherland & Thompson learn how the cards are dealt? How did Tink know how to record a conversation surreptitiously with a Nagra tape recorder or how an ignition might have been primed to explode an Atlas blasting cap wired to the coil? How did Palladino know about computer crime or the techniques of neutron-activation analysis on nails? How did they know which tests could be run on a piece of cloth or how to get somebody's Veterans Administration records?

They learned a lot through working with experienced people like Lipset, she said, and through trial and error, and, of course, through books. "We simply read a book on the subject," she said. "It helps to be an ex-intellectual."

Tink returned, wearing his name badge, and said that there had been nobody home.

THE sort of question that occurred to me when I heard that Tink had become a private detective—

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“A private detective like Sam Spade or Lew Archer?”—continues to occur to him and his colleagues. Fechheimer, after two years with the Pinkertons and eight years with Lipset and two years on his own, remains a Hammett buff—a collector of Hammett memorabilia, an adviser on Hammett films, a patron of John's Grill, a San Francisco restaurant that was mentioned in Hammett's fiction and now features Sam Spade Chops on the menu. Sandra Sutherland, who has both worked as a free-lance journalist and pretended to work as a free-lance journalist as a way of prying information from the prosecution, still refers to one of her former bosses as “a character out of a John le Carré novel.” Jack Palladino talks of the investigator's life as having to do with “working backstage,” and Tink says that he thinks of each job more as a story than a case. “You get involved in the story, almost always in a pivotal moment in people's lives,” he told me. “Then you begin to play a role with the other actors.”

“I SIMPLY don't believe he did it,” a young woman I'll call Grace was saying to Tink. “I grew up with him. His mom raised us. It's just not in his character.” Tink nodded, and took notes on a yellow legal pad. The person Grace was talking about—he can be called Vernon—was being held in the Marin County jail on a capital murder charge, accused of having stabbed a nineteen-year-old girl more than a hundred times. Vernon's mother, a black woman from a town nearby, had worked as a housekeeper for Grace's parents for years. “I'll be blown out if he did it,” Grace went on.

Tink had spent part of the previous day talking to Vernon's lawyer. Another part had been spent making another attempt to work his survey scam. Tink had again failed to get into the apartment, although he succeeded in speaking to the woman on the intercom and had so interested the building superintendent in the survey that the super wanted to fill one out himself. Vernon's defense lawyer had asked Tink to spend some time with Grace, who had come back to her parents' home from Oregon to help with the case. The lawyer also wanted Tink to run a time check on an automobile trip from Vernon's house to a hospital where he had gone on the night of the murder to have a cut hand attended to. The cut hand, which Vernon claimed to have suffered in a fight with a motorcyclist, was not the only sticky point in the defense. Vernon had gone to a hospital miles away from his apartment. He had registered under a false name. His fingerprints had been found at the murder scene. His story explaining his presence in the victim's apartment was complicated.

Grace's parents' house was one of those Marin County houses which are built partway down a cliff—with a couple of levels of gardens, and lush shrubbery, and a view of Tamalpais. Some heavy leather furniture and a lot of bookcases and some wooden ceiling beams and a few turn-of-the-century photographs gave the inside of the house an Old California feeling—an odd place to be talking about whether the victim had been involved in cocaine dealings or how many times the weapon had penetrated her skull. It occurred to me that Lew Archer had conducted similarly discordant interviews in a number of similar houses.

Tink had been called in by Vernon's lawyer at the last minute—the prosecution had already begun to present its case in court—and Grace brought him up to date with the help of a huge loose-leaf notebook filled with carefully organized police reports. She was calm and articulate—obviously a person of considerable intelligence as well as loyalty. I was taken by surprise when she said that, having consulted a psychic, she knew the real murderer was a man named Charles who worked in Reno. Tink didn't look surprised. “Well, the problem with that is that locating this Charles would take a lot of time,” Tink said when Grace asked what could be done about following up the lead the psychic had provided. “Also, you're locked into a different story.”

Tink continued to take careful notes. After a while, he looked up and said, “The main problem, then, is that we've got his prints and blood at the scene.”

“And that he wrote an anonymous letter implying he did it, and sent it to the police,” Grace said, in the same calm voice. “They found his fingerprints on it.” She flipped to the proper section of the notebook and showed Tink a copy of the letter.

I thought Tink was going to sigh, but he didn't. “I'd like to take a look at his apartment and her apartment,” he said.

Tink and Grace and I spent the day in Marin County, driving around in Tink's battered Volvo. We went to both apartments. We went to the county jail, where Tink spent some time interviewing Vernon. We followed Vernon's route to the hospital, where Tink interviewed the emergen-

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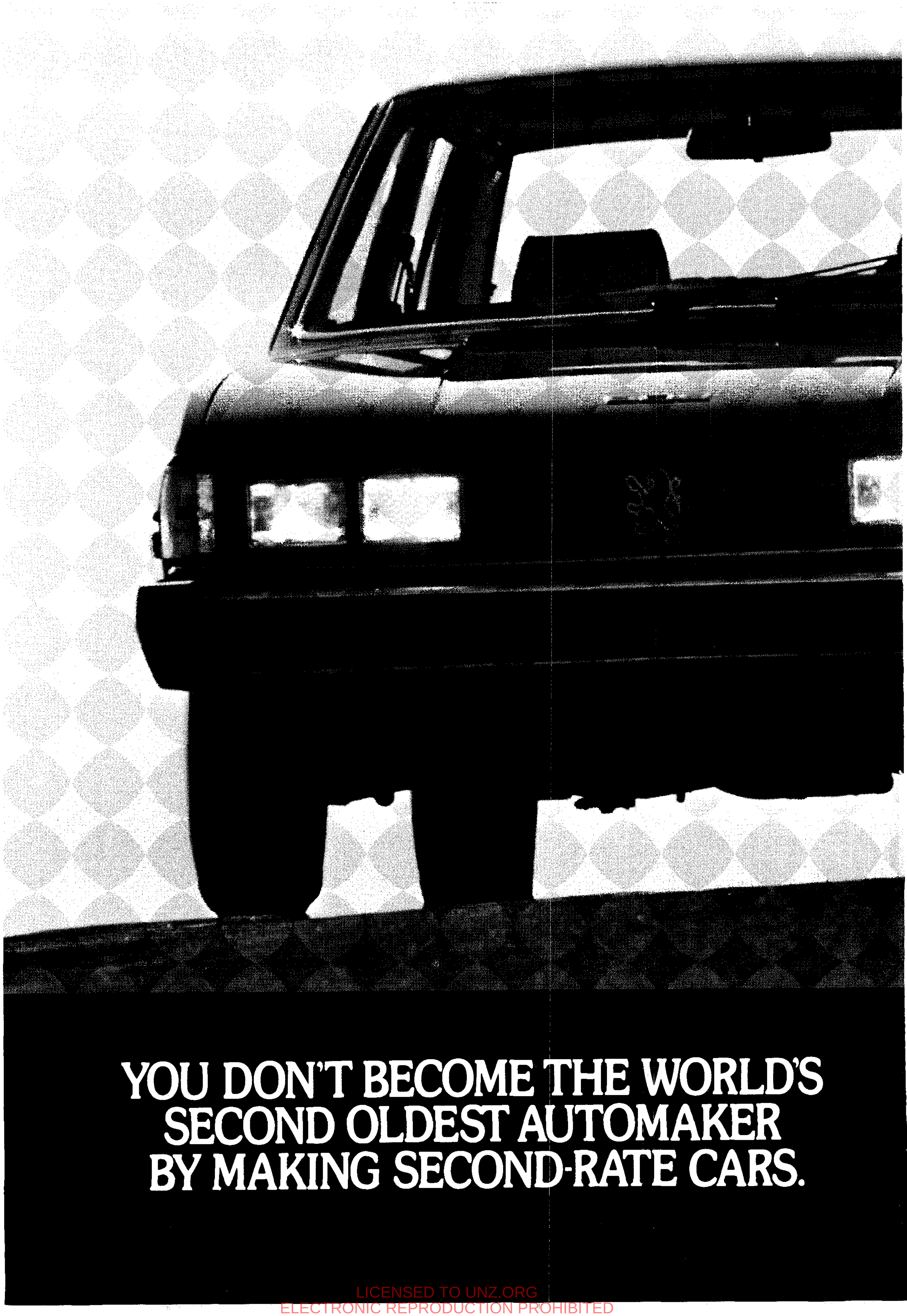

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cy-room receptionist to find out how many minutes had been taken up that night with paperwork before Vernon was clocked in. What the lawyer had asked of Tink was rather narrow, but Tink had a number of ideas of his own—more sophisticated laboratory tests that could be done on some of the evidence, for instance, and a new method of finding the motorcyclist Vernon claimed he met.

Between stops, Tink lamented the limited time and resources that were available for the investigation. There were obviously other reasons to be discouraged: when I tried to think of a weak point in the district attorney's case, all I could think of was that he did not have a film of Vernon committing the murder. Tink, though, seemed exhilarated rather than discouraged. "You know," he said as we drove toward Grace's house late in the afternoon, "this is just the kind of case I really love. So much of it depends on logical analysis of the evidence. Really paying attention." Whatever the problems, Tink was obviously enjoying himself. "When all those heavy philosophical things are said and done," he had told me the day before, "it's just so much more fun than anything else."

Grace looked at Tink. "You know," she said, "you have some character aspects like Lieutenant Columbo."

Tink smiled and shrugged, and ran his hand through his hair—which was, of course, already tousled.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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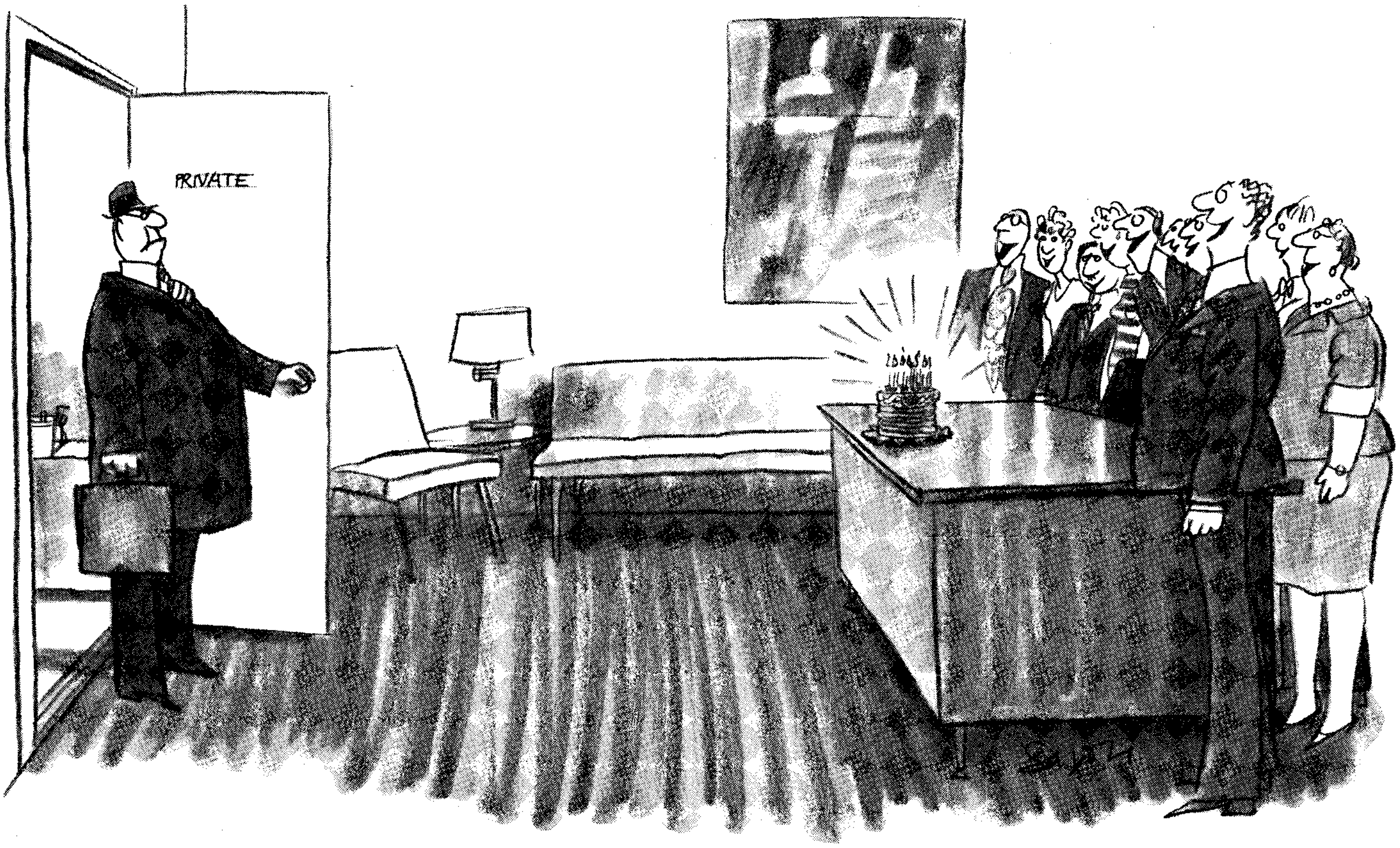
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

GIFTS FOR THE HOUSE

LAST year, we added a shop to our list of sources of Christmas presents for the house—Manhattan Ad Hoc Housewares, 842 Lexington Avenue (64th)—which delighted us and puzzled us. We were delighted by the quantity of plain, handsome, well-designed cooking and eating utensils on view there (things like white vitrified-china bowls and casseroles, stainless-steel colanders, brown stoneware teapots, windowpane-checked linen dish towels) and puzzled by the almost equal quantity of grim necessaries (things like mops, pails, dustpans, garbage cans, scouring pads, scrub brushes, work gloves). The shop was a kind of combination Design Research and janitorial-supply depot. There was nothing else like it in town, and to account for the shop's peculiar (though by no means unpleasant) character we decided that the owners must be Swedes or Finns. Today, we know better. A book arrived on our desk a few weeks ago called "High-Tech: the Industrial Style and Source Book for the Home," by Joan Kron and Suzanne Slesin (Potter; $27.50), which explicates and illustrates a new style in interior design—one that uses "utilitarian industrial equipment and materials, out of context, as home furnishings" and, in effect, makes houses look inside the way the Centre Georges Pompidou looks outside. In the new interior—the authors propose "George Meany Modern" as a name for the style—pipes and support posts are proudly exposed, floors are covered with the dock plate used on destroyer decks and sidewalk cellar doors, furniture is upholstered with movers' pads, closets are appointed with dry-cleaners' rotating racks, the refrigerator is a hospital blood bank, bookcases are commercial steel shelving, chests of drawers are stacked swimming-pool baskets, lighting is from factory lamps, and the dining-room table is a restaurant booth. The book opens up a world of possibilities—suddenly everything can be used as anything—and ends with a useful directory of nearly two thousand industrial sources, arranged by subject. Manhattan Ad Hoc is one of the small number of retailers included in the directory (and illustrated in the book proper), and, revisiting it this year, we were no longer mystified by the pails and mops, of which there seems to be an even greater preponderance. In the light of "High-Tech," we could see how prescient the owners (two women, American and Australian) had been, how avant-garde the store was. Last year, our own lack of prescience prevented us from making any Christmas-gift recommendations from among the janitorial supplies; this year, we can think of no more fashionable gift than the Rubbermaid commercial twenty-two-gallon cylindrical trash bin with a push-and-swing lid, of the sort in use at McDonald's and Burger King, which is priced here at $29.95, in a choice of gray, beige, or white. Manhattan Ad Hoc carries only the commercial Rubbermaid line, which is sturdier, better-looking (the design is blunter and stronger, the colors are not Harvest), and more expensive than the residential line, sold at hardware and department stores. Rubbermaid's rectangular wastebaskets, which have an appearance of pared-down orderliness, are offered here in four sizes: small, for $2; medium, for $3.10; large, for $3.95; and huge, for $5.75. The Rubbermaid commercial bucket has an extra-large spout, a wire handle with an orange plastic grasping bar, interior measuring marks in litres, quarts, and pints, and the mysterious lambency that objects acquire the moment they are nominated for the Museum of Modern Art Design Collection—as this object just was. If elected, it will bring



"Surprise!"

the Collection's bucket membership up to two. The bucket is offered in two sizes: ten-quart, for $3.75, and fourteen-quart, for $5.75.

A dramatic illustration of the transforming power of context is the stainless-steel hospital utility cart that Manhattan Ad Hoc has piled with cozy tea things and thereby completely de-institutionalized. The cart has large rubber wheels, big, rounded handlebars, and three serving surfaces. It is an elegant and excellent piece of equipment; $134. The white cotton hospital thermal blankets that Manhattan Ad Hoc offers in two sizes and patterns are similarly free of depressing associations; they just look nice and feel good. The seventy-seven-by-ninety-six-inch double-bed blanket has a chevron pattern superimposed on its loose thermal weave, and costs $32.50; the sixty-six-by-ninety-inch single-bed blanket has wide borders of tightly woven cotton edging its long sides, plus a narrow central band of that weave, and costs $26.50. White cotton hospital gowns with slits front and back are $11.95 and are recommended as cooks' aprons, artists' smocks, and negligees. In the restaurant-supply genre, Manhattan Ad Hoc playfully brings the stainless-steel domed and footed compote of the Chinese restaurant to the home booth ($11.25), together with the unprepossessing little footed stainless-steel dish in which the waiter mournfully produces an order of plain vanilla ice cream ($2.50). Lesser-known but noteworthy are Ad Hoc's restaurant Parmesan-cheese shaker—a rounded, diagonally fluted glass jar with a perforated stainless-steel top (ninety-five cents)—and its stainless-steel gravy boat, whose curved handle and elongated spout give it a gracious, sort of Colonial aspect ($14.95).

Among Manhattan Ad Hoc's non-industrial selections, note a line of natural-maple spice racks, clean and concise in appearance, with an indentation for the bottles, to keep them from sliding off. A three-shelf rack, seventeen inches tall, thirteen and a half inches wide, and three inches deep, is $29.95. Soft cotton dish towels woven with thin red stripes ($1.35) and juice glasses printed with the words "Manhattan Ad Hoc Housewares" in an oval of red lettering (fifty-five cents) are examples of the pleasing small presents one can find here.

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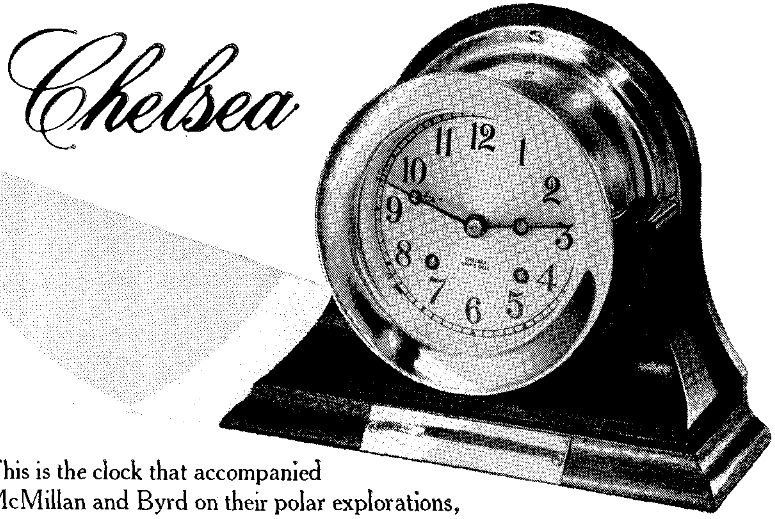

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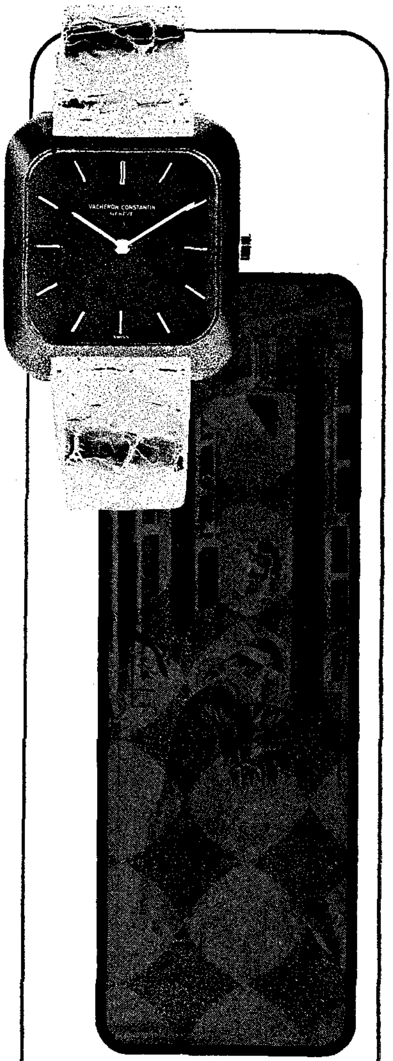
thousand. Kron and Slesin, recalling a scolding they received from a salesman at a scaffolding firm who was affronted by their "trivializing" of his product when they asked for shoring posts for their hammock, suggest that "in certain dealings it is better to [imply] that you want a hospital sink for a doctor's office you are building than to say you are putting it in your powder room." A few pages later, they advise supplicants at the doors of restaurant-supply houses to "say you are opening a small motel or coffee shop or buying for your club." Here in Manhattan, the latter subterfuge, at least, is unnecessary: we have all long enjoyed access to restaurant china and professional cooking equipment through the redoubtable Bridge Company, at 212 East 52nd Street, and now a second, equally serious retail source of restaurant supply has come into existence. This is the Professional Kitchen, 18 Cooper Square, near Fifth Street—an offshoot of the venerable ninety-year-old restaurant-supply firm of H. Friedman & Sons, Inc., whose showroom and headquarters are next door, at No. 16. The Friedman showroom—carpeted, hushed, with things stiffly displayed in softly lit glass cases—has the klutzy gentility of a 1950 department store. The Professional Kitchen has the sleek brutalism of seventies high style. With its gleaming stainless-steel pots and pans and utensils, black-rubber flooring, wire shelving, hulking dark restaurant ranges, clinical white porcelain, it yokes sombre, machined Kruppwerk realism to a kind of outer-space futurism. (The place is clearly more attuned to Darth Vader's sauerbraten than to George Meany's Shake 'n Bake chicken.) To enter the Professional Kitchen is to feel the *frisson* of the more-than-up-to-date—and to be struck afresh by interior decoration's nervous susceptibility to fashion. "Looks" in kitchens and living rooms come and go as fast as the hem lengths and cuts of dresses. That the "vernacular look"—natural-wood shelving, butcher-block counters, earthenware pottery, American antiques, baskets, plants, quilts—is now out is made only too evident by the Professional Kitchen's stern veto of all such obsolete amenities. (An occasional concession to the need to chop is evidenced by grudging pieces of butcher block shoved into corners.)

Behind the Professional Kitchen's dazzling display of industrial chic lies the reality of its offerings' excellence and their appropriateness to domestic application. The restaurant ranges that are sold here in various sizes and types



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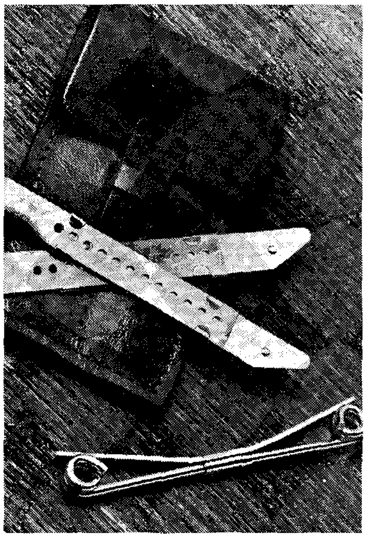

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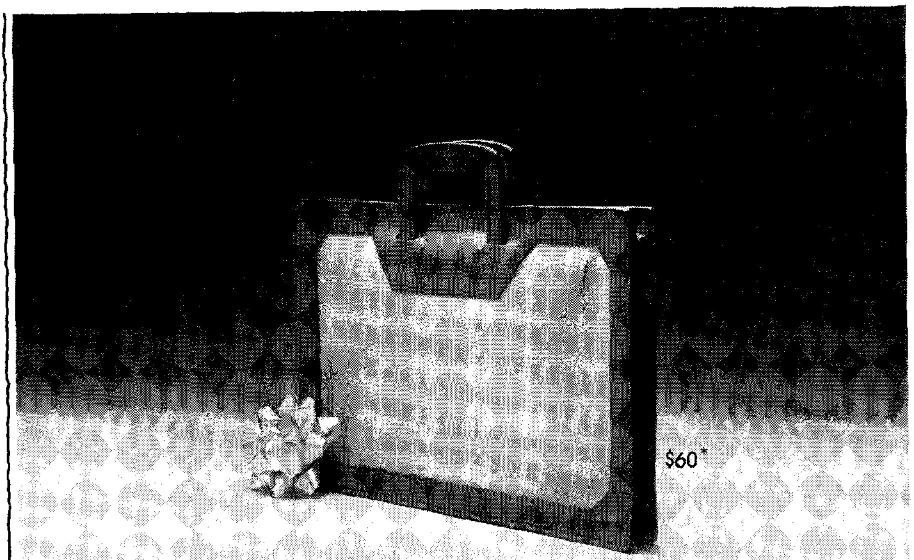
are a case in point. They are in every way better equipment for cooking than the ranges made for the domestic market—for *cooking,* we said, not for self-cleaning, not for turning themselves on and off while you're in Europe, not for providing exciting panoramic views of the mozzarella melting on your frozen pizza. These units perform only two functions: they provide heat for cooking on top of the stove, and they provide heat for cooking in the oven. That's it. But they perform the two functions with exquisite reliability and sensitivity; the large ovens provide even heat at the temperature wanted, and the gas burners can be adjusted from a mere whisper of flame to the leaping hotness of fourteen thousand Btu (in the case of the Garland range), or even twenty thousand Btu (in the case of the South Bend range). Ordinary ranges achieve ten thousand Btu at the most. The high-heat potential is important for certain cooking operations; wok cookery, for example, just doesn't work without extreme heat. In response to the growing interest in restaurant ranges among apartment dwellers, the Garland company has put out a compact four-burner version of the traditional six-burner range, retaining, however, the capacious twenty-two-by-twenty-six-inch oven of the original. In the standard charcoal-gray baked-enamel finish, the four-burner unit is $475. Garland's six-burner range is $610 in enamel and $882 in stainless. The South Bend line begins with a six-burner range ($630 in enamel and $822 in stainless), whose oven is twenty-six inches square. Versions that sprawl out to provide broilers and griddles are available in both lines; and all the ranges but the Garland four-burner are equipped with a high shelf over the stove top. The Professional Kitchen can arrange for installation, and charges for delivery—the charge depending on location and strain.

What we have just told you was part of a lecture that Ted Matern, the young assistant manager, delivered to us in the back of the store, where the model restaurant ranges stand. Next, we were turned over to a young woman named Mara Levy, who is the store manager, and who educated us in Paderno, a stainless-steel professional cookware, made in Italy, that the store carries in a profusion of shapes and sizes. Paderno's assets, Mara Levy told us, are the non-reactiveness of stainless to food and the provision of heavy heat-conductive aluminum on the bottoms of the pots and pans. A two-quart sauce-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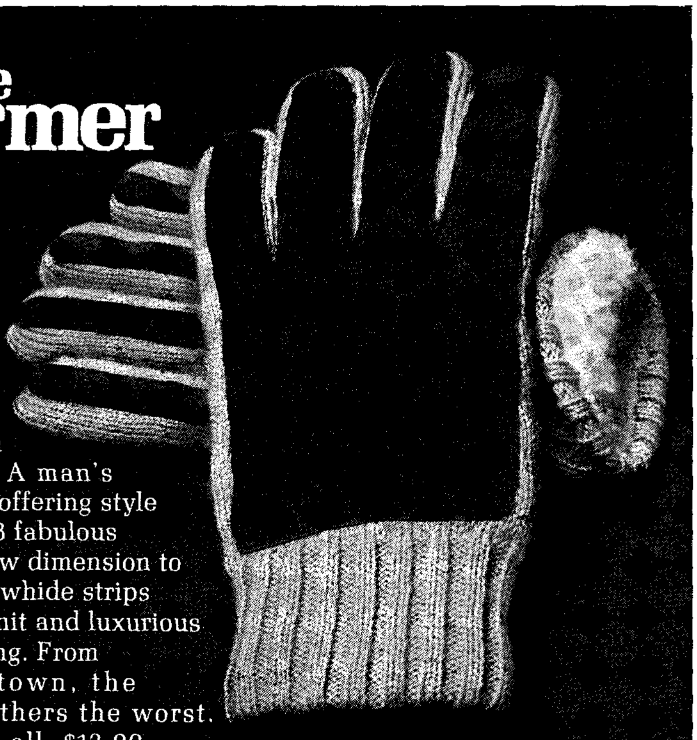
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pan with a long, heavy, deltoid handle is $28.05, a four-quart pot is $42.60, and a six-quart pot is $60.35; lids are extra. Versions with two loop handles instead of one long one are available at the same prices. Two-inch-deep sauté pans are $51, for a pan eleven inches in diameter; $62.95, for a thirteen-inch pan; and $87.25, for a fifteen-inch one. For less exacting cooks, the Professional Kitchen offers the less expensive, though still not cheap, Calphalon line, made of an aluminum alloy that is harder than ordinary aluminum and thus less porous, if not as nearly impervious as stainless. (Mara Levy pointed out that even the cheapest aluminum eventually "breaks in" and stops imparting a metallic flavor to food. Which figures: aluminum would hardly remain the best-selling cooking medium it is in this country if it made food taste bad.) Calphalon has a blackish, not unattractive color. A one-and-a-half-quart saucepan with a long handle of tinned cast iron is $13.75 in a lightweight version and $20.65 in a heavyweight version; aluminum lids are $3.30. Heavyweight Calphalon fry pans range from $10.50, for a seven-inch pan, to $32, for a fourteen-inch pan.

A huge stainless-steel colander, thirteen inches in diameter, with a ring stand, two handles, and an eight-quart capacity, makes one realize that the regular domestic colander is too small for the draining of pasta and the washing of salad greens. This gleaming, elegant thing is $10.30. Of similar presence are the Professional Kitchen's stainless-steel canisters, which "in reality," so to speak, are hospital dressing jars. These sleek cylinders have tight-fitting flat tops that lift off with simple bar handles, and they start at $12.25, for a small, squat pint canister, and go up to $46, for an eight-quart canister. Another stainless-steel object, which looks like a Bauhaus student's triumphant solution to the Pitcher Problem—with its well-proportioned straight-sided body and square-cut handle—proves to be another item of hospital supply; $14.05.

For people planning to throw out the tacky wood shelves and cabinets they installed in their kitchens three or four years ago under the sway of the rustic look, the Professional Kitchen can supply the same unattractive free-standing Erecta wire shelving that it uses in its shop as display cases and that receives enthusiastic endorsement in "High-Tech." The shelving is supported by chrome-steel posts and comes in three standard widths and in innumerable lengths; the posts come in

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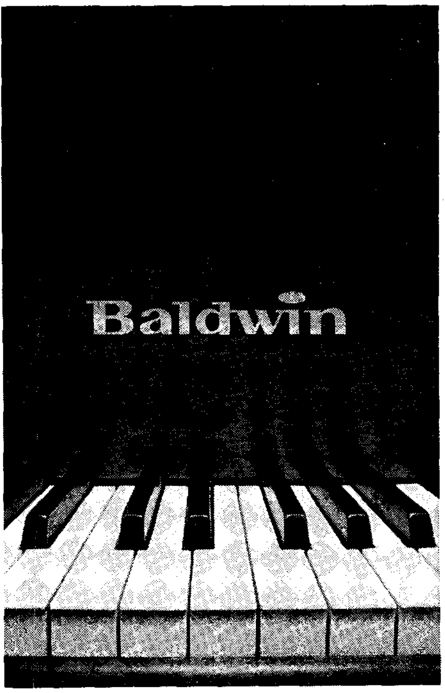

Ursula Oppens' Accompanist

innumerable heights. To give an idea of prices: a seven-foot-high unit of six twenty-four-inch-square shelves, at $19.71 a shelf and $9.09 a post, costs a total of $154.62. For an extra $15, someone from the Professional Kitchen will come to your apartment (if it's in Manhattan) and erect your Erecta set.

LIKE Manhattan Ad Hoc, the anomalously proletarian Bailey/Huebner shop at Henri Bendel has been a quiet harbinger of the industrial aesthetic, and by way of acknowledging its secret agenda the shop has put out copies of "High-Tech" for shoppers to peruse in the good light of its three overhead factory lamps. The lamps (as well as the books) are for sale. They have elegant and unobtrusive white-enamelled metal shades that slope out like hat brims from cylindrical necks, and they hang from matching white cords; $48. A large, heavy, rough open glass cylinder, eight inches tall and six inches in diameter, repudiates its origin as a laboratory jar to oblige a big fat white candle; $12 for cylinder and candle. A stainless-steel vacuum ice bucket of pronounced utilitarianism stands ten inches tall, holds two trays of ice, has a hinged lid that stays open while you fish out the cubes, and seems altogether ideal; $80.

Some items of non-industrial provenance at Bailey/Huebner which are of a piece with the shop's calm functionalism include a five-inch-tall desk accessory called a "multifloor," which, when its four shallow drawers are swivelled open, resembles a balcony-encrusted high-rise building, and which becomes a nice white plastic cylindrical box when they are shut ($13); a fringed wool throw from Sweden with an atmosphere of money and breeding, fifty-four by seventy inches and woven in a bold plaid of predominantly dark brown or beige ($75); a small, box-shaped clock with an unremarkable face and a bizarre ability to run on solar energy imbibed from spending a few hours in the sun every forty days or so ($90); a pair of large orange-handled scissors equipped with a screw at the juncture of the blades by which they can be adjusted to the thickness of the material to be cut ($6); and a set of nine white plastic cookie-cutters in the shape of the numbers zero through eight ($10).

THE odd omission of the Bridge Company from the "High-Tech" directory isn't so odd when you remember what Fred Bridge is like (he probably threw the authors out of his store when they came to buy dishes for their

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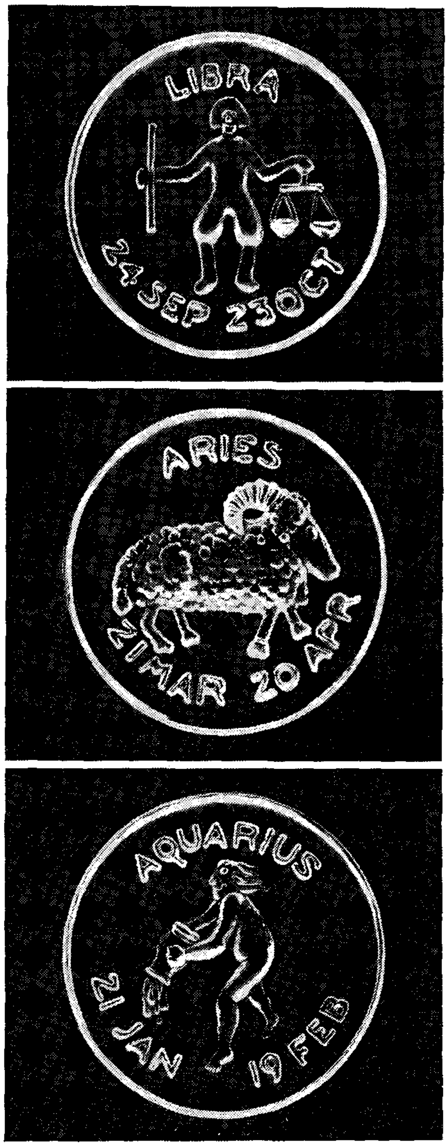

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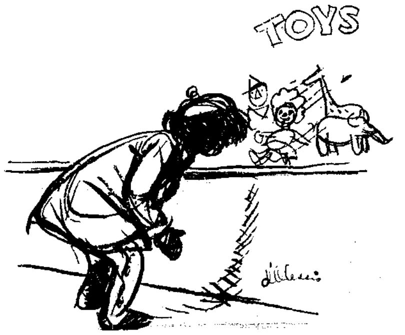
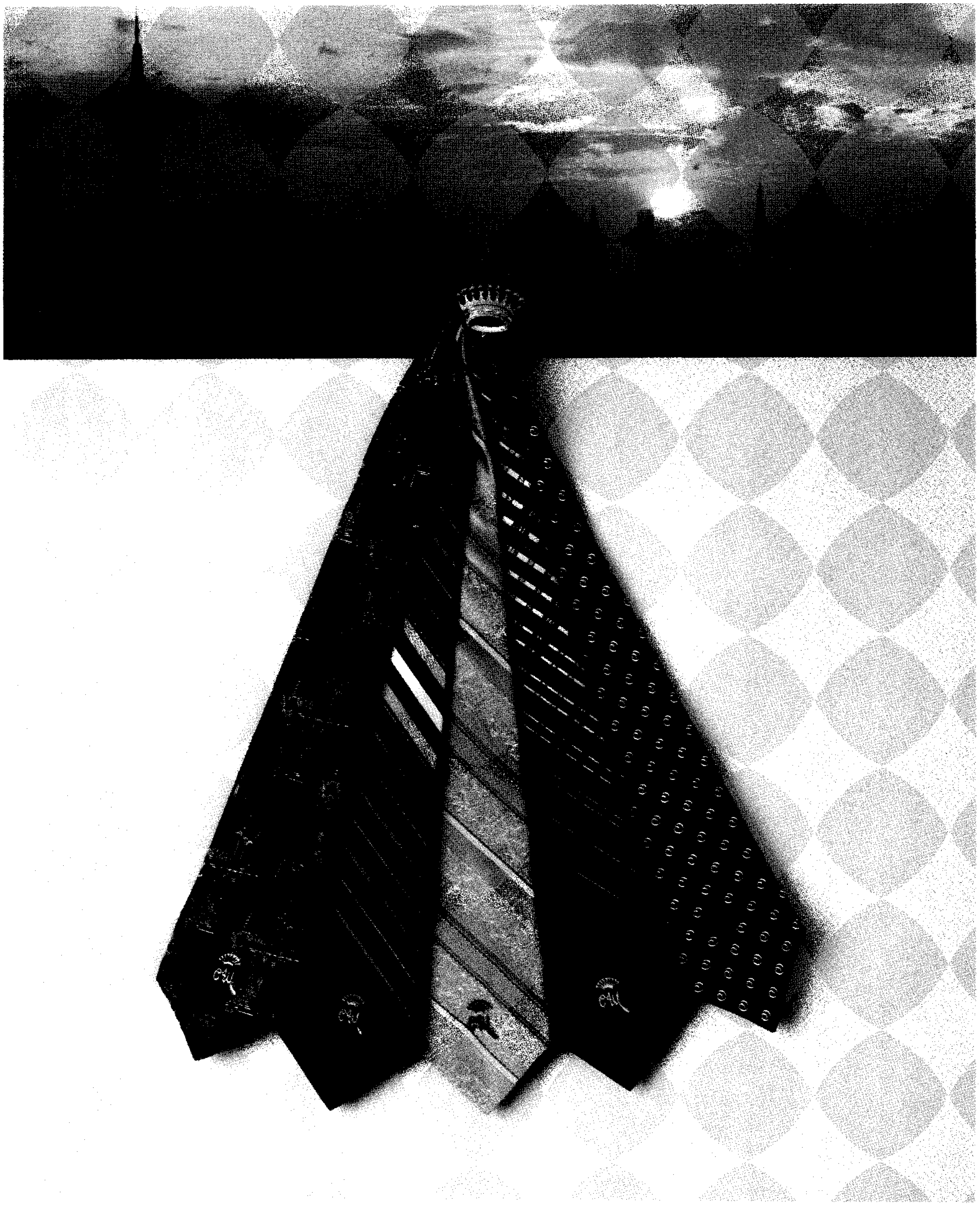
small motel), and when you stop to think about the unique phenomenon that this store is: a comprehensive source of cooking equipment and restaurant china which began as a wholesale business, has moved around town three times, and has never changed its character of scruffy authenticity and profound indifference to what anyone else in the field is doing. Whoever was responsible for its omission from "High-Tech" was guided by the right instinct, for the enterprise doesn't belong in a book about "trends" and "design directions." It is the real thing (as, funnily enough, the frumpy Friedman showroom also is, and as the stylish Professional Kitchen is not), and in its meld of excellence and stubbornness it exists as one of the handful of local institutions (the Frick Collection and the New York Society Library are two others) that give this mercurial city its not altogether spurious air of stability. Bridge has long purveyed a wineglass that is a classic of the genre. Its delicately thin round bowl has a spacious capacity of eighteen ounces, and its extremely short stem allows the glass to (1) comfortably nestle in the palm of the hand and (2) fit in the dishwasher; the price is $3.95, and the number to ask for is 5296. For baking popovers, Fred Bridge dissuades customers from buying his official popover tins and proposes instead high-sided, fluted white porcelain custard cups, which inexplicably induce monstrous swelling in the batter; $1.85 each. For baking layer cake, he inveighs against the slightly flared standard domestic cake pan and recommends his absolutely straight-sided professional-weight aluminum pan, two inches deep, available in many diameters and costing $3.80 for the popular nine-inch size. For general cooking, Bridge swears by the insanely expensive medium of copper, but will morosely sell you one of his almost as costly copper-bottom stainless-steel pots made by the French firm Sitran. (The copper is sandwiched between two layers of stainless.) A one-and-a-half-quart saucepan, with either a long handle or two small, square-cut loop handles, is $33; a four-and-a-half-quart saucepan is $65; an eleven-inch sauté pan is $81; and a seven-quart shallow round casserole is $125. These prices include lids. For pasta and main-course soup we recommend Bridge's No. 8 "round baker," as he calls a substantial, shallow, nine-inch white porcelain bowl made in France; price $4.90. Deep, round, footed white porcelain bowls with two small lion heads serving as handles on opposite sides are pleasingly called "truffle soup bowls" at Bridge, and are priced at $6.50, for an individual soup bowl; $20, for a substantial serving bowl eight inches in diameter; and $40, for a slightly larger tureen appointed with a high-domed cover.

IN redesigning its housewares department, Bloomingdale's took cognizance of the industrial aesthetic and found it wanting; a vision of seductive elegance is preferred to one of avant-garde grunginess. Here and there, however, Bloomingdale's pays sardonic homage to high-tech—as, for example, in its display of a collection of restaurant china under the label "The White Institutional Look." The china, imported from Staffordshire, is of a milky lustrousness and an agreeable shapeliness. A ten-inch dinner plate is $3, an eight-inch salad plate is $2, a wide-rimmed soup plate is $2.75, a cup and saucer are $3, a twelve-ounce mug is $4.50, and a sixteen-ounce mug is $5.50. The white porcelain dispensers of mustard, ketchup, and horseradish with stalactite-like smearers on the inside of the lid, which hit the beanery world of the forties and have all but disappeared from today's plastic-prone fast-food spots, reëmerge at Bloomingdale's for $7.50 each. Relief lettering of a vapid forties character spells out the hot-dog condiment within, and the manufacturer is the Hall Company, which also supplies Bloomingdale's with small individual cafeterial cream pitchers; these are $4.

An interesting new Danish stoneware at Bloomingdale's called Firepot by its manufacturer, Royal Copenhagen, can be used on top of the stove as well as in it and has a sort of pumice-stone look and feel—a slight grittiness when stroked and a stony resonance when tapped. Its subtle archeological color darkens and mellows with cooking, it acquires an appetizing patina with use, and its shapes are of a fitting, discreet strangeness. The edges of the pieces curve outward, giving the round casseroles, or cocottes, the look of upside-down derby hats and





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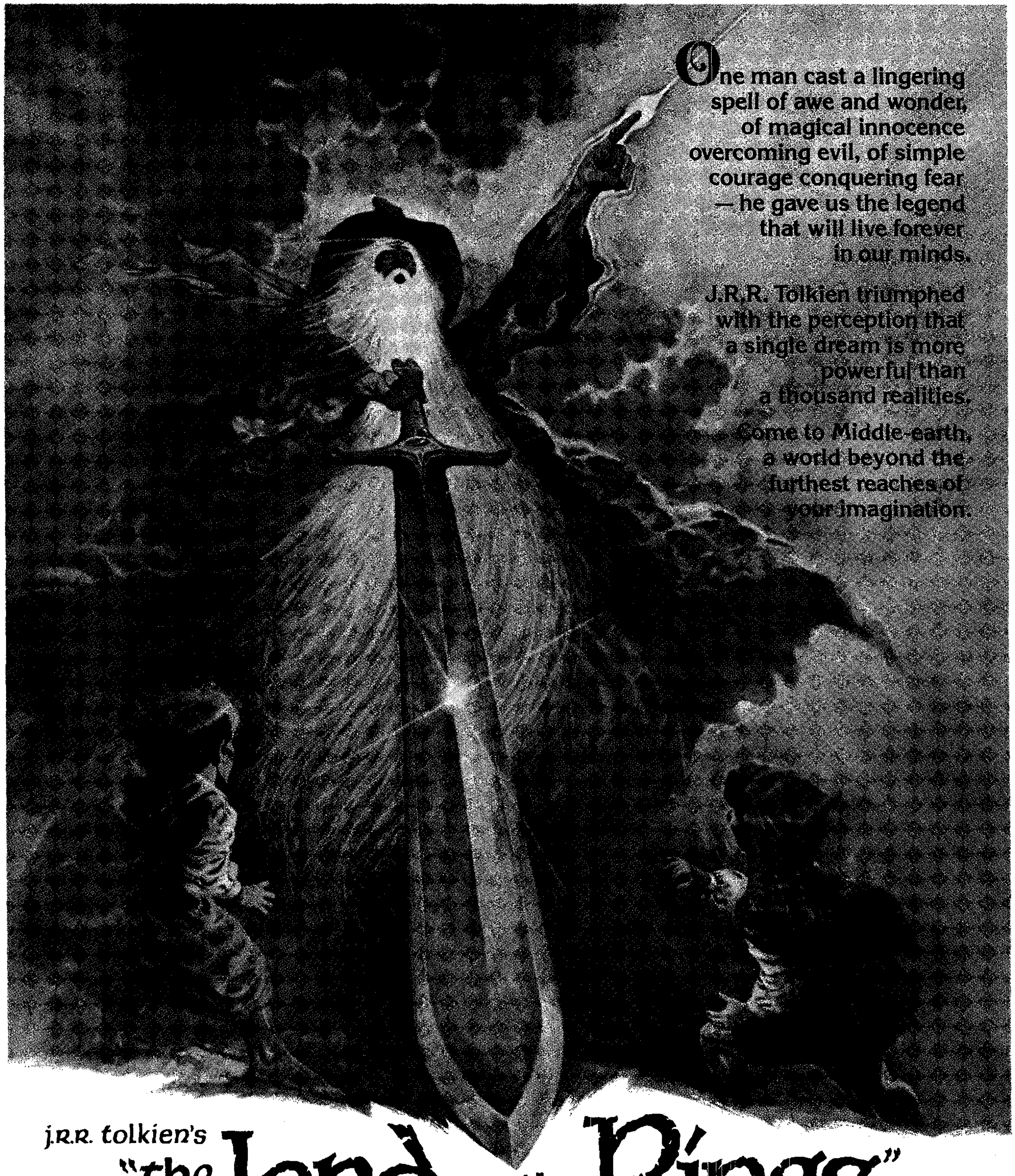

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the oblong baking dishes the look of Roman footbaths. According to an accompanying brochure, the ware is made of something called cordierite and fired "at as high a temperature as porcelain, about 1,430° C. It is therefore sintered; i.e., completely non-porous." The brochure goes on to boast, "Moreover, it is environmental—does not combine with food to form unhealthy compounds." A cocotte eight inches in diameter and three inches tall is $24, and its lid—which doubles as a plate—is an extra $10.50. A rectangular baking dish eleven inches long, eight inches wide, and four inches deep is $60, and its lid is $29. A shallow cocotte or pie plate one and a half inches deep and ten inches in diameter is $21.

Bloomingdale's collection of appealing unglazed terra-cotta ware comes from a pottery on the Old Great North Road in Sutton-on-Trent—as each piece acknowledges in small stamped lettering, also identifying itself, in tall, thin, hand-incised letters, as a container for spoons, bread, or soup. The plain cylindrical spoon jar is four inches in diameter and six inches tall ($6); the bread bowl (for allowing dough to rise in, we imagine, rather than for parking Pepperidge Farm) looks like a squat eight-inch flowerpot ($5). The interior and the flat lid of the three-quart soup pot are glazed dark brown ($17.50), and matching squat soup bowls have the same interior glaze ($3.50). Bloomingdale's stoneware canisters from Normandy illustrate the Cold Comfort Farm Look in their heavy stolidity of form and their mace-brown dull lustre of glaze; they have stubby crescent handles and partly unglazed lids. A one-and-a-half-pint canister is $7, a two-gallon canister is $20, and an enormous five-gallon canister is $45.

THE original Pottery Barn, at 231 Tenth Avenue (23rd), has changed its name to the Pottery Barn Warehouse Store and eliminated its dank basement level, but in all other respects it remains the same cheerfully unbuttoned, Good Taste bargain center it has been since the fifties. Where but at the Barn could you buy a case of seventy-two eleven-ounce glass tumblers—of a good, plain, tapered shape and a mildly smoked color—for $12? They are also sold at six for a dollar, and are the exemplary everyday milk or water glasses that households are always running out of. A new item of glassware at the Barn is the Erica goblet ($1.55)—an object of weighty ceremoniousness decorated with round-

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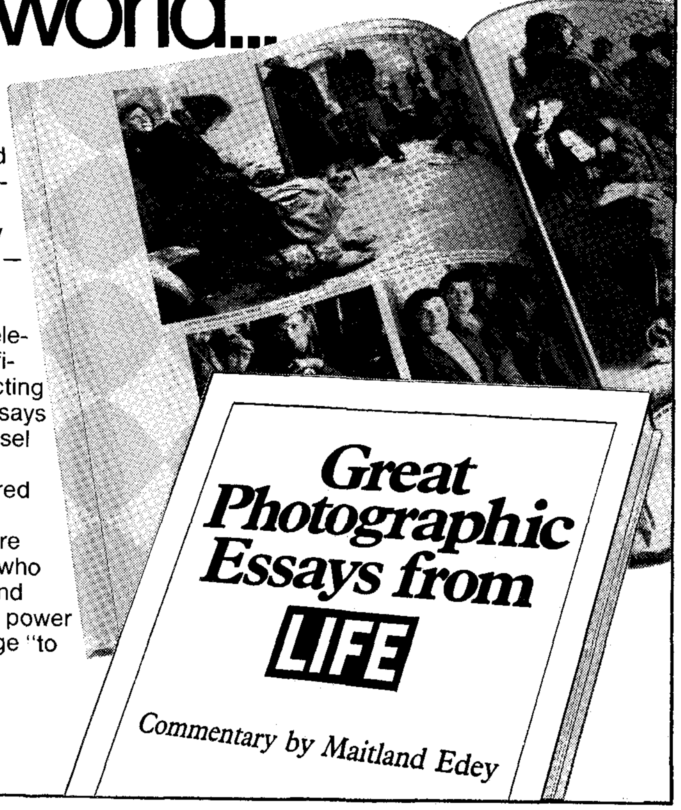
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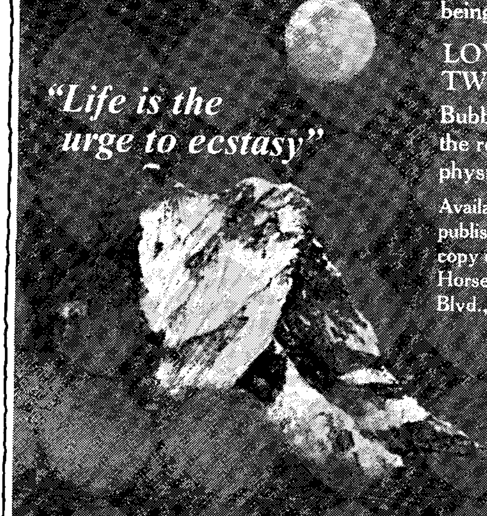

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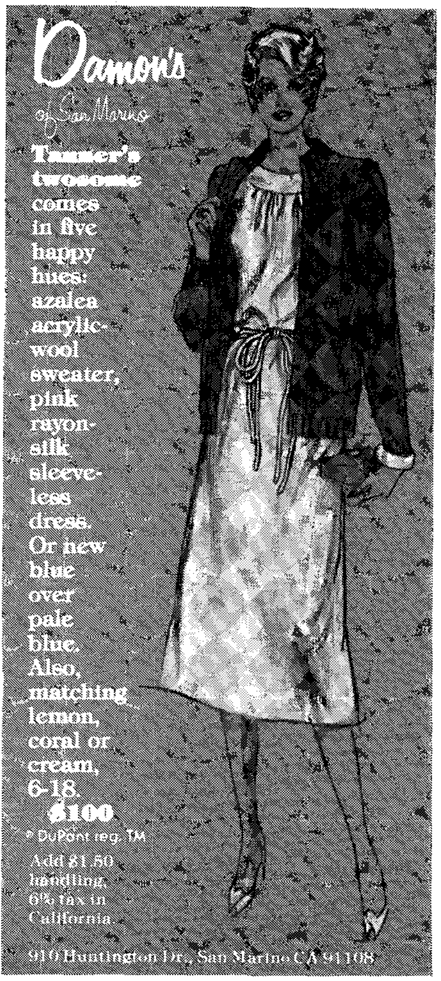
ed fluting about halfway up the bowl, which sits on a gracefully turned stem. The salad spinner sold here for $7.95—and available at Bridge, Bazaar de la Cuisine (1003 Second Avenue, at 53rd), and other shops for about the same—is the best-designed of the scores of lettuce-dryers that have hopefully come on the market over the last decade; it is a plastic basket within a plastic container, and its job of removing moisture from greens and depositing it in the outer container is done by a mechanism secreted within the lid, which causes the basket to whirl madly around as one turns a crank on top with one hand and holds the lid down with the other.

THE emporium of Dean & DeLuca, 121 Prince Street, makes ladies on gallery tours of SoHo nearly miss their bus back to Larchmont as they gape at the marvels of this combination delicacy-and-housewares shop, which occupies the entire ground floor of a loft building and puts contemporary art rather in the shade. In contrast to the slabs and shards of Minimalist art and the Kentucky Fried Chickens of Photo-Realism, the place is like one of those Renaissance paintings in which the things of this world are minutely and joyfully depicted (Veronese's "Marriage at Cana," for example) and bourgeois comfort and prosperity are complacently celebrated. Dean & DeLuca's contemporary version of the old vision of Copia is set against the characteristic white brick walls and white columns of the SoHo revival, and it brings under a single ceiling (hung with old-fashioned saloon ceiling fans) the delicious things to eat and the handsome artifacts that constitute the good life today among the professionals and the affluent bohemians of urban America—delicacies like imported cheeses, charcuterie, pâtisserie, dried fruit and nuts, herbs, teas, coffees, preserves, crackers, loaves of French bread, and baskets of apples and pears; artifacts like imported earthenware bowls and pitchers, wire whisks, wooden spoons, and handsome plain plates and cups. Everywhere the eye alights it encounters some beautiful vignette: a small, round cheese wrapped in vine leaves, a bunch of leeks, some fresh figs and purple grapes strewn with artful carelessness on a counter; a big floor basket full of unusually large cloves of garlic; a stand of English earthenware pottery. In all of Europe you will not find such a pan-Europe marketplace, and in all of New York you will not elsewhere receive such a strong sense of our city as a seaport.



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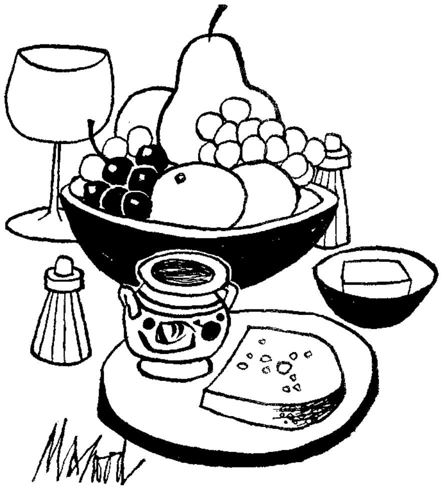
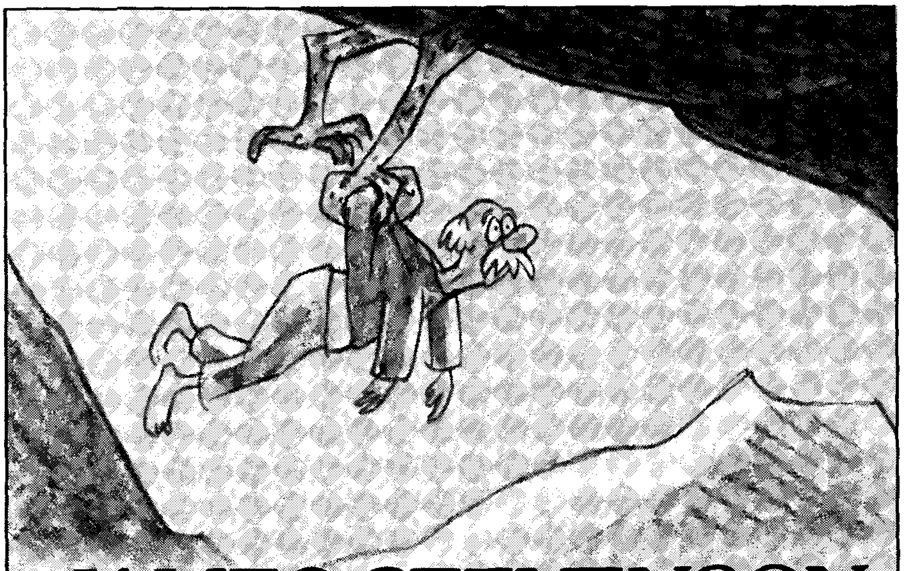
If you can tear yourself away from the Pont-l'Évêques and the duck pâtés and the fruit tarts, you may be able to focus on some potential house presents from Dean & DeLuca: a rich chocolate-brown-glazed earthenware baking dish from England, for instance, heavy, shallow, and rectangular (thirteen by nine inches), and priced at $14; a buff-colored shallow oval baking dish (thirteen inches long), also English, and priced at $10.50; a line of handsome white restaurant china from the Buffalo Company, with dinner plates at $2.95, bread-and-butter plates at $1.50, wide-rimmed shallow soup plates at $2.65, rimless shallow soup bowls at $2.50, and cereal bowls at $2.25; linen dish towels made in Czechoslovakia which persuasively ape the traditional Irish windowpane-check and Glass Cloth-border patterns, in red, green, yellow, or blue on white, for $1.85; a disc of Italian marble for cheese, eight inches in diameter, at $7.50; a black-enamelled steel footed cup with an ear handle and *no bottom*, which knowledgeable people will recognize as a canning funnel and ignorant ones like us will admire as a work of fur-lined-teacup-type Dada ($1.50); a line of gift-wrapping paper featuring large vegetables and fruits—open green pea pods and beets, for example—of elegant, stylized realism, at $1.50 for two twenty-four-by-thirty-six-inch sheets; and an indigo-blue spongeware pie dish, eleven inches in diameter, with slightly splayed sides and the appearance of an early-American antique, at $20.

Another example of persuasive pseudo-antiquity is on view at Altman's, in the form of an old-fashioned white ironstone mug with mildly fluted sides and a relief pattern of wheat sheaves encircling the slightly flared and attenuated rim; $3. On matching pitchers, the wheat pattern is more fully





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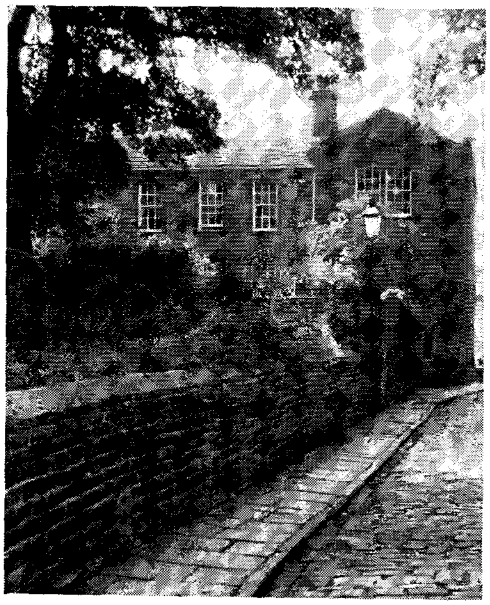

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developed: a sheaf of wheat sprays out from the ear to decorate the rounded, more pronouncedly fluted body. A cream pitcher is $5.50, a pint pitcher is $6.50, and a quart pitcher is $8.50. Altman's excellent French aluminum teakettle has a nice rounded, squat shape, a graceful, sinuous spout, and a maroon heat-resistant handle; $18. The store's Williamsburg Shop offers some interesting new gray stoneware mugs decorated with a crudely painted indigo-blue checkerboard band set between two blue lines. The pattern was reconstructed from shards of pottery found around Williamsburg; $5.

Conran's has imported quantities of dried lavender, rose, violet, lemon verbena, basil, thyme, oregano, sage, marjoram, and camomile from Caussade, the herb-growers of Saint-Rémy-de-Provence (to whose insane asylum van Gogh was taken after he mutilated himself in nearby Arles), and sells them by the ounce from big open sacks on the floor—weighing them on an old-fashioned balance scale, and packaging them in transparent plastic bags. The very fragrant lavender and lemon verbena are $1.75 an ounce; the scentless but lovely violets are $5.50 an ounce; cloyingly sweet rose petals are $1.50 an ounce, as are sage and marjoram; and oregano is $1.50 for one and a half ounces. Some packets already made up in Saint-Rémy bear a cautiously worded label that reads, "These plants have been carefully packed on location just a few ago." Conran's continues to exemplify a kind of reverse (or sideways) Gresham's Law: everything here is so outstanding that nothing stands out. To pick out this bowl or that tablecloth rather than this wineglass or that casserole seems a futile exercise. Just go. The shop is at Third Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street, in the Citicorp Center.

Another futile exercise is the buying of well-designed desks and good reading lamps for schoolchildren; they only become more deeply entrenched in their habit of doing homework on the floor in a pool of light from the TV. However, such purchases make parents feel good, and to that end we mention a desk we saw at the Workbench, 470 Park Avenue South (32nd), whose top is a handsome slab of maple-and-beech butcher block and whose base is formed by a couple of two-drawer metal file cabinets. The tops have a smooth, clean feel, and the cabinets come in a choice of white, brown, or yellow. The largest

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version—a three-by-six-foot top on extra-deep files—is $345 for the set; a three-by-five-foot version with regular files is $275, and a two-by-five-foot version is $235. For Junior's *TV Guides*, the Workbench has imported from Denmark some nicely made oak-veneer bookcases whose shelves adjust (to Mom's Proust, if necessary). A thirty-five-inch-wide, seventy-five-inch-high, and eleven-inch-deep version is $130, and a twenty-three-inch-wide version of the same height and depth is $115. The Workbench's excellent oak stools are available in three heights; $32 for a high (thirty-inch) stool, $29 for a chair-height stool, and $27 for a low stool. The unstained oak is lightly varnished, the seats are round, and the splayed, square-cut legs are braced by three stretchers, or two or one, according to height.

SAM FLAX, 55 East 55th Street, offers a twenty-per-cent discount to all students, and to any parent of a schoolchild who has papers to prove it. The parent of a child who does a lot of drawing and painting at the dining-room or kitchen table might consider the purchase of one of Flax's drafting tables, to which the child's *Kunstwerk* could be diverted when the table needs to be set. A package deal for $278 is called "the unigraph combination" by Flax, and offers all this: a laminated-plastic table top, thirty inches by forty-two ($37 if bought separately); an adjustable enamelled-metal stand that tilts the top to any angle ($125 i.b.s.); a clamp-on utilitarian plastic lamp called the Maxim Lamp ($17.90); a high stool with a shaped wood seat and an adjustable back rest on a chrome base ($87); and a draftsman's trolley ($109), which will be generically discussed below. The enamelled metals and the top are offered in a variety of colors.

The trolley—or taboret, as Flax calls it—is the humblest member of a line of plastic boxes on casters, equipped with drawers and compartments and projecting a characteristic Italian style of cheerful and colorful functionalism. Made for draftsmen and artists, they have been put to use by householders as kitchen and bathroom storage pieces, and also by students as depositories for art, crafts, or school equipment. The colors are yellow, orange, gray, white, and red. The unigraph taboret stands thirty-two inches tall and sixteen inches square, and its top surface is partitioned into one large and three small compartments; it has two shallow drawers, which swivel out to open, and

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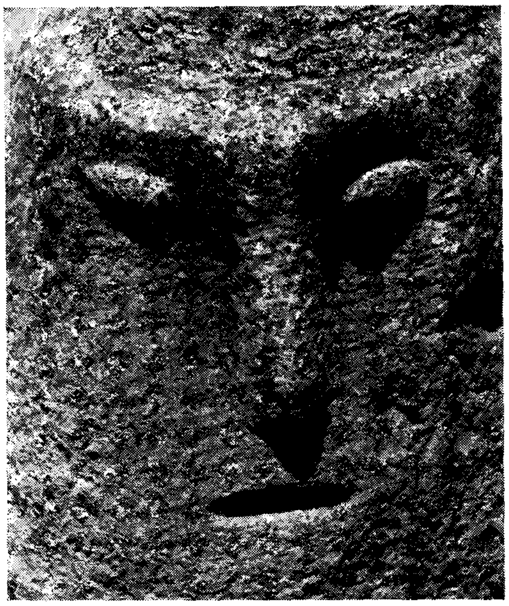

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two stationary shelves below them. A more de-luxe taboret called Boby, designed by the late Joe Colombo, has three swivel drawers, three side compartments, two shelves, and a multipartite top surface; it is $169, and a six-drawer version is $209. Flax's Roto-Tray is a rotating pencil-and-pen holder, a sort of tower arrangement of holes arising from an encircling trough for paper clips, rubber bands, erasers, and so on; in yellow, brown, red, black, or white plastic for $10.75.

BEFORE turning to the Danish designer Arne Jakobsen's masterly stainless-steel ice bucket at the Museum of Modern Art gift shop, we invite readers to take the following Good Design Quiz to see how much they have retained over the years of our relentless instruction in the history and personalities of twentieth-century design.

GOOD DESIGN QUIZ

The expression "less is more" was coined by
1. Le Corbusier
2. Gropius
3. Morris
4. Racine

Marcel Breuer's nickname is
1. "Bud"
2. "Mack"
3. Winky
4. "Winky"

The Bauhaus front-hall floor was covered with
1. marble
2. parquet
3. shag rugs
4. Albers Squares

Albers Squares is
1. near the Marble Arch
2. a furniture designer
3. a popular scarf design

Jane Jacobson wrote
1. "Emma"
2. "The Return of the Native"
3. "Three Lives"
4. "Ulysses"

Nikolaus Pevsner is
1. an architectural historian
2. a partner of Albers Squares
3. a Milan department store

Thonet is pronounced like
1. Parke-Bernet
2. Bizet
3. Boulez

Mies is
1. an oatcake
2. small Dutch insects
3. an *espresso* machine

Reinforced concrete is
1. a novel by Galsworthy
2. a rock group
3. a result of the Teapot Dome scandal

Returning to the Arne Jakobsen bucket (and edging up to this year's design *aperçu*): Although the bucket was designed in 1964, it reverts to the Bauhaus style of functionalism, in which form follows function along a path subtly different from the one it follows in the vernacular and industrial styles—to radically different effect. The Jakobsen bucket looks as expensive, refined, and "designed" as a piece of art glass or Georgian silver, in contrast to the easy, democratic utilitarianism of the (as it happens, more expensive) vernacular bucket at Bendel. The design counter-revolution of the sixties—in which the vernacular was held up as the true functionalism and the Bauhaus style was shoved aside as a false pretender—has run its course; we are now in a position to appreciate both kinds of object. The Jakobsen piece exhibits the characteristic Modernist preoccupation with, and candor about, process: one can see in the object what went through Jakobsen's mind as he mulled the problem set by its function. The result is a cylinder six inches high and seven inches in diameter which keeps ice intact because of its double-wall construction and whose nakedness is clothed by the fulfillment of two ancillary functional demands: the need for a handle and a way of opening the lid. The solution to the handle problem is like a beautiful move in chess. Two strips of steel are hinged to the sides of the bucket, acting as a handle when lifted and serving as an ornamental band when in encircling repose. The knob on the lid, for its part, is a graspable disc that occupies the larger part of the lid and completes the piece's circular rhythm. The price is $65, and the capacity is a very modest three and a half pints.

MORE Bauhaus-style design is on view at Ambienti, 792 Madison Avenue (67th). An item that in its svelte good looks is about as far from the slovenly lazy Susan as you can get but serves the same degraded function is Ambienti's stainless-steel revolving cruet stand, which has various-size indentations fitted with various-size clear plastic containers for oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, sugar, and grated cheese. The cruets look like test tubes and—when colored by their respective ingredients: the pink of vinegar, the yellow of olive oil, the black of pepper, the white of salt and sugar, the ochre of cheese—impart a Duchampian or Cornellian appearance of scientific surrealism. The price of $195 does not seem excessive for such a carefully made, Leica-precise piece of unnecessary equipment. A stationary stand for only oil and vinegar is $80. Ambienti's set of three stainless-steel knives (for cutting bread, slicing meat, and chopping vege-

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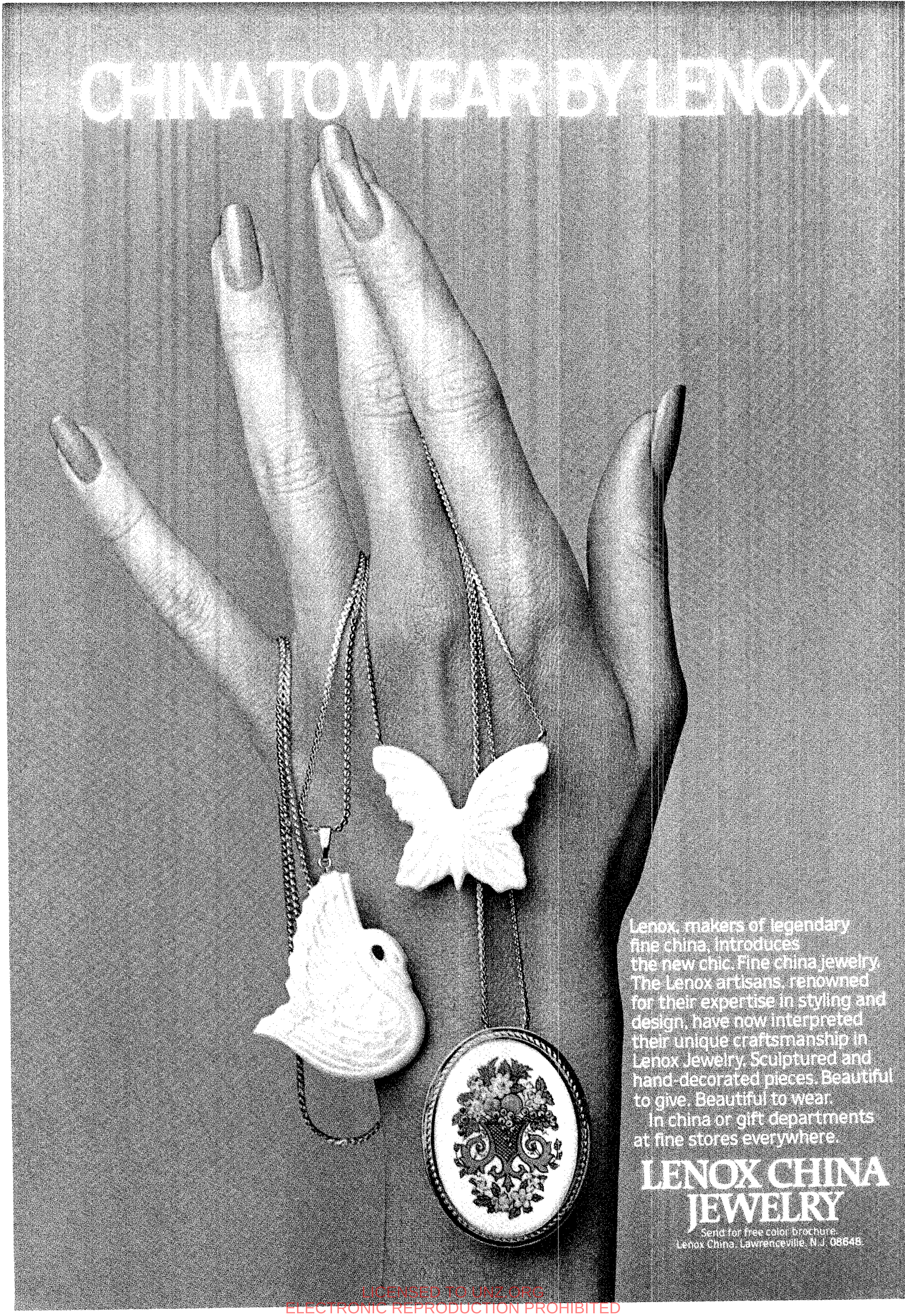

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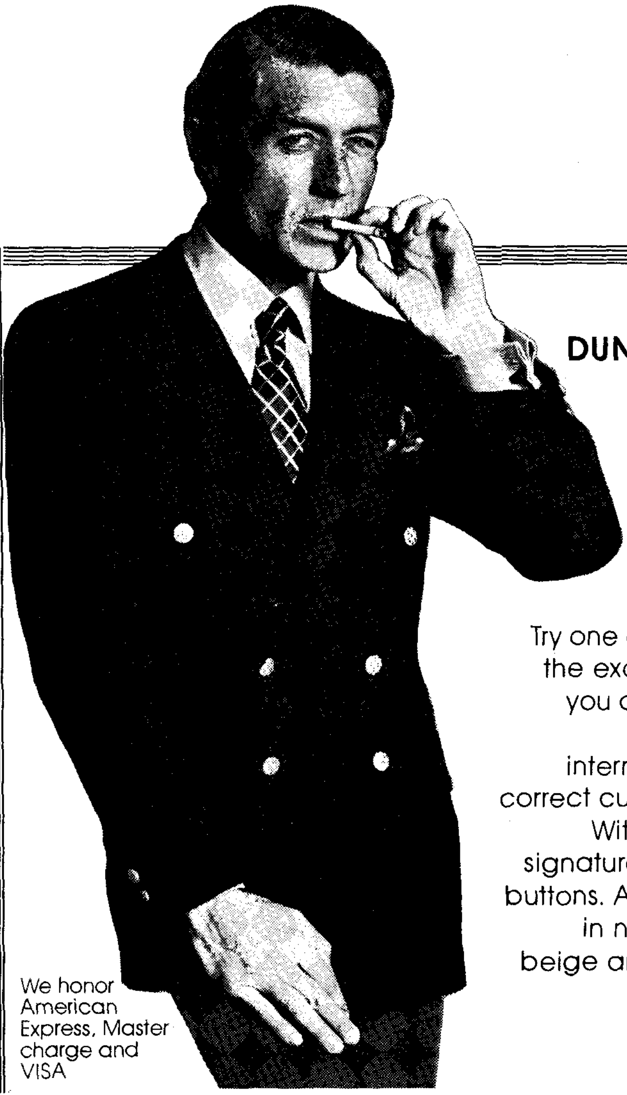
tables, respectively) have black plastic handles of a pronounced and odd design—a sort of curved rectilinearity that has a good feel in the hand. The set is $48; bought separately, the knives are $17. Ambienti's stacking picnic set of four knives, four forks, and four spoons in lightweight stainless is also odd, in an attractively squat and splayed way, and costs $32 for the twelve pieces. Green-tinged tulip glasses of delicate crystal are stemlessly poised on round bases and rimmed with a line of red at top and bottom; $11, $10, and $9 sizes are offered. Octagonal clear crystal glasses of pellucid modernity are made in various shapes and sizes—a tall inverted cone, for example, set on a round base is $11.

THE realization has come to us that most of the browsers in today's antique shops are young people; older people are too depressed and appalled by the sight of things they threw out years ago to want to linger in these high-priced revival houses. At Sarsaparilla, 1179 Second Avenue (63rd), we moodily contemplated a shelf of dishes that we remembered eating off of in a furnished bungalow we lived in outside Los Angeles in the thirties, when Father was trying to get work at Fox and Mother was away all day at mortician school. Fiesta, as the dish pattern was, and is, called, is enjoying a vogue among young avant-garde householders (Andy Warhol is said to have started the revival), and a plain dinner plate fetches as much as $18. The California-made earthenware was manufactured in vivid, solid colors; the plates were decorated with bands of various widths in relief, and some of the serving pieces bore laughable little bits of refined ornament of a sort of California-Grecian character. Today's prices derive from a complex scale of values that has to do with the rarity of certain colors and shapes, and of certain shapes in certain colors, and so on. A ten-inch dinner plate with three compartments is $12 in turquoise and $14 in chartreuse; a nine-inch luncheon plate is $5 in yellow; a fourteen-inch round platter is $35 in orange; a green sugar bowl with the neoclassical ornament is $20, and a matching creamer is $10; a rare small blue candy compote is $40; and a turquoise mug with a touch of ornament below the ring handle is $20. Sarsaparilla also has a shelf of bright solid-color Harlequin ware, of the same period as Fiesta and almost indistinguishable from it, but far less costly. We asked the salesperson at the shop why Harlequin was cheaper



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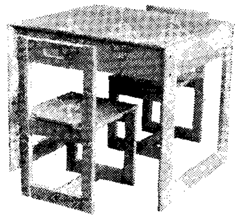

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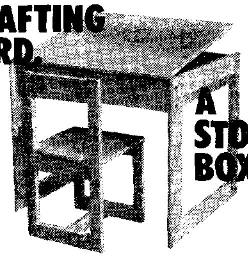

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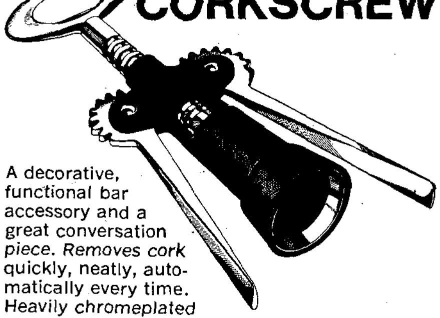

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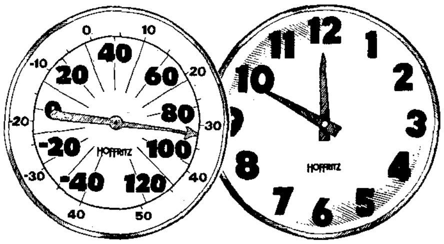

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FAHRENHEIT/CELSIUS THERMOMETER Black Fahrenheit scale. Red Celsius scale. Red pointer. Large easy-to-read numbers. Weatherproof case. For patio, porch, schoolroom, office or den. 18" diam. (71072) **$18.** 12" diam. (71080) **$12.** **MATCHING CLOCK** Battery operated. 18" diam. (63592) **$40.** 12" diam. (63622) **$29**

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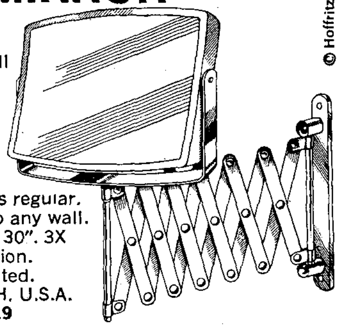

Women will love it for make-up; men for shaving. One side magnifies, the other is regular. Attaches to any wall. Extends to 30". 3X magnification. Chromeplated. 8"L x 6½"H. U.S.A. (49867) **$19**

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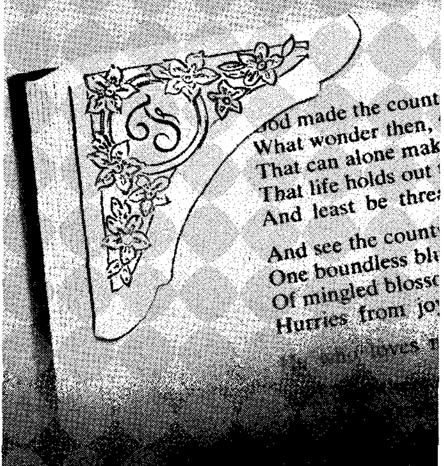
than Fiesta and received this thought-provoking answer: "Because it's not as collectible."

We have always been partial to the ordinary glass juice reamer purveyed by Woolworth and Lamston, which just seems more *appropriate* to the simple task of squeezing an orange than the butterfly-breaking wheel that is the electric juicer. But until the other day we had no idea of the number of reamer designs that have been filed with the U.S. Patent Office since the eighteen-sixties, or of the collectibility that the genre has come to assume. The Place for Antiques, 993 Second Avenue (52nd), has acquired an enormous collection of reamers, which it is selling off at $7.50 each for reamers of twenties-to-forties vintage and at higher prices for older or rarer ones. According to a fat catalogue that The Place lent us of a still unbroken collection, the first juice-reamer patent was acquired in 1867 by August J. Reuter, and the last in 1948 by Joshua Patrick—ninety-two in all, to say nothing of many more reamers that were manufactured with patents pending. There are three types: the reamer with holes in its base, which strains the juice into a pitcher below; the reamer with a handle opposite the spout; and the reamer with a handle at right angles to the spout. Within these categories, and adhering to the same fundamental design, there are infinite minor variations—which offer an ideal collecting situation to certain calm, undemanding, anal temperaments.

The Chisholm Gallery, 277 West 4th Street, brings back memories of "the war"—WWI to some old hands and WWII to others—with its collection of WWI and WWII food-conservation posters. In addition to their nostalgia, these works have an unwitting contemporary bearing in their emphasis on vegetable products and their aversion to meat and white sugar. "Eat more corn, oats, and rye products; fish and poultry; fruits, vegetables and potatoes; baked, boiled, and broiled foods; eat less wheat, meat, sugar, and fats to save for the Army and our Allies" is the message of a WWI U.S. Food Administration poster showing a handsome stylized still-life of a fish on a platter, a compote of fruit, a basket of corn, and other of the cited desiderata against a dark-green background; $150. A dramatic WWII Office of War Information poster shows a flaming inferno of exploding bombs and a hand pouring grease out of a frying pan into the middle of it; $45. Norman Rockwell's well-known "Ours to Fight

GEARY'S
BEVERLY HILLS SINCE 1930



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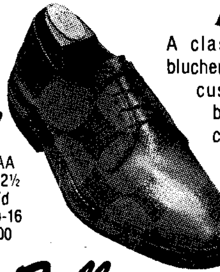

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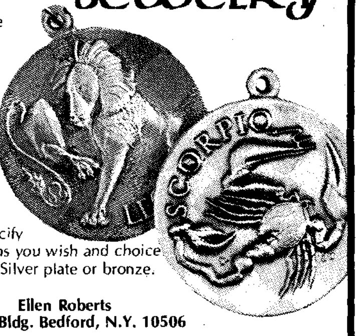

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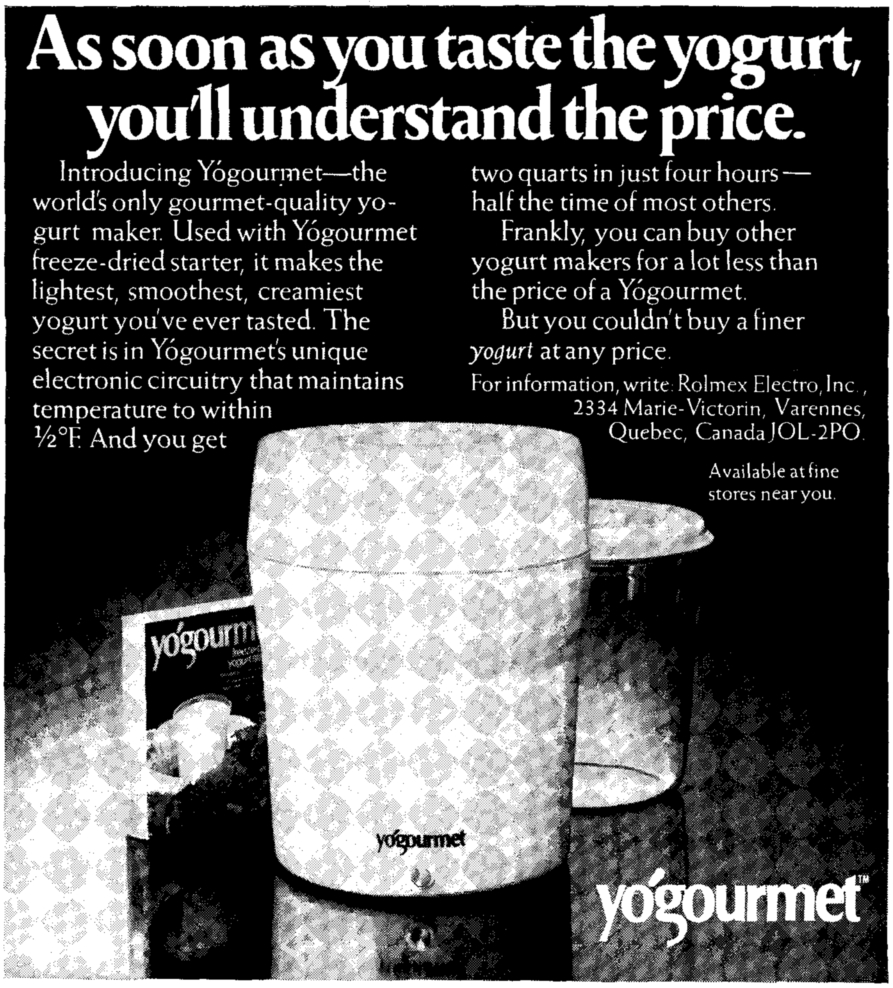
For" Thanksgiving scene is available in an enormous version for $160 and a smaller one for $100. "Get Behind the Girl He Left Behind Him" shows a WWI Land Army Girl working in the garden in the grim shadow of a bayonet-holding soldier; $90. An all-graphic poster, priced at $45 and entitled "Sugar," recites this litany, in handsome black-and-red lettering on a pale-green background:

1. None on fruits
2. None in desserts
3. Less on cereals
4. Less in coffee and tea
5. Less in preserving
6. Less cake and candy
7. Use other sweeteners

SAVE IT

At Primavera, 808 Madison Avenue (68th), we found the original Bonfils poster advertising the 1925 Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs et Industriels Modernes (from which the term Art Deco was plucked), laid out in a stylized red-black-and-white typographical arrangement and decorated with an Aryan girl and a black faun. The price is $750, unframed. Another classic at Primavera is Cassandre's poster for the French Line showing the liner Normandie coming head-on—a work that has become a kind of visual synonym for the thirties. This version, however, does not say "Normandie," as others do, but "New York via Le Havre and Southampton." It is in a silver frame and costs $3,500.

Contemporary posters that may someday fetch extraordinary prices are sold for ordinary prices at Poster Originals, 924 Madison Avenue (73rd). (It's the framing that makes one blanch.) Two recent additions of note are (1) a Matisse still-life of a bowl of fruit on a flower-patterned tablecloth, advertising the recent show at the Louvre of Picasso's painting collection, priced at $20, and (2) the poster of the recent Steinberg show at the Whitney. This is a delicate colored-pencil still-life of objects on the artist's desk—a sketchbook open to drawings of a nuthatch and a bluejay, a blue-and-white Oriental vase, a peppermill, a seashell, a bottle of Eau de Rose, a spool of thread, a ruler, and a matchbox—which have been assembled with the studiously bland irrationality of a dream; $15. Leafing through portfolios of items from other years, we paused at a Balthus pencil drawing, on beige paper, of an indolent Lolitaesque girl sprawled in a chair, marking a Paris exhibition ($25), and at a Rousseau painting—a poster for a German



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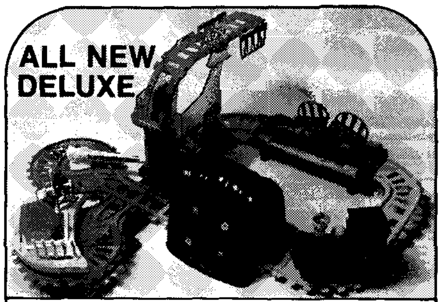

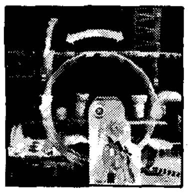
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The Swire Group

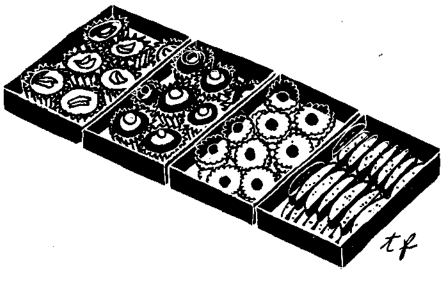
exhibition of naïve art—in which an angel dressed in a pink toga and blowing on a horn soars over a typical Rousseau scene on a chestnut-bordered street: a long line of men and women in black solemnly carrying canvases under their arms watched by orderly crowds, with banners flying, horse-drawn carriages arriving, and a general air of festivity and mystery. Price $40.

In the antique shop of Juergens, Inc., 1177 Second Avenue (62nd), both browsers and objects are on the older side—the average age of the former is sixty and of the latter two thousand. A piece of beautifully eroded pottery that caught our eye was dismissively characterized by the owner as "not very old"—namely, early eighteenth century—and thus priced at only $65. The piece, a provincial Persian vase with two handles, has a turquoise glaze on the top half of its gracefully rounded body; the bottom half, in what seems a universal vernacular practice, is left unglazed. A Hellenistic miniature clay theatre mask, made around 300 B.C. and found in southern Italy, depicts a leering comic character with a caricaturist's economy: all the action is in the ironically gaping mouth—the eyes mere round holes and the face a stylized shaped plane. This wonderful relic is $250. An Egyptian sarcophagus mask has an expressively impassive face with staring eyes and a cracked skin texture like the floury underside of a loaf of pumpernickel; this wooden piece is about two thousand years old and priced at $200. A small early (about 1300 B.C.) Egyptian figurine of an elegantly slender, almost doglike bullock reclining in the position of Ingres's odalisque with the extra vertebra and wearing a resigned expression is realistically, rather than conventionally, carved; the price of this rarity is $1,200. A work more in line with the popular conception of Egyptian art is a bronze cat's head whose blunt stylization gives it the appearance of the comic-book Catwoman; this relic, mounted on a stand, is $500. An early-nineteenth-century stoneware Korean rice bowl of classical plainness is decorated with a single artful smear of blue; a gritty circle within the bowl comes from the bottom of another bowl that was once stacked in it, as the grit on its own bottom reveals ($75).

A new shipment of pottery from France arrived at the shop of Elux C. Putting, 226 East 51st Street, in time to corroborate our observation about the universality of vernacular modes. Putting's antique provincial jugs from the Bordeaux district are very like the Persian vase at Juergens: they have the same rounded shape that tapers at the bottom, the same two ears, and the same division of glazed top and unglazed bottom. Only the glaze is different, being a rich groundsel-yellow. The jugs, approximately eleven inches tall, are characterfully chipped and eroded and cracked—no two are exactly alike—and priced at $65.

In the small, jumbled shop of Trudy Seligman, 82 West 12th Street, archeological artifacts are all mixed up with Victorian brass, Paisley shawls, antique jewelry, and such miscellaneous treasures as an appealingly faded polychromed wood carving of an angel's head and wings, which the owner says, with guarded hope, "may be Renaissance." The angel has the benign round face of a peasant woman; her pink mouth is set in a timid smile, her eyes are painted in the bold black outline of modern (or ancient primitive) art, and her nose has broken off. She is $175. Seligman's collection of Paisley shawls may be the largest in town. They were woven in Scotland between 1850 and 1900 in imitation of Indian ones, and are in excellent condition, as if they had been sitting in cedar chests all these years. Shawls measuring around fifty inches by a hundred cost from $100 to $225; smaller ones start at $55. A remarkable hundred-and-fifty-year-old Persian-Russian embroidered cloth in less pristine condition (there are two tears) is worked with an exotic abstract floral design in interesting, dense, crewel-like stitches of magenta, purple, blue, turquoise, and yellow silk on a beige background; it is a dazzling blend of Oriental opulence with folk-art directness. The backing is an eighteenth-century Russian cotton print, and the price is $550.

Underground Antiques, 269 West 4th Street, which deals in American country furniture and folk art, is just the opposite of Trudy Seligman, being one of those neat, orderly, sparely furnished shops where each object looks as if it had had to take an entrance examination before being admitted, and where everything is kept in delicately poised balance with everything else, so that one feels one has stepped into a room of a marvellous house. A small



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HONGKONG

The ingenious ways a Mercedes-Benz captures the wind–
and uses it to improve visibility and comfort

For the engineers of Mercedes-Benz, shaping an aerodynamically "clean" car body is only a first basic step.

Their years of wind tunnel experience and the study of automotive aerodynamics have led them to an ingenious second step: harnessing the airflow that swirls constantly over and around a moving car and putting it to efficient use – outside and inside.

Window-cleaning wind

For instance, it wasn't enough for the engineers to give the driver as much side and rear glass as possible, for optimum visibility. They also wanted to keep that glass as clear as possible, come rain or slush or grime. And they went into the wind tunnel in search of ways.

One way can be seen in the unique moldings that frame the windshield, side and rear windows. They actually form an aerodynamically sophisticated *ducting* system, carefully angled and channeled to help divert the airstream away from the side and rear window glass – whisking rain, slush and grime elsewhere.

A fence with a difference

Even the rub rail – that horizontal steel and rubber strip on either body side – is meant to play its part in keeping those side windows clean.

Wind tunnel tests showed that, if skillfully shaped and placed, it could also serve as a *flow fence*: routing the airflow pattern along the body sides to deflect slush and mud flung up by the front wheels so it can't splatter the side glass.

The engineers used wind-tunnel expertise to control the airflow swirling around the outside rearview mirror. The mirror's windward face is shaped to create an airflow that helps keep the glass free of rain and road film.

Taillights use the wind

Aerodynamic research helped Mercedes-Benz engineers harness the power of the wind to help "scrub" the car's taillights free of slush and mud, keeping them visible longer in foul weather.

With the outer surface of the rear lights deeply ribbed, the recessed vertical areas remain free of deposits since they are not affected by the circulating motion of the vortex.

A simple idea, spawned only after many long hours of testing in the wind tunnel.

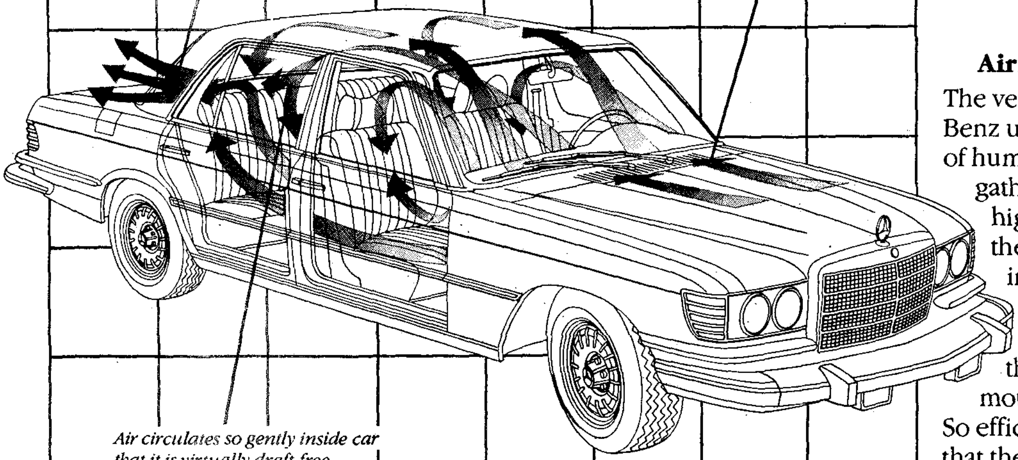
Cleaner windshield – cooler brakes

Aerodynamic principles help keep the windshield wipers pressed fast against the glass as they work. Objective: to prevent high-speed turbulence from suddenly lifting the blades.

The wheels on a Mercedes-Benz are intended less to catch your eye than to capture the wind. Multiple slots in each wheel scoop a steady stream of cooling air to the brakes within.

20 seconds after entering passenger compartment, air is extracted through hidden gills.

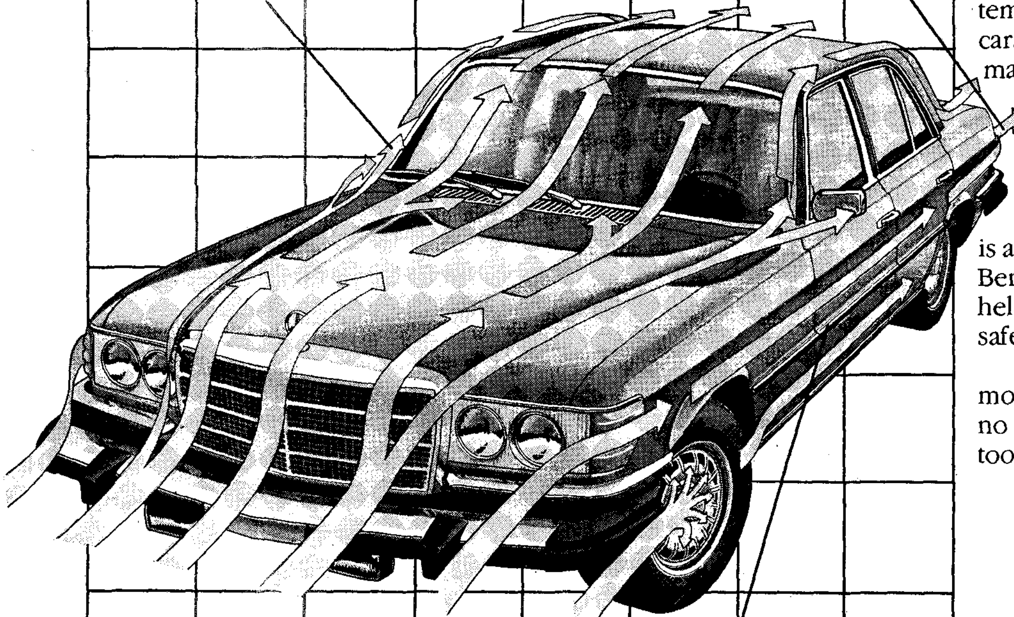
Fresh air enters passenger area through intakes placed in high-pressure zone at base of windshield.



Air circulates so gently inside car that it is virtually draft-free – and so thoroughly that 3 times each minute, it is completely renewed.

Moving car harnesses the power of the wind to help "scrub" the car's taillights free of slush and mud.

Sophisticated ducting system aerodynamically routes rain and slush around and away from side windows and mirrors, preserving visibility.



Horizontal body molding is a "flow fence," meant to use airflow to deflect mud and slush away from side windows as car splashes along.

Airflow you can feel – inside

The ventilation system of a Mercedes-Benz uses aerodynamics in the cause of human comfort. Its air supply is gathered via intakes placed in a high-pressure zone at the base of the windshield, then ducted into the passenger area.

So carefully is the airflow through the cabin regulated that, although constantly in motion, it is virtually draft-free. So efficiently is the airflow processed that the cabin's fresh air supply is *completely renewed* three times a minute.

Starting from numerous forward outlets, the air in its 20-second journey circulates around the cabin until drawn into a low-pressure area at the rear – then is silently extracted through hidden gills.

The bi-level climate control system used in most Mercedes-Benz cars can create a wide range of man-made climates, aided by a radial blower capable of generating eight different levels of airflow – even when the car is standing perfectly still.

Capturing the wind in these ways is an exacting science. But Mercedes-Benz thinks the resulting subtle gains help make useful contributions to safety and comfort.

And in the search for more efficient automobiles, no step forward can be too small.

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pine writing table, made between the late seventeen-hundreds and the early eighteen-hundreds, was originally stained blue-green; now the stain has worn away to a lovely mottled translucency, like that of ink spilled on open wood. It is edged on three sides by a three-inch board rail, and costs $240. A mid-nineteenth-century pine jelly cupboard stained with old-fashioned rust-red milk paint is unstained within and has three shelves. The cupboard is thirty-seven inches high, forty inches across, and sixteen inches deep; $375. A stoneware crock once used in the shop of A. Cohen, 231 Court Street, Brooklyn (as a small stamped legend tells us), was probably made in Poughkeepsie (as its typical-of-Poughkeepsie bird motif, done in elegant, swirling cobalt brushstrokes, suggests); $160. A dark-brown redware jug ($90) with two side handles and a nicely rounded body is fitted with a stopper that is not original but is a good match—though a gratuitous one, since the jug makes such a successful flower vase.

A combination restaurant and antique shop at 936 First Avenue (51st) pays tribute to the previous tenant of its site—the beloved Beekman Place Bookshop—by calling itself the Beekman Place Cookshop, thus being able to retain the familiar old sign with but a single alteration. The antiques, of an English and American country character, are informally displayed in the two dining rooms, like the objects you might see in the dining room of a private house—though "see" may be an overstatement of what one can make out in the dim restaurant light of the Cookshop. We were attracted (perhaps by its white visibility) to a porcelain covered dish, four inches in top diameter and two inches tall, whose commercial origin is reflected not only by the inscription "Potted Beef" in bold black letters on its lid (accompanied by the boast, in smaller letters, "An Excellent Relish for Breakfast, Luncheon, & Etc.") but by the misleading size of its exterior, for the cavity inside is hardly big enough to hold a plausible ration of Beluga caviar; $22. A cozy old-fashioned blue-and-white willow-pattern cheese crock in the window of the Cookshop is covered with an octagonal dome that is not its original mate but sits so comfortably in place, and is so close to the crock in pattern and color, that the Cookshop's truthfulness is more simply interesting than cautionary; $45. A sombre but somehow fascinating color print, in an old wood-veneer frame, of three hanging dead fish evokes the heavy atmosphere of a New England boarding house; $45. The Cookshop's

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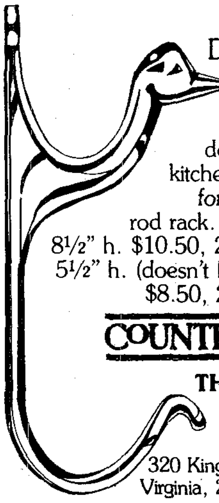

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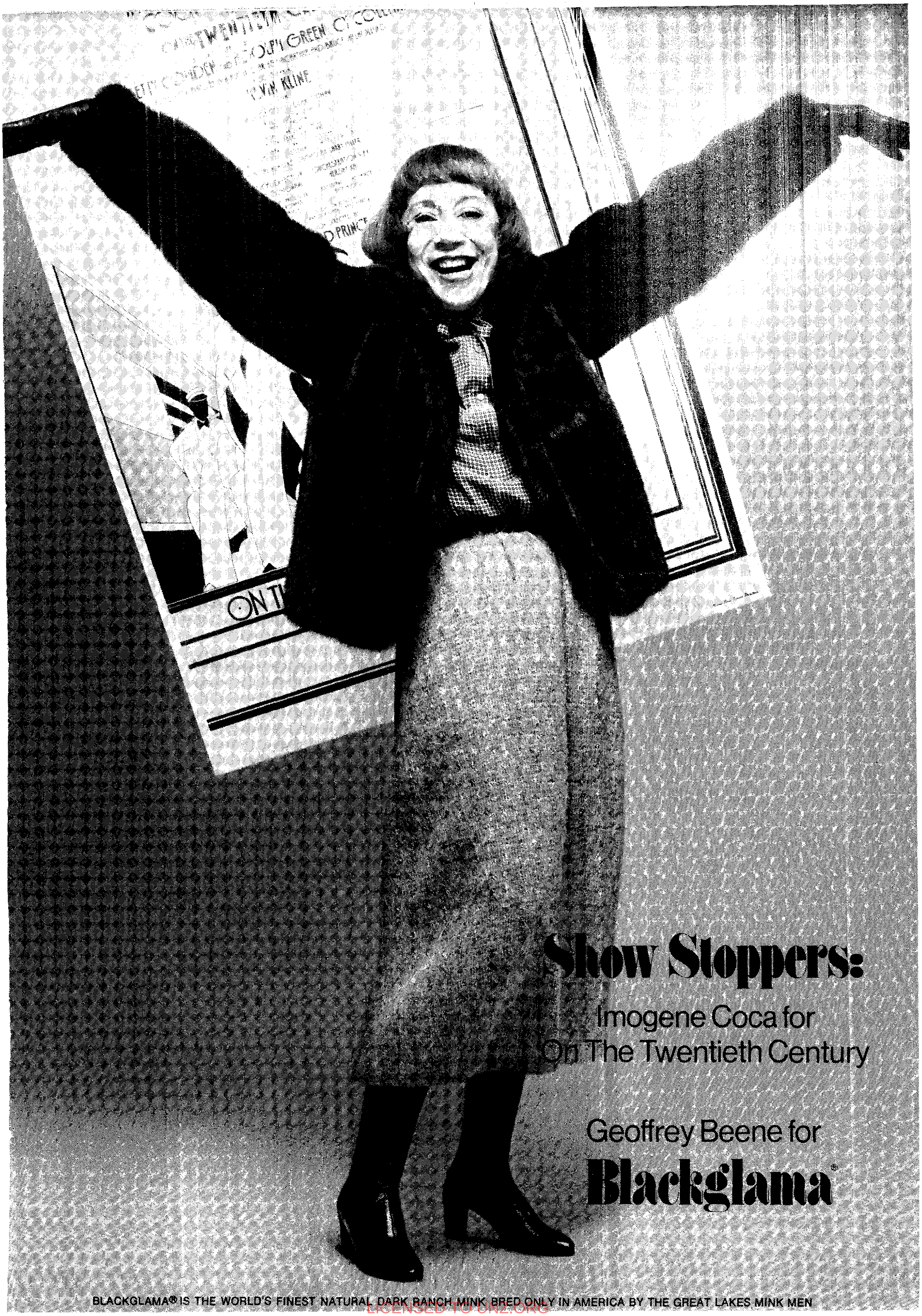
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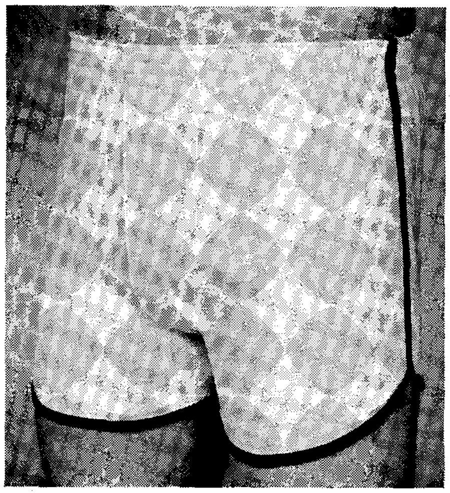

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collection of blue-and-white striped Cornishware includes such discontinued items as a marmalade jar, thus self-described in black letters ($15); a canister labelled "Granulated Sugar" ($20); and a tub marked "Butter" ($28). A stoneware crock, twelve inches tall and seven inches in diameter, is glazed honey-yellow on top and beige the rest of the way down. It has a small, appealingly worn opening, and a tiny "No. 5" printed on it; $35. Round Victorian breadboards, of pine worn to a light, smooth surface and approximately eleven inches in diameter, are in some cases decorated with a wheat-pattern border, and in others with the incised word "Bread." They are priced at $25 to $35, and matching bread knives with carved wood handles are $28.

At Kelter Malcé, 361 Bleecker Street, we received the vivid and affecting sense of its maker which an antique sometimes gives. The antique in question is an embroidered sampler of 1836 depicting a house, trees, flowers, and the alphabet through "T," set in a border of crabs; the maker was a grubby, tear-stained, determined child named Mary Ann Lee, who worked in tiny, messy cross-stitches pulled so tight that the cloth scrunches up around them, but who stubbornly refused to give up the frustrating task that—as smudgy pencil lines reveal—she herself had devised. It is utterly unlike the usual sampler, whose elegant ornateness of design and exquisite discipline of workmanship make its attribution to a young child hard to credit. Mary Ann's sampler is entirely believable as the work of a little girl, not only in its technical puerility but in its childish drawing style, which is like the style of the poster-paint pictures that children today do in nursery school and kindergarten here—and, as recent child-art studies have shown, in Russia, China, Japan, France, Poland, the Philippines, New Zealand, and everywhere else. This relic suggests how much against the grain of childhood the conventional well-made sampler went. Kelter Malcé asks $395 for this seventeen-by-thirteen-inch framed anomaly.

At Time Out, 381 Second Avenue (22nd), which trades in turn-of-the-century commercial relics (advertising pieces, shop signs, store furnishings, doctors' and dentists' cabinets) and in Grand Rapids golden-oak furniture—the Mediterranean of its day and the Biedermeier of ours—we were struck by the air of Masonic mystery surrounding a rotating pyramid decorated with multicolor crescents. It proved to

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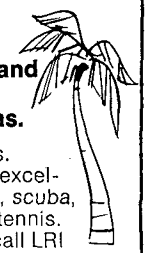

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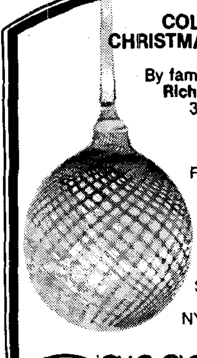

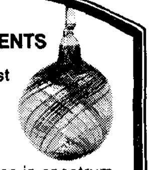

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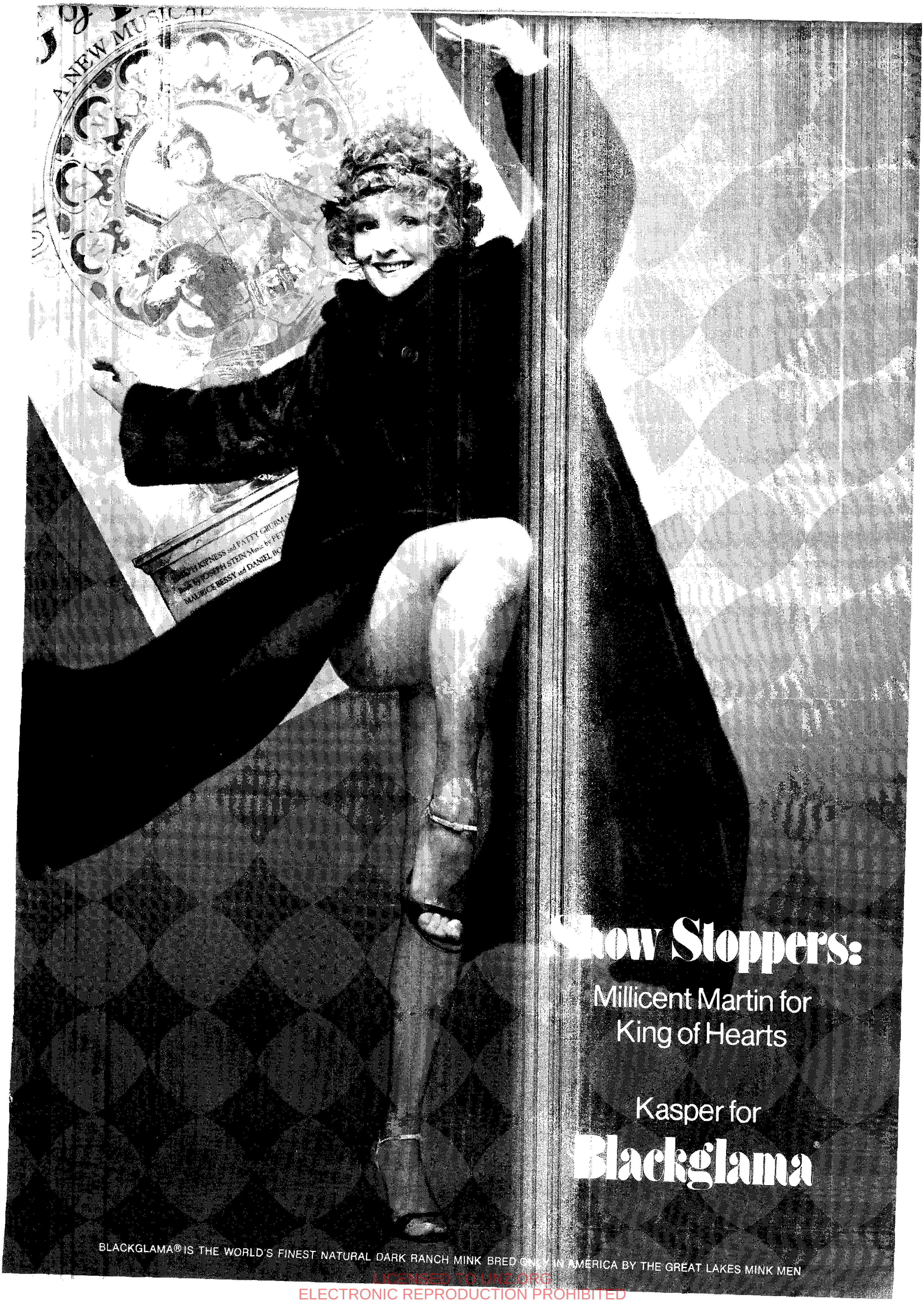
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be a sample-display case of the Turkish Dye Company, of Constantinople, Berlin, London, Paris, New York, and Montreal, and messages attesting to the dyes' unfading brilliancy of color (which the muted crescents mock) appear on the three glassed sides of the wood-framed and wood-based pyramid; $175. A handsome glass case from a barbershop, twenty-eight by eleven by eleven inches, advertises "Torey's Best Razors & Strops" in etched lettering. The four glass windows are framed in oak; $175. An enormous Art Nouveau poster advertising Humber bicycles shows a woman in a yellow dress on a bicycle with her veil and the hem of her skirt floating in the breeze, to indicate the incredible speed at which she is going. She wears matching yellow bicycling shoes and a scared smile; over her head a big red flower hovers like a star. This Paris-made lithograph is forty-two by sixty-one inches in its wood frame, and costs $575.

La Cuisinière, 867 Madison Avenue (72nd), has reproduced a pitcher from the Quimper Museum, in Brittany, guilefully giving it an appearance of antiquity by leaving off the glaze at various places (around the rim, say) where time usually wears it away. The pitcher has a bulbous body and a thick neck (and, consequently, a wide mouth), and is decorated with a pleasing folk-art flower-and-bird pattern hand-painted in dark blue on the palest of pale-blue backgrounds; $30.

At the Czechoslovak Store, 1363 First Avenue (73rd), reproductions of two-hundred-year-old garnet-red Egerman glass are on view in a profusion of bowl and wineglass shapes and sizes, etched with either a hunting scene or a grape-and-leaf pattern. This glassware has a heavy, old-fashioned atmosphere evocative of European lace-tablecloth ceremoniousness, and yet somehow is not incompatible with today's drop-cloth informality. A small wineglass of special felicity, with a round bowl decorated in the hunting pattern, is $9; a very tall stemmed wineglass in the same pattern is $18; a dessert compote is $15; and a tall mug in the grape pattern is $20.

At Limited Editions, 253 East 72nd Street, we gravitated toward some big old crude English terra-cotta bowls, characterfully rough and begrimed on the outside, and just as characterfully crazed and worn on their pale-yellow glazed interior. They splay out widely to a diameter of thirteen inches, and their rims are decorated with a single thin line of brown glaze; $75. A three-quart tin pitcher painted with an Art Nouveau water-lily design—pink-

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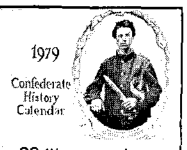

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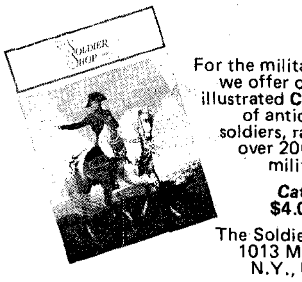

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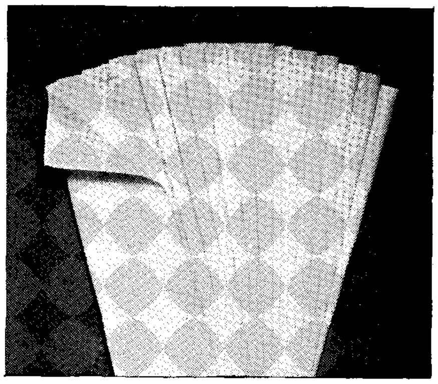

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tinged white blossoms and buds, pale-green leaves, and sinuously curving brown stems deployed with Japanese elegance on a cream background—has a bad chip in its enamel, but the chip fortunately appears on the side opposite the main design; $60. A ceramic cigarette box that apes a pack of Camels is $15, and a white ceramic pitcher shaped like an open carton of milk and bearing the word "MILK" in discreet raised capital letters is $15. We can't defend (or entirely understand) our liking for these items of semi-trompe-l'oeil.

ON decaying East 9th Street, we found a pottery called Clayworks, at No. 332, that is worth a trip to this crummy neighborhood. The pottery is a four-woman coöperative, where classes are taught and work is produced (by the teachers) that is on a high professional level and is sold for very little money. Admittedly, there are some examples here of the strained artiness that has brought the craft of pottery into disrepute and has caused many people to prefer the handsome, unself-conscious productions of machines to the ugly inspirations of craftspersons—but these do not predominate. The work of Alix Leff, an English member of the coöperative, is perhaps freest of the taint of Art. She works in the tradition of the English vernacular, keeping her shapes simple and conventional and her glazes plain and earth-colored. A quart stoneware pitcher by her—a cozy rounded shape with a widely arched handle—has a lovely shaded effect of cream and brown, created by the deliberately uneven application of white glaze to beige clay; this satisfying work is only $6. A pitcher of similar homey plainness has a dark-brown surface achieved by the application of transparent glaze to dark terra-cotta; it, too, is $6. A round stoneware covered dish (Alix calls it a pâté pot), four inches high and five inches in diameter, is glazed a handsome nutmeg brown and priced at $8. From Helaine Sorgen's oeuvre we selected some small round bowls, priced at $3, whose glaze decoration has a vaguely Oriental character, though it is utterly unique. Perhaps the clearest way to describe it is to give a step-by-step account of its application. First, the bowl is glazed dark brown. Then it is filled half-full with turquoise glaze. Next it is tipped, and the turquoise glaze is poured out. The result is a turquoise interior with a wavy band of brown interrupted by a turquoise streak where the glaze ran out. A squat, round pitcher by the same potter has a greenish-yellow glaze modulated by

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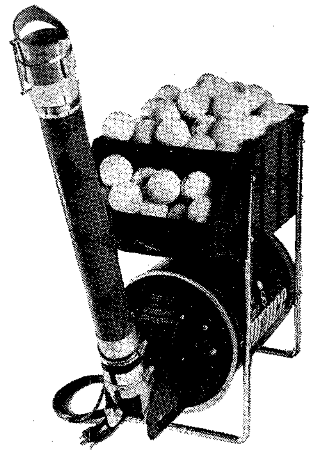

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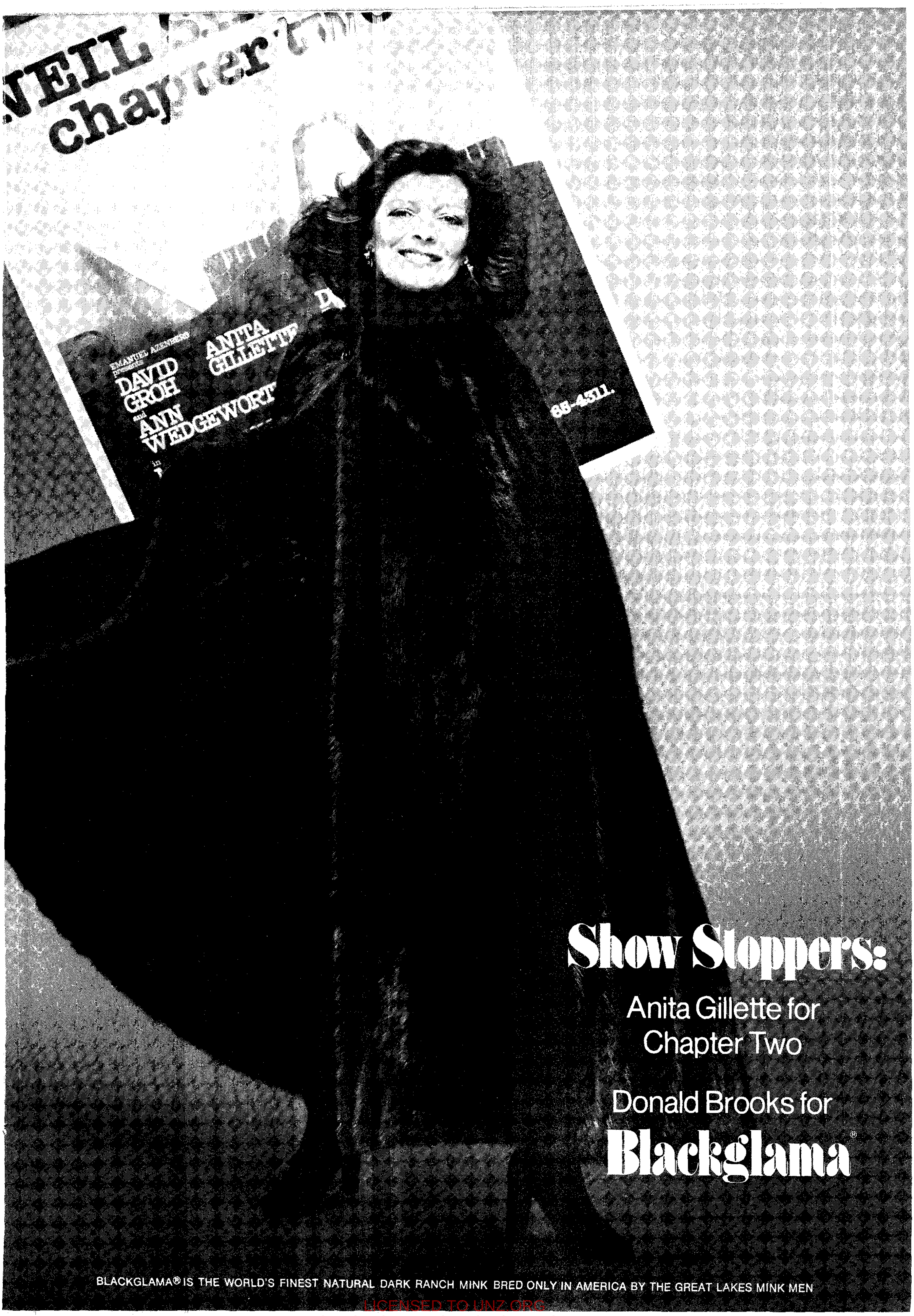
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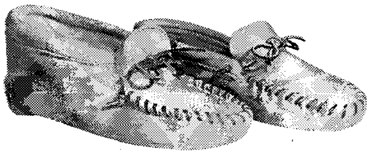

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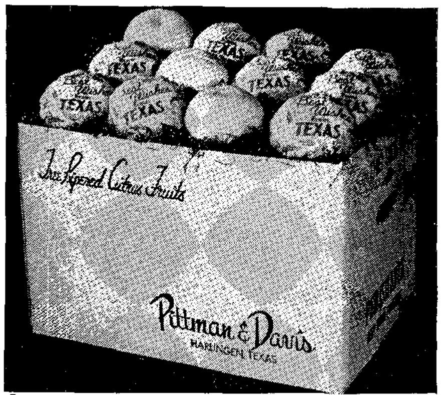
the rust color of the clay beneath; it is $7. Some strange little brown cups by Darby Ortolano have a kind of crumpled appearance, and in lieu of ears two smears of clay have been squished on either side by the potter's fingers; the user's fingers congenially fit right in. These cups look quite as queer as they sound, but they work, in their bizarre way, and they have the authority of something completely thought through; $3.50. Susan Claflin's big planter, eight inches in diameter and six inches high, resembles the traditional Norman *kel* in its tapered-at-the-bottom bulbousness and its stubby crescent handles. It is glazed a warm cinnamon color and is decorated with green glaze dripped beneath the rim; price $10. The hours of the pottery are irregular, and calling first (677-8311) is advised.

OUR final stop was at the Rennert Manufacturing Company, 93 Greene Street, where the movers' pads that high-tech-minded people are using as blankets and coverlets are made, and where individuals are good-naturedly allowed to browse and to buy by the single pad. The pads, filled with cotton batting and quilted with an attractive herringbone stitch, are mostly in solid-color fabrics bound in a contrasting color; they measure sixty-eight by seventy-six inches, and are priced between $6 and $20, the price being determined by the quality of the outer fabric. What is most desirable for a mover turns out to be less desirable for a person equipping a bedroom: the $8 pad, made of fairly lightweight and soft cotton or cotton polyester, seems best suited for domestic use and comes in some of the most attractive colors. Rennert will also sell pads in any length desired (the width remains seventy-six inches), and will run up a pad to order in any available quilted fabric with any available binding. An official of the company explained that Rennert has arrangements with mills in the South, which send them their remnants. "Whatever they have, we take," he said. "You never know what they'll send, but you have to take it all." He added, "If we bought fresh-made goods, the pads would cost six times as much." As we followed the pad-making process—from its beginning, in a section of the place where enormous, jumbled piles of fabric were heaped around eight or ten sewing machines operated by Spanish-speaking women; through the making of the sandwich of batting and outer fabric; through the quilting, done on huge, loomlike machines; through the cutting of the material into pads; to the final



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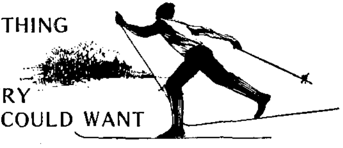

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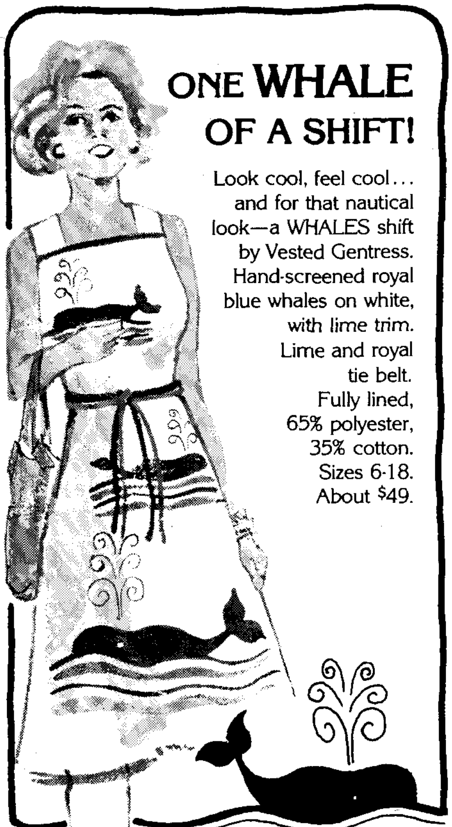

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sewing on of the binding—we suddenly realized that we were in a loft space in SoHo that was neither a gallery nor a boutique nor a restaurant nor an artist's apartment but a *factory*. This realization reminded us, in turn, of a conversation we had a few years ago with a friend, who surprised us by his misgivings about the SoHo revival, for which everyone else had nothing but praise. Our friend—who knows the city in the profound and complex way that a Milton scholar knows "Paradise Lost" or a neurosurgeon knows the brain—was concerned about the small businesses (rags and waste paper, spare parts, specialty hardware) that have occupied the SoHo lofts since the nineteenth century and now were being forced out by the sky-high rents that the revival had brought to the district. He felt that this was a loss to the city that the galleries and plant-filled apartments could not compensate for. In his view, the vitality of the city—the something about it that everyone feels almost the moment he steps off the bus from Ohio—comes from its being the most unimaginably diverse city in the world, a city of Infinite Possibility, where everything is made and sold and nothing cannot be found, from the most specialized screw for a piano-bench leg to the Star of India sapphire. When the screw disappears, our friend believes, so will the sapphire. Paradoxically, the high-tech style itself, by supporting the fashion of living in lofts, may be contributing to the disappearance from Manhattan of the very objects it celebrates. We were struck by another uneasy reflection as we toured the Rennert factory in our fashionable "work" clothes from Bloomingdale's, under the cool appraisal of real factory workers. This concerned the blunt fact of class difference in this country, which the high-tech style brings into a kind of parodistic relief. The sewing-machine operators at Rennert would no more put movers' pads on their beds than they would cover them with leaves (and would spend a good deal more than eight dollars on conventional spreads of lesser durability), nor would they accept any other domestic application of industrial equipment. The trappings of poverty in this country are as conspicuous as the trappings of affluence. By decorating their homes with objects evoking machines, factories, and assembly lines, the affluent only widen the gap between themselves and their less fortunate fellows and unwittingly revive the callous charade played at their peril by the shepherds and shepherdesses of Versailles.

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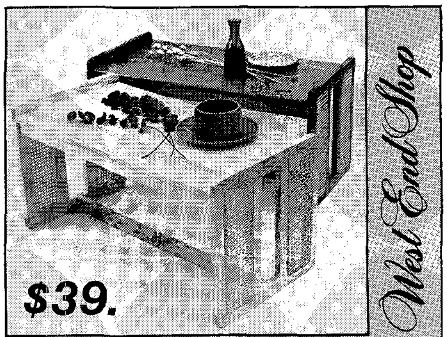

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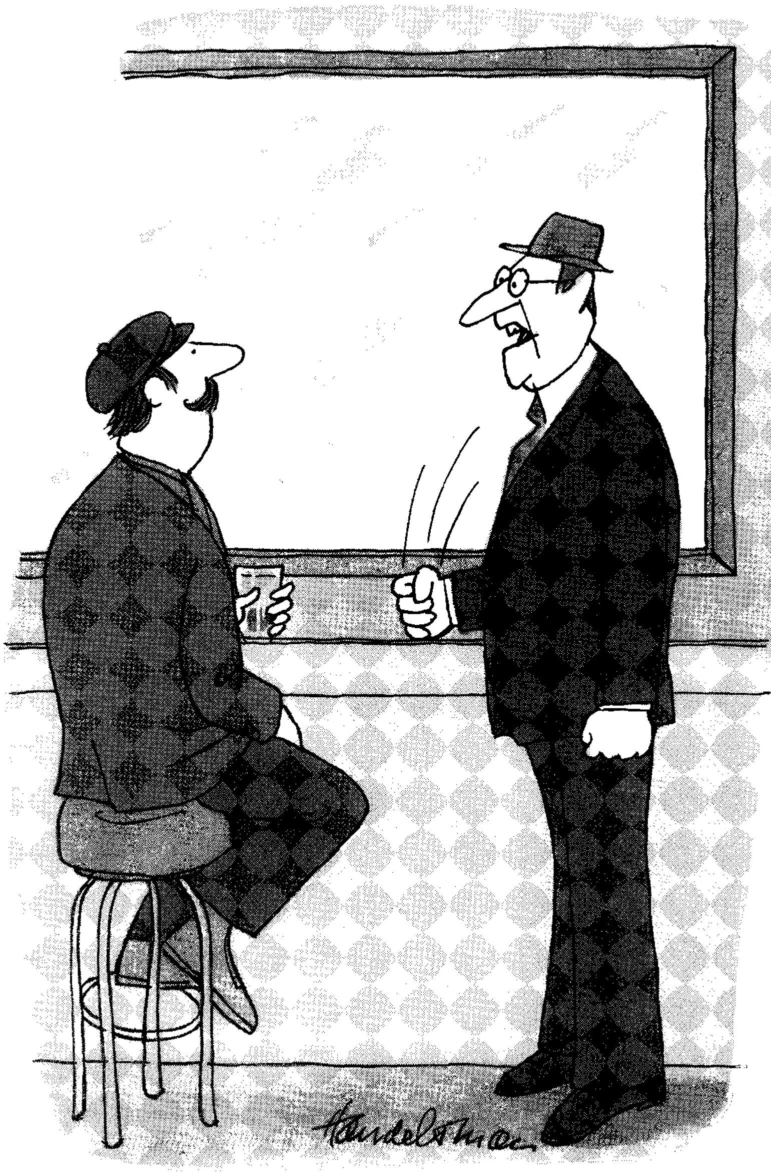
JAZZ

Live

THE judgments we make of jazz are based on the infinitesimal amount of music recorded during the past sixty years and on our often leaky memories of live music. Having only these two means of trapping jazz (musical notation captures its bare outlines) has long made listeners aesthetically nervous. Like dancing, live improvised music disappears quickly from the mind, leaving unsteady images ("afterimages," Arlene Croce calls them) that tend to wither or balloon. Recorded jazz is no easier for the listener. One of the great pleasures of hearing improvised music is that it has never been heard before, but this exhilaration occurs only on the first hearing of a record. After that, the music grows more and more familiar, until it becomes fixed and can be whistled note for note. Then we are free to explore the emotional levels of a solo (this is mysterious and highly subjective; some charged moments in recorded jazz improvisation—in Louis Armstrong's 1933 "Basin Street Blues" and Coleman Hawkins' 1943 "The Man I Love"—remain indestructible, while others eventually fade). Although we depend on the studio recording, for which most musicians are able to distill themselves, live recordings offer us the workaday musician, complete with clams and clichés. They also offer surprise and beauty of a kind often forestalled by the celebrated chills of the recording studio. This is certainly true of the unique and invaluable "Duke Ellington at Fargo, 1940, Live" (Book-of-the-Month Records 30-5622)—a recording that has long been available in pirated form and now, having been cleared with Ellington's estate, is issued legally for the first time. It is an almost complete documentation—taken down on a portable acetate recorder by two local enthusiasts named Jack Towers and Dick Burris—of a dance played on November 7, 1940, at the Crystal Ballroom in Fargo, North Dakota, by just about the best of all Ellington bands. (Thirty-five of the forty numbers recorded have been preserved in the album. The omitted selections, with one exception, either are musically negligible or have irremediable sound problems.)

Countless live recordings have appeared in recent years—one wonders if some aren't clever fabrications put together by restless engineers in their off time—and most are from radio broadcasts or from concerts or night clubs. Few have been done at dances, which jazz musicians love, because they can see their music reflected in the bodies of the dancers: the better the music the better the dancing, and the better the dancing the better the music. Nor do many of the recorded dances follow the course of the evening from the cold-lip, off-pitch beginnings at eight o'clock to the relaxed, often bleary doings at one. Catching the Ellington band on this particular night was extraordinary luck. It was a time of upheaval: Cootie Williams, an anchor of the band since 1929, had left to join Benny Goodman five days before, and his replacement, Ray Nance, had just reported for duty. The band had changed very little in the previous decade. Otto Hardwick had departed and returned, Rex Stewart and Lawrence Brown had been added, Artie Whetsol had been replaced by Wallace Jones, and late in 1939 Ben Webster and Jimmy Blanton had joined. By this time, the Ellington band members could dream one another's dreams and predict, within reason, one another's solos. It was the greatest *Ellington* band but not the greatest Ellington *band*, for it would later include musicians who were often technically superior, among them Clark Terry, Bill Berry, Paul Gonsalves, Oscar Pettiford, and Louis Bellson. With the exception of Webster, Brown, Blanton, and Johnny Hodges, the 1940 band was a collection of inspired primitives, who were exactly what Ellington wanted. None were first-rate improvisers (Barney Bigard and Tricky Sam Nanton—Bigard blessed with an unbelievably liquid Albert-system clarinet tone, and Nanton with an eerie "talking" muted style—played endless variations on the same solo), and all had choice musical tricks and peculiarities that Ellington loved to work with. These included Stewart's half-valve effects on cornet, Williams' and Nan-



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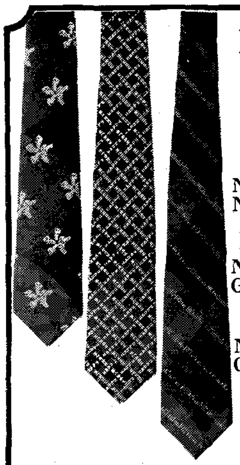

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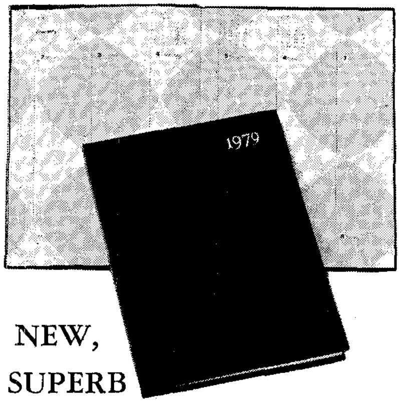
ton's plunger-mute sounds, Hodges' and Harry Carney's tones (cream-colored and baronial), and Sonny Greer's charging, tintinnabulous drumming. It was a superb house of musical freaks, whom Ellington could only attempt to match as they dispersed over the years.

THE dance at the Crystal Ballroom began shortly after eight with a short set played without the leader. This included a brisk version of "It's Glory," a rambling "The Mooche," and a jumping but truncated "The Sheik of Araby." The album begins with "The Mooche" ("Glory" and "Araby" are omitted without much loss), which has statements from Hodges, Tricky Sam, and Stewart. At nine o'clock, the radio station KVOX broadcast nine numbers, among them a brilliant "Ko-Ko," which is perhaps even better than the studio version done eight months before ("Ko-Ko" remains the most sophisticated and ingenious large-ensemble blues ever written); a "Pussy Willow" in which Nance takes his first, tremulous, but instantly recognizable solo, and which has an exhilarating moment when, after a humming three-note saxophone figure played four times, the last with Carney sliding under to give it bottom, Ellington yells, Greer lets loose an oceanic roll, and the full band roars in; a "Harlem Air Shaft" wherein Rex Stewart takes over Cootie Williams' three brief rampant passages but fails to give them Williams' urgency and power; and a couple of moony vocals by Herb Jeffries and Ivie Anderson during which one can practically hear the dancers' feet. (One *can* hear Freddy Guy's guitar and Greer's brushes. The sound in the album is, almost without fail, good, and by the time we reach a steam-heated version of "Rockin' in Rhythm," which must have been played around eleven-thirty, it is close to studio quality.) After the broadcast, the band relaxes and we are given a loose, swinging rendition of "Bojangles," complete with Ellington shouting "Play, play!" at his saxophone section and two excellent choruses of Ben Webster; a fine "You Took Advantage of Me," called "On the Air," with glistening, leaping Hodges, who is also superb on "Never No Lament" (eventually "Don't Get Around Much Anymore"); and a leisurely, five-minute "Sepia Panorama" that has two more startling Webster choruses. The only disappointment in this part of the album is the omission of "The Sidewalks of New York," which has first-



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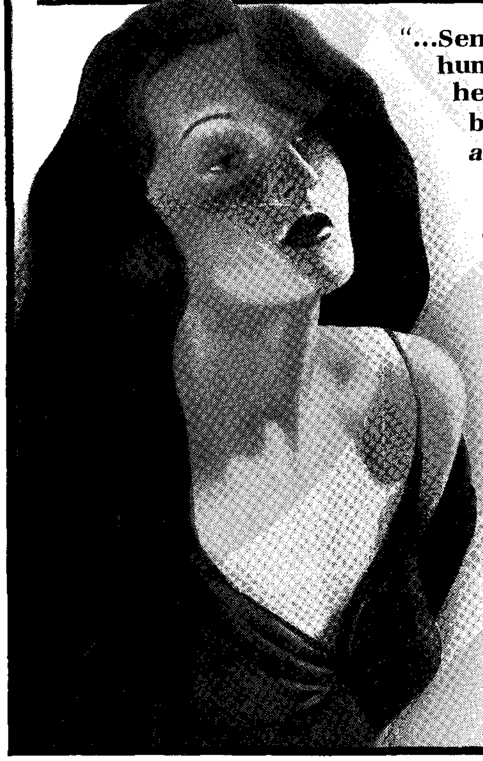
rate Jimmy Blanton and a long, muted, across-the-bay Rex Stewart solo backed by one of Ellington's beautiful singing reed figures. The evening was two-thirds over, and the band had found its groove. Rocking rundowns of "Cotton Tail" (taken very fast), "Conga Brava," and the slow "Across the Track Blues" (the title refers to the feelings that the Ellington band members suffered when, after playing to cheering white audiences, they were forced to sleep in the black section of town) are followed by a jammed "Honeysuckle Rose," in which Ray Nance takes his first violin solo with the band, and "Wham," in which he scat-sings in the manner of Leo Watson. Then we come to the peak of the evening—a slow, four-minute "Star Dust" that is given over to three statuesque choruses by Ben Webster. It was Webster's reply to Coleman Hawkins' "Body and Soul," set down the year before, and it was a formidable one. (It pleased Webster so much that he took a copy of it with him wherever he went for the rest of his life.) A medium-tempo "Rose of the Rio Grande," with Ivie Anderson singing and Lawrence Brown in limousine form, follows, and the evening closes with a ramshackle, whooping "St. Louis Blues" that has an Anderson vocal, good Tricky Sam, and six champing choruses of Webster. Sonny Greer was Webster's co-star that night—whacking a cowbell on annunciatory offbeats, using a great pushing afterbeat, punctuating trombone solos with timpani beats, and sloshing everyone with his cymbals. Greer has long been pushed aside as a drummer, but he was, with Sid Catlett, the best of the big-band drummers.

After Towers and Burris had played some of the acetates for the Ellington musicians and gone home, Burris

R. MacMillan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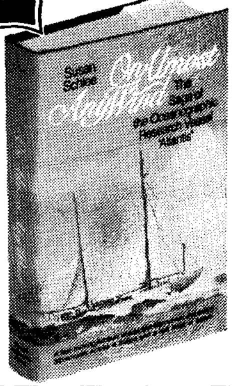
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said to his companion, "We don't realize what we have here." This is the sort of mock-heroic, self-belittling remark that all at-the-right-place, at-the-right-moment innovators make after the event, and it is glorious nonsense.

(One can order the album, without joining anything, from Book-of-the-Month Records, Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012.)

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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Through the small door of a hut
he stares at us, our movements,
the thousands of faces we are,
the booming, world's roar

that, later, for a drifting instant,
he will enter. His extra shirt
tied by its arms for a sack,
he will be lost in his luck.

By the freeway, whipped as a weed,
he stalks the malignant ground
for bottles, and we wear on.
He doesn't imagine anyone

weeping in anger as he looms up,
and when he comes to the truck
parked, the woman asleep inside,
he thinks of his nights, wide

as the blue glare on the concrete,
full of glass and the clink-clink
of his business. For him sunset
is the good hour, the shapeless

beams of headlights always thick,
blending with sun to flick
off what he hunts. He is alone,
himself, dreaming of the blown

treasures of the world, the bottles
like loaves of gold. The rumble
of everything falls about him
like snow. He bends, reaches, grins,

and ignores whatever we scream.
His tarpaper walls are the dream
he has given himself. At night
a wind plays over the pipes

he has fashioned from glassy mouths.
The world seems right, as he lies out
in bed, but fingers itch, and a face—
whose is it?—leans, leans like grace

and he can't remember whose or why.
At dawn, aching, he watches the sky,
sees high birds pass, then us,
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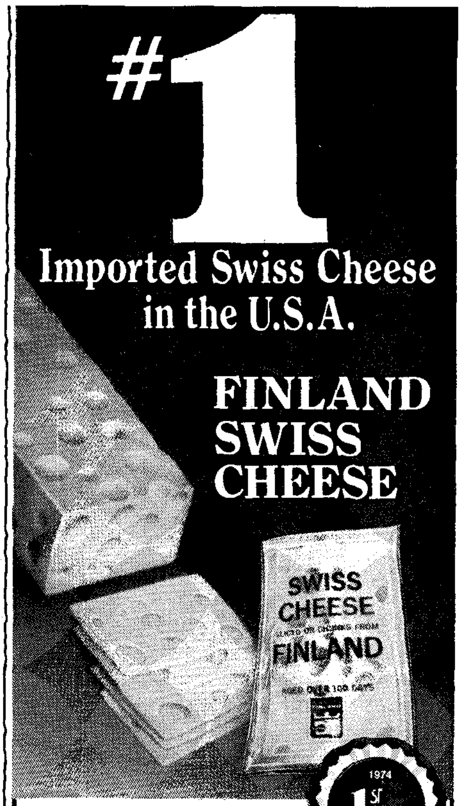

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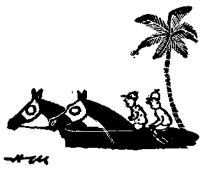
THE RACE TRACK

Horse Race

ALTHOUGH balloting for the Eclipse Awards will not close until November 28th, this annual event, sponsored by the *Daily Racing Form*—in which the country's leading racing secretaries join with members of the National Turf Writers Association and *Daily Racing Form* staff members to select the best two-year-old colt or gelding, the best two-year-old filly, the best three-year-old colt or gelding and filly, the best four-year-old-and-upward colt or gelding and filly or mare, the best sprinter, the best horse on grass, and, finally, the Horse of the Year—is causing an unusual amount of talk among horsemen, particularly as to who will be the Horse of the Year. It looks as though the decision between Nelson Bunker Hunt's Exceller and Tayhill Stable's Seattle Slew will be closer than the short nose by which Exceller beat Slew in the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park in October. As this is written, my guess is that Slew will make it. He caught the public's eye when he won the Triple Crown in 1977, and he has held it ever since.

This department's pick for best two-year-old colt is Hawksworth Farm's Spectacular Bid, who won his last five starts—the Heritage Stakes, the Laurel Futurity, the Champagne, and two others. There is no star among the two-year-old fillies, they're so evenly matched this season. The best three-year-old colt must obviously be Affirmed. Although Daniel Wildenstein's filly Waya won the Man o' War, beating colts, and followed that up with the Turf Classic, there is no possible doubt whatever that Jerome Torsney's Mac Diarmida is this season's best runner on grass, for he won the Washington, D.C., International, the Canadian International Championship, the Lawrence Realization, the Secretariat, and several other stakes. Either Charlie Whittingham, who has Exceller, or Laz Barrera, in charge of Affirmed, will be voted the leading trainer, and Steve Cauthen, the rider of the Triple Crown winner, the leading jockey.

JUST before Slew's triumphant farewell to his racing career in the Stuyvesant, Mickey and Karen Taylor and Jim and Sally Hill, his quadrumvirate of owners, were served summonses as a result of a breach-of-contract suit brought against them by Billy Turner, who last year trained Slew to become the first horse to remain unbeaten while waltzing away with the Triple Crown. Turner is claiming ten per cent of his former charge's twelve-million-dollar syndication figure, plus a breeding right that would allow him to breed one mare a year to Slew for the rest of Slew's life at stud. The reactions of the Taylors and the Hills were predictably unenthusiastic, and perhaps the whole affair was best summed up by Mrs. Hill's comment: "It's a shame a horse of this stature has to be pulled into something like this."



NEXT year's Jockey Club will be the richest race ever run in New York State. The added money will be a cool $350,000. Last Tuesday, James Heffernan, the president of the New York Racing Association, announcing the N.Y.R.A.'s 1979 schedule, revealed that no less than $10,800,000 would be on the line in stakes races here. That will make New York tracks, which have long been in decline, the richest equine proving ground in the world.

THE C. T. Chenery estate set records in both average and gross at the Keeneland sales last week by selling eleven in-foal brood mares on Monday night for $3,400,000. The average price, $309,901, was an almost incredible advance over the former record, set only two years ago by John M. Olin, who sold twenty-two mares and weanlings for a $116,227 average. Top price among the Chenery mares went for Slip Screen, in foal to Sir Ivor; Nelson Bunker Hunt bought her for $710,000. Even that was not the evening's biggest sale, however: Franklin Groves paid $800,000 for the brood mare Nanticious, by Nantallah out of Be Ambitious. Groves, who breeds horses at his North Ridge Farm in Lexington, owns five shares in Seattle Slew and is planning to bring Nanticious to him. At the moment, she is in foal to Honest Pleasure.

—AUDAX MINOR

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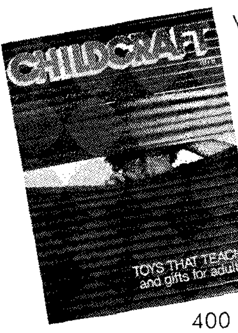

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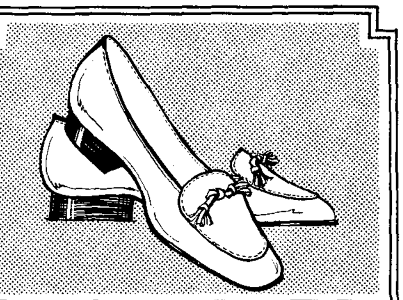

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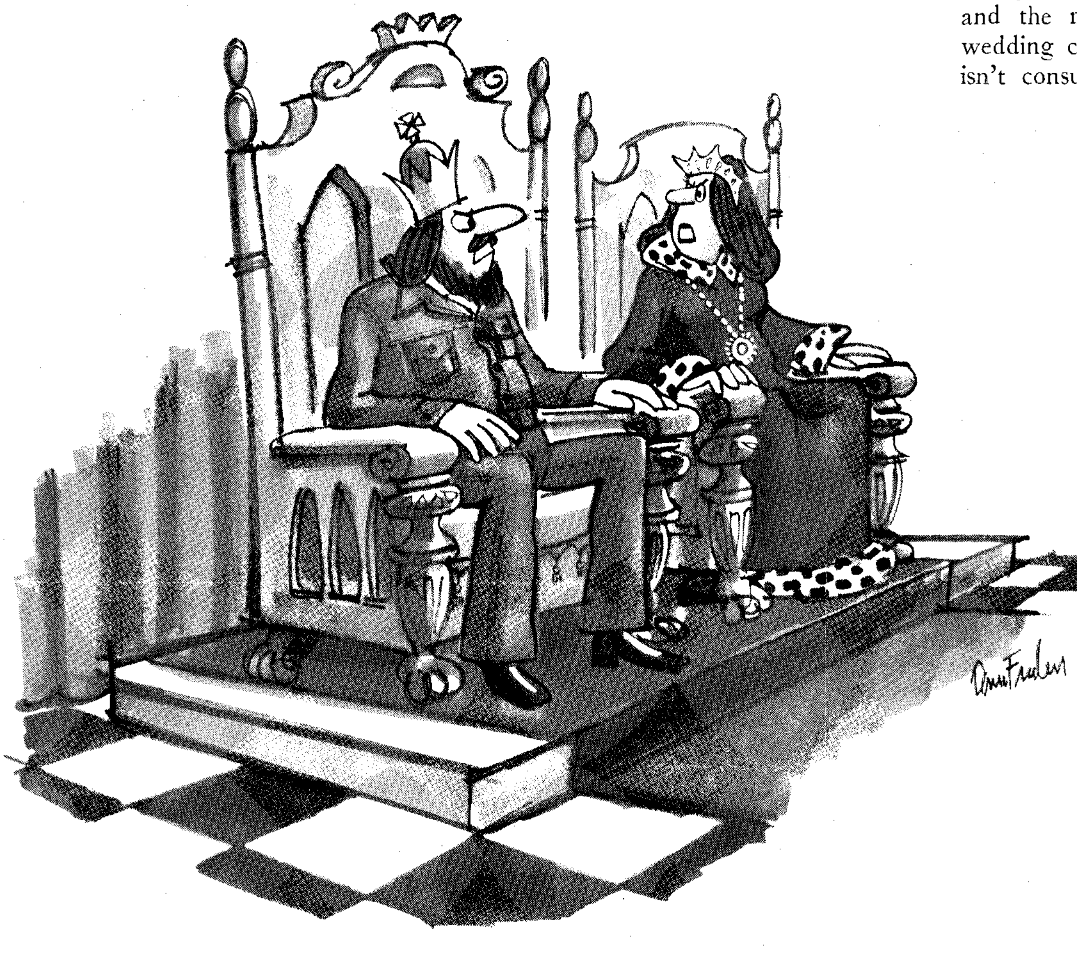
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Movie Yellow Journalism

"MIDNIGHT EXPRESS" puts the squeeze on us right from the start. First, there are titles explaining that the movie is "based on a true story" that began in 1970 in Istanbul. Before we see anything more, we hear ominous percussion music: the thump thump of Billy Hayes' heart. We're inside this college boy's chest, pulsating with his panic as he straps two kilos (about four pounds) of hashish around his torso and goes out to the airport to catch the flight that will take him home to New York. By the time he gets to customs, he's sweating in terror and his chest is about to burst, and then, at the very moment of boarding the plane, he is apprehended.

For the next two hours, this innocent American is subjected to the most photogenic brutalization that the director, Alan Parker, and the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, can dream up. The "true story" of Billy Hayes—that is, the relatively simple account given in the book by Hayes and William Hoffer, which was probably already somewhat heightened—is used merely as a taking-off place for the moviemakers' sadomasochistic and homoerotic imaginations. Parker and Stone pile on the horrors, and, together with the composer, Giorgio Moroder, and his synthesizer, jack them up to a frenzy. The film is like a porno fantasy about the sacrifice of a virgin. When he's arrested, Billy (Brad Davis)—the beautiful male ingénue, with his well-fed, muscular American body—is stripped, in a smoky room, for the delectation of the cruel Turks. He's cast as Lawrence of Arabia, for the roughest of rough trade. Surrounded by these garlicky, oily men with hairy nostrils who talk in their incomprehensible language, like members of another species, he's isolated with his fear, and the pounding in his chest is joined by electronic buzzing and heavy bell sounds. He's thrown in jail and, on his first night, he's hung up by the ankles and clubbed—and there's the strong suggestion that he's also sodomized—by the head guard, Hamidou (Paul Smith), a huge, sadistic bullock of a man with great clumps of hair growing from the rims of his ears, like outcroppings of lust. When Billy meets another American inmate, Jimmy (Randy Quaid), a hothead whose thoughts pop like firecrackers, he says, "I'm Billy Hayes—at least, I used to be."

We watch him deteriorate as the film rushes from torment to torment, treating his ordeals hypnotically in soft colors—muted squalor—with a disco beat in the background. The prison itself is more like a brothel than a prison; the film was shot mostly in a nineteenth-century British barracks in Malta, which was turned into a setting worthy of this de Sade entertainment. (It even has a flooded catacomb.) When you see Max (John Hurt), a drugged-out, emaciated English prisoner, caress a kitty, you wait for something terrible to happen to it; it does, and you get to see that, plus Max's stricken face. When you observe that there are child prisoners, you brace yourself, and, sure enough, they're cold-bloodedly tortured. Yet this picture, which presents itself as an unsparingly realistic, hard-hitting view of the brutalities of prison, has an interlude to tease us. Suddenly, a steaming sauna appears in a patch of sunlight in the middle of this foul dungeon, and an amiable Swede is giving Billy a lyrical scrubdown. The Swede kisses Billy solemnly, European-style, on both cheeks, and the music rises for a triumphal wedding celebration, but the marriage isn't consummated: with a Madonna smile, Billy gently—one might say with polite regrets—declines the offer. That's the only overt sexual advance in the movie; you'd think sex among prisoners meant whimsical, tender friendships—among Westerners, that is. (The dirty Turkish prisoners are sodomites, who also keep knifing each other.) This Billy-the-pure scene is part of the director's preparation for his big number. Billy is so lacerated by deprivation and torture that his mind snaps and he goes wild and attacks a Turkish informer, chasing him back and forth, beating him, and then grabbing him for what at first appears to be a horrifying, harsh kiss. Billy bites the Turk's tongue off



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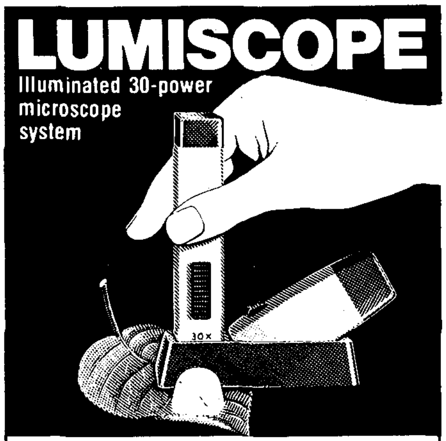
and, in sensuous slow motion, triumphantly spits it out. By that time, the electronic hype has been so effective—the audience has been coiled so tight—that there are people in the theatre cheering this insane revenge. Billy's gleeful bloody madness—his face drips gore—marks a new, stepped-up phase. He's dragged off to the section for the criminally insane, where the misery is so decorative it's almost Felliniesque. When his girlfriend, Susan (Irene Miracle), comes to see him in this Turkish snake pit, he is a gibbering, whimpering animal, masturbating with desire for her. It's five years, all told, before he escapes.

"Midnight Express" is single-minded in its brutal manipulation of the audience: this is a clear-cut case of the use of film technique split off from any artistic impulse. Parker seems almost vindictive in the way he prods the viewers—fast, efficiently, from one shock to the next. You get the feeling that what he and his team set out to do was to take this darling American boy Billy and subject him to the most garish tortures they could without running into an X rating. The moviemakers are British, but with virtually no film industry in Britain now, they're working with American financing and with Peter Guber (of "The Deep") as executive producer; they're demonstrating that they can be vivid and ferocious enough for the international "action" market. There's a mean-spiritedness in this fake-visceral movie which has got mixed together with the cause of imprisoned young pothead smugglers like Billy Hayes.

It's symptomatic that the director's control is least effective with the actors. Brad Davis's Billy is a standard young actor's imitation-James Dean performance, without much assurance. There's a heroism of physical force in most of the powerfully built American men stars; Davis—unlike the actual resourceful Billy Hayes—exudes weakness. This may be what attracted the moviemakers to him; their Billy is conceived as a victim—they deify weakness. But Davis isn't a strong enough actor to hold the screen when he plays scenes with Quaid or Hurt. And the director damages both of them by zeroing in on them as soon as they're introduced; he seems to be saying, "Perform." Quaid grabs attention simply by his usual overacting, which he tries to pass off as Jimmy's nuttiness; it isn't until late in the movie that we respond to the way Jimmy's one-cylinder high-combustion mind works and feel the comedy in the doggedness of his attempts to escape. Hurt, however, as he demonstrated on television—as Quentin Crisp in "The Naked Civil Servant," and as Caligula in "I, Claudius"—is a truly great interpreter of eccentrics; he has such inner force that he can play the most passive of roles, as he does here (he barely moves a muscle), and still transfix the audience. Hurt has some good lines as Max, and he delivers them in a dry deadpan, like a wasted English Buck Henry. Max is so spiritually exhausted that he doesn't have the emotional energy required for facial expressiveness: he's an almost burned-out light bulb with just a few dim flashes of the filament left. Yet he's the most moving character in the film.

The director works in xenophobic, melodramatic terms: the Americans, the Englishman, and the Swede are civilized and sensitive, and the Turks are bestial, sadistic, filthy. There are no ambiguities, there is no depth. Alan Parker doesn't waste his sympathy on Turkish prisoners, and his idea of irony is to have the hairy-eared Hamidou (the actor is actually an American with degrees from Brandeis and Harvard) whipping Jimmy with a leather belt while the Turks are at their prayers to Allah—Jimmy's yells of pain provide the melody to the praying chorus. The film is a crude rabble-rouser: like a wartime atrocity movie, it keeps turning the screws to dehumanize Billy's jailers, and even his lawyer, who's a fat nose-picker. At the same time, it's sanctimonious about Billy's victimization: he writes florid, high-toned letters to Susan which we hear him read, and, worse, at a hearing he makes a messagy speech to the court, lecturing it on the meaning of crime and punishment and mercy, and denouncing the Turks as "a nation of pigs." The facts of Billy Hayes' case as presented in the book (which is by no means as anti-Turkish as the movie) make a solid, strong claim on our feelings: sentenced to four years and two months for possession of hashish, he had almost completed his term and was awaiting release when he was sentenced to an additional term of thirty years for smuggling—all for the same two kilos. But the film's cheap grandstanding—indicting a whole people on the presumption that the brutality of prison guards represents the national way of life—destroys those feelings. (There is no mention of the fact that it was the American government which put the pressure on the Turks to keep dope from being smuggled into the United States: we gave them an assistance pro-



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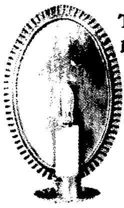

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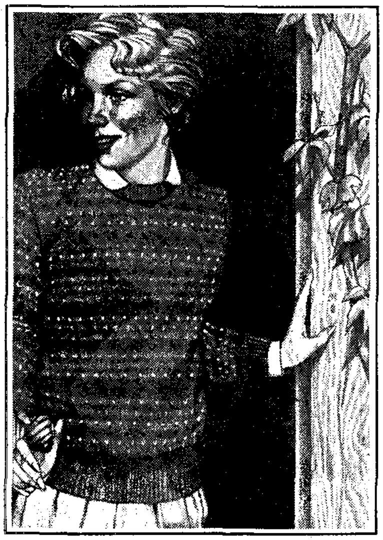
gram in criminology and trained their customs officials. The Turks have been trying to oblige us.)

Why are people lining up at theatres to see this picture? I assume that there are others besides me who felt squeezed so much that they grew to hate the picture more and more. (I didn't hope for Billy and his friends to escape—just for the movie to be over.) But "Midnight Express" may be something close to an all-purpose fantasy. For those who are part of the drug culture (which is by now almost the national culture), it can serve as a confirmation and extension of their fears. This movie is being sold as a journalistic exposé—the ads say, "Walk into the incredible true experience of Billy Hayes. And bring all the courage you can." And even if people who have read the book know that most of the juiciest episodes in the movie were invented, they can still respond to it emotionally, because it's what they want to see—the worst that could happen, and the depths to which they could be driven. What could be more satisfying to students and young dopers than this intoxicating view of the horrible pitfalls of smuggling dope—an ultimate romantic horror show. (The Billy of the movie doesn't just go biting-tongue-off mad; he also becomes a murderer.) Confinement in foreign prisons constitutes the martyrdom of the drug culture, and it's about the only part of that culture which the movies had missed until now. This story could have happened in almost any country, but if Billy Hayes had planned to be arrested to get the maximum commercial benefit from it, where else could he have got the advantages of a Turkish jail? Who wants to defend the Turks? (They don't even constitute enough of a movie market for Columbia Pictures to be concerned about how they're represented.)

And this picture is not only a full-scale fantasy for the drug culture but the cautionary tale that parents have been waiting for. Here, at last, is the movie that puts Vietnam behind us. It has been a long time since middle-aged people could say to their kids, "You don't know how lucky you are to be Americans, safe and protected." Billy's shame when he writes to his parents for help rehabilitates the shame that disobedient children used to feel in movies of the twenties and thirties. In prison, Billy feels totally abandoned, forsaken, left to rot. The love that fills his being when his father (Mike Kellin) comes to try to help him is so traditionally boyish that it recalls Lon McCallister in his doughboy uniforms,



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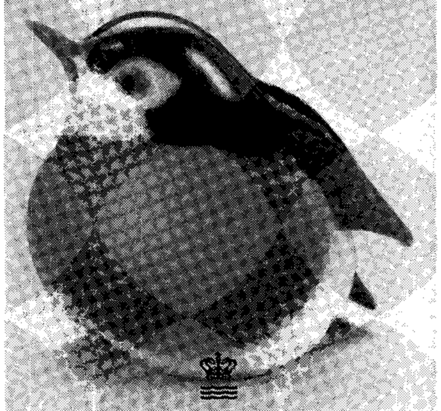

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and Van Johnson waving to Mom as he went off to war. Billy is never more James Dean-like than when he weeps and his father weeps. There hasn't been this kind of reconciliation-between-the-generations scene in many years. (It recalls "East of Eden.") When Billy's father says that his bowels are running because of the Turkish food he ate, and that for the rest of his stay "I'm not takin' any more chances—I'm gonna eat at the Hilton every night: steak and French fries and lotsa ketchup," he's making the fundamental point of the movie (as older people will see it). Stay out of Turkish jails, don't do anything you shouldn't, eat right, this is what can happen to you if you're not a good boy. "Midnight Express," with its sadistic sexual current, is a there's-no-place-like-home story, of a very peculiar variety. Hysterically sensual on the surface but with basic honor-thy-parents-and-listen-to-them glop at the center, it manipulates cross-generationally.

This fantasy even has a special appeal to liberals: the package is presented as social protest, as a modern "J'Accuse." There's a final crawl title: "On May 18th 1978 the motion picture you have just seen was shown to an audience of world press at the Cannes Film Festival . . . 43 days later the United States and Turkey entered into formal negotiations for the exchange of prisoners." And ringing upbeat music—exaltation music, like slow disco Muzak—accompanies this remarkable piece of journalistic self-congratulation. The producers sell this prison rhapsody as an example of bold muckraking that had immediate results—so, in a sense, the film claims that it has already proved its worth. Actually, the United States and Turkey have been talking about a prisoner-exchange agreement for several years, and last January the United States sent

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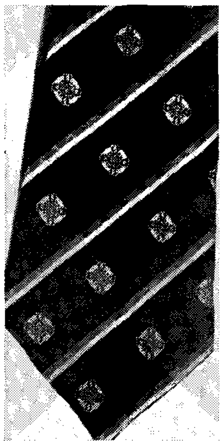

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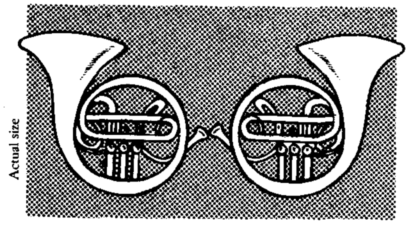

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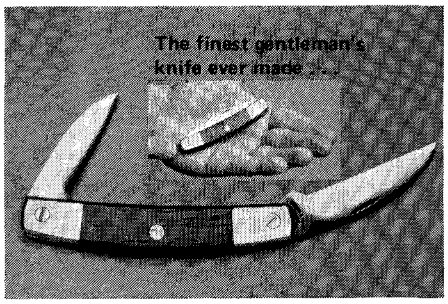

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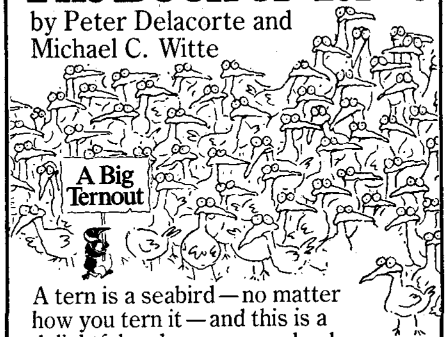

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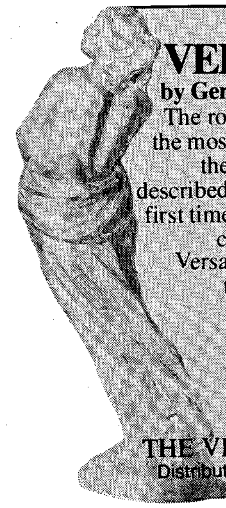

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a draft proposal to Turkey, which is still under negotiation; no prisoners have yet been transferred. (What happened in forty-three days? Nothing.) The music that says "Rise and salute our accomplishment" is really telling us to salute bunko artists.

The actual Billy Hayes, who has been out flacking for the film on the talk shows, was quizzed about that accomplishment in a recent interview in the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner*. Here are his answers:

> HAYES: I believe, and certainly hope, that to some degree, how great or how small is very hard to say, that [the film] "Midnight Express" has been instrumental in making this prisoner-exchange treaty happen.
>
> QUESTIONER: Did you have anything to do with that?
>
> HAYES: No, I don't think I had anything to do with it, directly. But I think anybody who's spoken about it, who's tried to spread an awareness of the fact that there are people who are being beaten, tortured, and thrown into prison for years for what is not even a crime in some places, had something to do with it. If "Midnight Express" does nothing else, it's making people aware that this kind of thing happens.

It's wonderful—isn't it?—that there are young dopers coming along who have already mastered the politician's art of squirming off a hook and floating in a sea of generalizations.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

THE CAT AND THE WIND

A small wind
blows across the hedge
into the yard.
The cat cocks her ears
—multitudinous rustling
and crackling all around—
her pupils dwindle
to specks
in her yellow eyes
that stare first upward
and then on every side
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any one thing
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for all together,
as if orchestrated,
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and start and pause
in their shifting,
their rubbing
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when the wind is already
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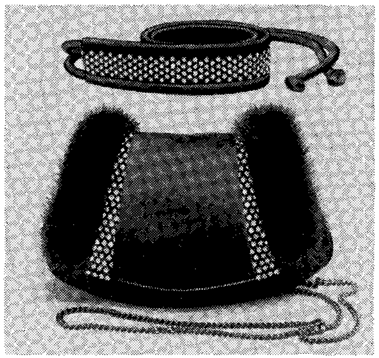

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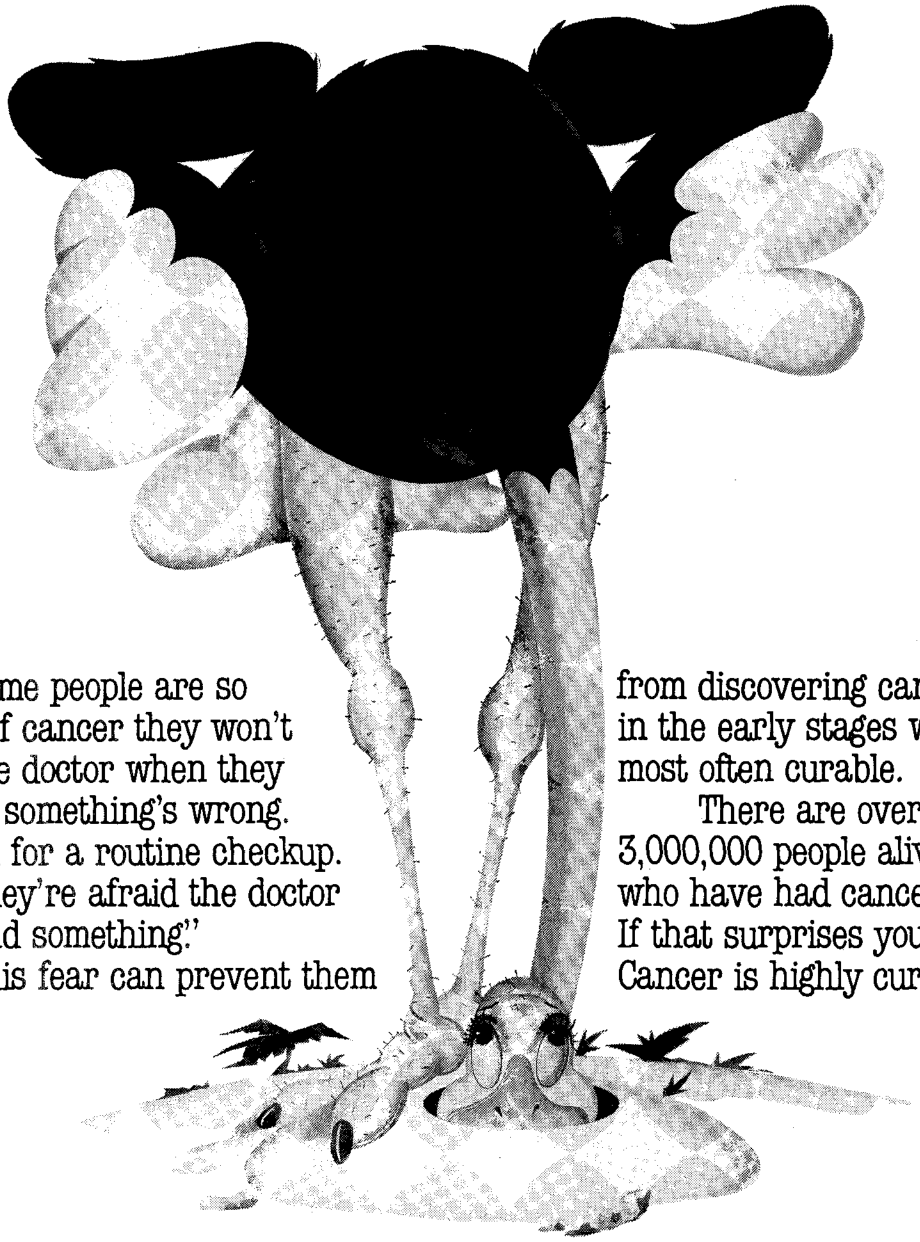

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Still Fairer Hopes

THE once familiar features of great composers have been changing with bewildering rapidity. It happened with Bach, with Rossini, with Verdi; now it has happened with Schubert. Who is this practical fellow who turns out—churns out—the bulk of his cantatas during the first three years of a twenty-seven-year Leipzig appointment? Can he be the hebdomadally pious composer, praying in notes, whom we were brought up to revere? Who is this earnest operatic reformer striving in work after work to rescue the Italian lyric theatre from frivolity and formula? Surely not the "cynic amused" that Francis Toye once wrote about? And this carefully educated, cultivated, Paris-influenced, largely Paris-based man who has set his sights on an Opéra success, who insists on adding spectacular elements to the scenarios submitted to him? Is he recognizable as the self-taught peasant from Roncole, the bear of Busseto, the contemner of the Opéra and all its works?

And who is this prosperous and popular Viennese composer of the eighteen-twenties, the first musician in history to earn an independent living by his pen alone, without official post, princely patrons, or pupils; winning from his publications an average salary scarcely less than that of the Hofkapellmeister, Vienna's highest musical dignitary; second only to Rossini as the favorite of Vienna concert audiences? Can he really be the Franz Schubert who (according to Tovey) "never heard his own mature orchestral music at all," who (according to Sir George Grove) was dragged down into an early grave by "his privations, his absolute poverty, and the distress which he naturally felt at finding that no exertions could improve his circumstances"? Look here, upon this picture, and on this. Has the modern study of documents, of sketches and drafts, of watermarks in the paper on which they are written, of "compositional procedures," and of precise contours in the foothills from which the peak composers emerge made so great a difference? It has. The touch of exaggeration, even caricature, in the new portraits is forgivable in an endeavor to correct the old counterfeits.

Twenty years ago, Maurice J. E. Brown, in his "Schubert: A Critical Biography," made an attempt "to present the composer in the light of a century of discovery and research," to substitute truth for the fairy tales of earlier biographers, to paint a "true picture of how he appears to the musical world of the mid-twentieth century." Brown—a science master by profession, a great Schubertian by calling—disposed of the sillier stories: that "Hark! hark! the lark" was written on the back of a menu, dashed off in a sudden moment of inspiration amid the hubbub of a beer garden; that half a dozen of the "Winterreise" songs were composed in a single morning and sold to their publisher for tenpence each. More important, he refuted the view that "Schubert is conspicuous among great composers for the insufficiency of his musical education," that "he had no great talent for self-criticism, and the least possible feeling for abstract design, and balance and order," and "no taste for the patient balancing, considering, and re-writing again and again, which was characteristic of Beethoven." Those phrases, from Hubert Parry's 1894 essay on the composer, express received ideas that ran on well into the twentieth century and still appear in popular books and unconsidered program notes. Most important, Brown made—and supported—the positive assertions that Schubert, so far from being a natural muses' son who created with carefree inspiration, was a dedicated, hardworking, and earnest musician, "the professional composer *par excellence*," driven by "utter self-devotion to his genius;" that he should be regarded as an exemplar of the "grand style;" that (here Brown employs some of the exaggeration referred to above) "the very elements which many music lovers find most congenial are either absent altogether in his music, or only briefly encountered: wit, understatement, sophistication, picturesqueness, delicacy, bravura;" and that "his expression is full-blooded, personal, extravagant."

IN his foreword, Brown remarked that "Schubert has been for thirty years, and will be for forty years to come, spared the attention of centenary celebration, with its unavoidable exaggerations and distortions." He did not reckon with sesquicentennial observance. Schubert died on November 19, 1828, and so 1978 has been a Schubert Year, with congresses, conferences, and performances in numbers numberless. In Detroit, from November 2nd to 15th, there was Schubert every day—a series of fourteen concerts, in a festival titled "Schubert/Vienna," put on by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. The concerts ranged from symphonies and the opera "Alfonso und Estrella" in the big Ford Auditorium to chamber music in the Institute of Arts and in the Community Arts Auditorium, on the Wayne State University campus. Within the festival, there was a three-day international Schubert congress sponsored by the orchestra and the university. Vienna was further represented by Brahms, Wolf, Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern. The excellent Bern String Quartet played Alexander von Zemlinsky's Quartet No. 3 along with Schubert and Schoenberg. There were master classes, a course in Schubert and his poets, exhibitions, the B-Flat Mass in liturgy. Everyone seemed to be joining in—except the Michigan Opera Theatre, which was playing "Show Boat," not "Des Teufels Lustschloss," "Die Freunde von Salamanka," or "Fierrabras." At the final concert, after "Der Wanderer," Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantasy, and the Schubert-Liszt "Wanderer" Fantasy, Antal Dorati conducted the orchestra in dances and marches by Schubert, Joseph Lanner, and Johann Strauss I and II. In 1828, Schubert, Lanner, and the elder Strauss were adjudged to have written the most successful dance music heard that year in Vienna.

Schubert and Detroit, it must be admitted, are as oddly matched in scale as are the little Schubert and the towering baritone Michael Vogl in the well-known caricature of the pair "setting out for battle and victory." I find Detroit a gaunt and hideous city, on the whole, but one filled with architectural excitements—most of them very big, and widely separated. The congressists were kept busy within three quarters where there are clusters of good buildings and where the civic determination to make Detroit a good place to live in—the "renaissance" that its inhabitants speak of with justified pride—can be seen and felt. The Ford Auditorium is in the riverside Civic Center, laid out on lines devised by the Saarinens—a good Yamasaki building opposite, and the soaring, glittering cylinders of the Renaissance Center, a modern Ilium, off to one side. The congress hotel was in the New Center, beside Albert

Kahn's majestic General Motors Building and his breathtaking Fisher Building. Ten blocks away, in the Cultural Center, which includes the Institute of Arts, Cass Gilbert's Public Library, and the Wayne State campus, the Schubert meetings were held in the airy pavilion that is Yamasaki's McGregor Memorial Conference Center.

It was a good congress; everyone seemed agreed on that. Admittedly, it had its bad quarter hours when a point that was either true—and evident the instant it was pointed out—or so farfetched that no amount of Bellman iteration ("What I tell you three times is true") could make it acceptable was labored. In 1958, Brown wrote:

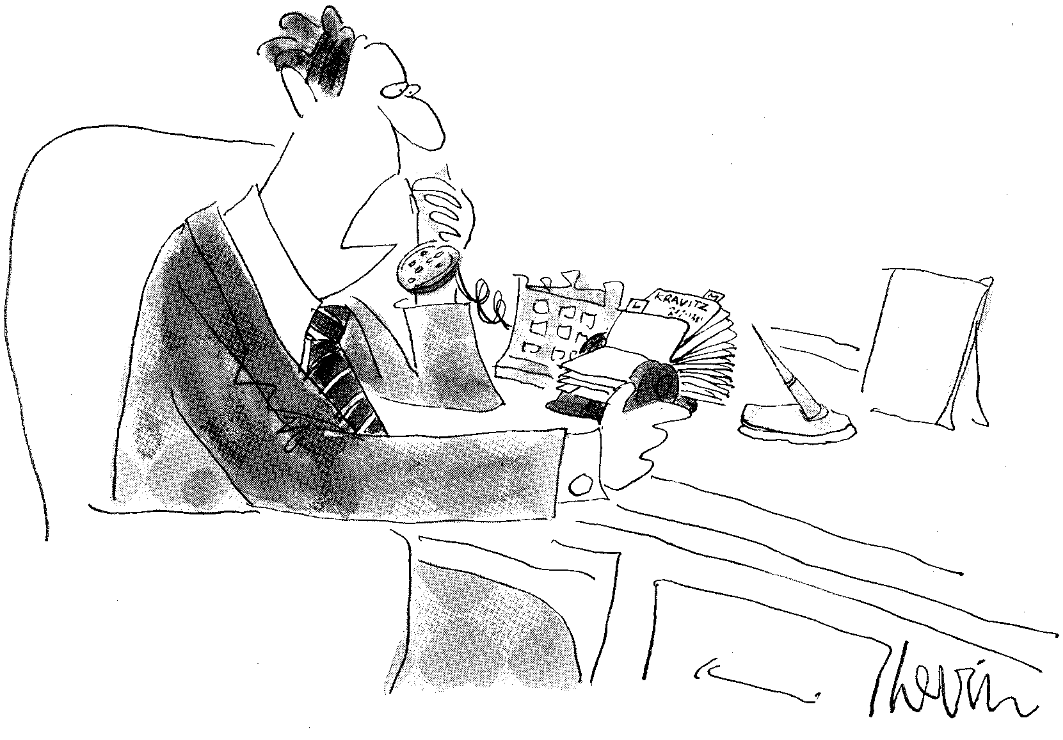
> Both Tovey and Capell dwell affectionately ... on the wonderful way in which the main key of C major is held back in the song "Dass sie hier gewesen," so that the preliminary remarks of the poet are given ambiguous harmonies, and the diatonic C major is not used until at length the words "I know that she has been here" are sung.

The familiar observation, which Tovey (in a famous essay on Schubert's harmony) and Richard Capell (in his eloquent "Schubert's Songs") dwelt on fifty years ago—and which is also made in the song chapter of Gerald Abraham's Schubert symposium (1946), in Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's book "Schubert's Songs," in Gerald Moore's newly published "Farewell Recital," and probably in fifty other places—received a protracted classroom exposition in Detroit.

The most startling biographical news came from Otto Biba, one of the two chief archivists of Vienna's Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde. An article in this month's *Musical Times*, a Schubert issue, summarizes what was formerly believed of the composer's less than close relations with the Gesellschaft; and it is all upset by Dr. Biba's revelations that in 1821 Schubert became a member, in 1825 an associate director, and in 1827 a full board member of the society. Leopold von Sonnleithner's statements that the Great C-Major Symphony (usually dated 1828) was presented to the Gesellschaft in October, 1826, and that "soon after it had been composed it was rehearsed by the Gesellschaft in the practices at the Conservatoire" now receive confirmation, Biba said, in the form of orchestral material dating from 1827; extra parts were made in 1830, and in 1836 the finale was publicly played in Vienna—three years before Schumann and Mendelssohn, in Leipzig, conspired to bring the "totally unknown" piece to light. (Sonnleithner is proving to be the most reliable of the early Schubert witnesses. Brown doubted his statement that the slow movement of the E-Flat Piano Trio is based on a song by Isaak Berg: "It is hard to take Sonnleithner's suggestion seriously;" the song "has never been traced." But now it has been traced; and Sonnleithner is perfectly right.)

Does it matter whether the Great C Major was composed in 1828 or 1825? As John Reed, in his "Schubert: The Final Years" (1972), said, "the answer can only be that nothing can matter more to our idea of Schubert's development, indeed that no consistent account of his development can be given until the question is resolved." Reed argued passionately for 1825, after adding to his weighing of the contradictory evidence of documents his perception of the music: "One needs only the evidence of one's ears to agree that its energy and exuberance, Terpsichorean drive and generosity of scale all suggest a date pre-'Winterreise,' even if no account is taken of the many specific cross-references which link the symphony in style and idiom with other works of 1824 and 1825." That 1825 date has now been supported by Dr. Biba's archives, by Robert Winter's examination of the paper on which the symphony is written (see the *Musical Times* for last June), and by Ernst Hilmar's persuasive demonstration that the apparent "1828" on the autograph can be read as "1825" (see the *Österreichische Musikzeitschrift* for last June). Thus, satisfyingly, the varied disciplines of modern musicology conspire to support "the evidence of one's ears," and the crucial question *is* resolved at last: the Great C Major was begun in 1825, on 1825 paper, and completed the following year.

Back in 1867, Grove and Sullivan had already noted in detail the plentiful revisions that Schubert made. (Grove's excited, delighted, and detailed account of examining the manuscripts of the nine symphonies must be one of the first things of its kind in musicological history. He brought them all to performance—all but two from manuscript—at the Crystal Palace; and in 1880-81 they were done as a cycle, in chronological order.) The latest of the C Major revisions, Winter tells us, are on paper that Schubert used in the autumn of 1826, and presumably they were made just before he presented the score to the Gesellschaft. (At last week's New York Philharmonic concert, a program note continued to assign the work to the last year of Schubert's life, assured us that the composer had had no chance of hearing it, and suggested that the "high-spirited, jubilant symphony was probably an escape from the unhappy circumstances of its creator's life, Schubert finding solace in a world of his own making" at a time when he was



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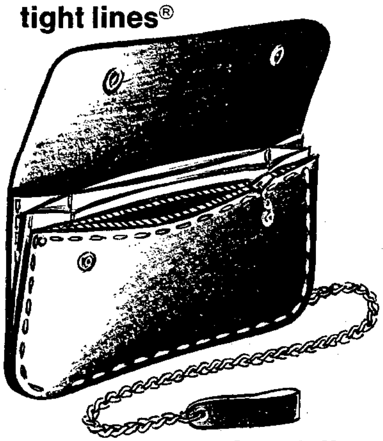

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SATISFYINGLY, too, the Detroit Schubert congress brought into focus much of the news about the composer that has been turning up in this sesquicentennial year—published in various periodicals or filtering back from the big Vienna congress held in June. We could hear with our own ears and assess the effect of expressive alterations and additions that Vogl, Schubert's favorite interpreter, would make to the plain written text of the songs: Walther Dürr, one of the editors-in-chief of the New Schubert Edition, sang them to us, with commentary. Arnold Feil, the other editor, joined Professor Dürr in a brilliant comic turn: a presentation of "Erlkönig" first as composed by Reichardt, Zelter, and other lesser lights and then as composed by Schubert, and recomposed after Schubert by Feil in a way to reveal the subtlety of Schubert's paragraphs and periods. They do their piece in different voices—Dürr in his singing, Feil (aided by eyebrows, popping eyes, and a hand that has language in it) in his commentary. Would that all musicologists had their realization that presenting a serious paper *viva voce* should be a performance, an entertainment; otherwise, just publish it. Other performers at the congress meetings were Elisabeth Schumann (enrolled via the phonograph), whose exquisite interpretation of "Nacht und Träume" stole through the room like a benediction, and Malcolm Bilson, who moved between a Viennese fortepiano and a Steinway to demonstrate how much Schubert's piano writing loses—in timbre, rhythmic incisiveness, clarity, vigor, and sodality with voice or strings—when it is played on a modern monster. Such demonstrations should hardly be necessary any longer. Yet a week earlier, in the music room of the Frick Collection—a domestic setting—Charles Rosen had played Schubert's last three sonatas on a thickly sonorous modern Steinway. He left no doubt that they were composed in the "grand style." He demonstrated the "streak of violence" that Hugh Macdonald discusses in "Schubert's Volcanic Temper," an article in this month's *Musical Times*. He made his points incisively—but as if to calloused ears. We can forgive a Serkin, Curzon, or Richter for sticking to the instrument he grew up with and learned to love and master: but how much longer must we go on listening to

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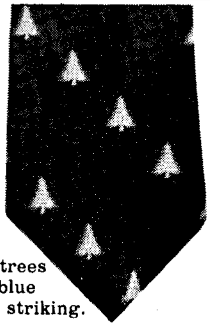

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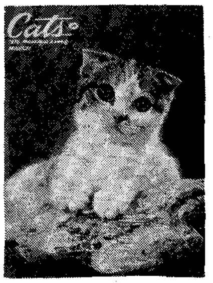

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Q. It looks like a super year for the movie business. True or false.

A. True. It's been a record summer and the studios will be releasing 30 pictures (costing well over $200 million in all) during November and December, to score even higher grosses at the box office. (Topping the list will be Warner Bros.' release, *Superman*, and Universal's *The Wiz*.)

Test your business I.Q.

Q. A or B. The growing white backlash against American Indians is (A) racially motivated, or (B) economically motivated.

A. (B). American Indians control more than 2% of the U.S. land mass. Their tribes own a third of the country's strippable low-sulfur coal, half of its uranium, and substantial oil and gas rights.

(A Social Issues story in Business Week noted that in some instances where they outnumber Anglos, Indians could vote to substantially increase property taxes from which they are exempt by law.)

Q. True or false. Business Week's nternational Editions subscribers ıre comparable in business stature ınd power to Business Week's J.S. subscribers.

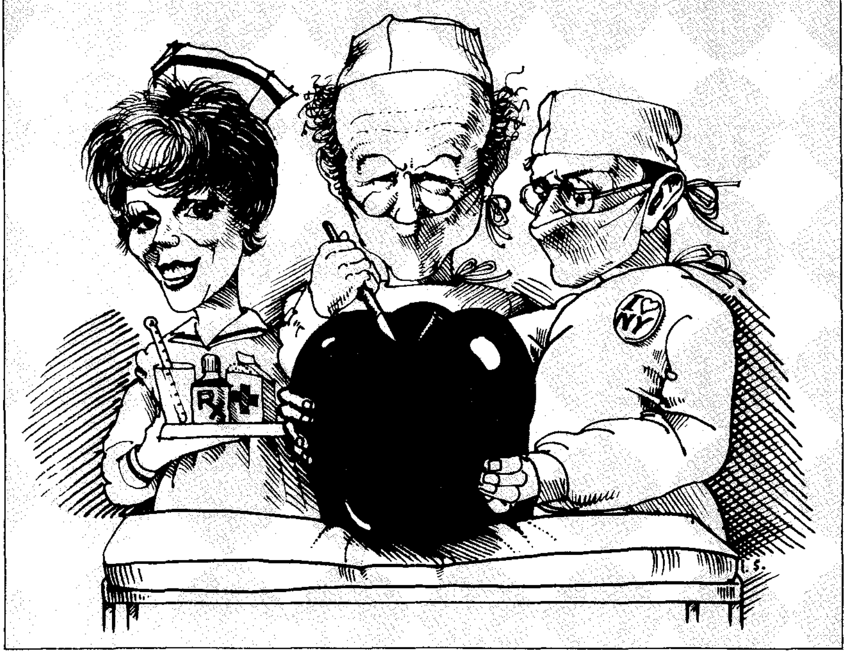
A. True indeed. 93% are in top and niddle management.

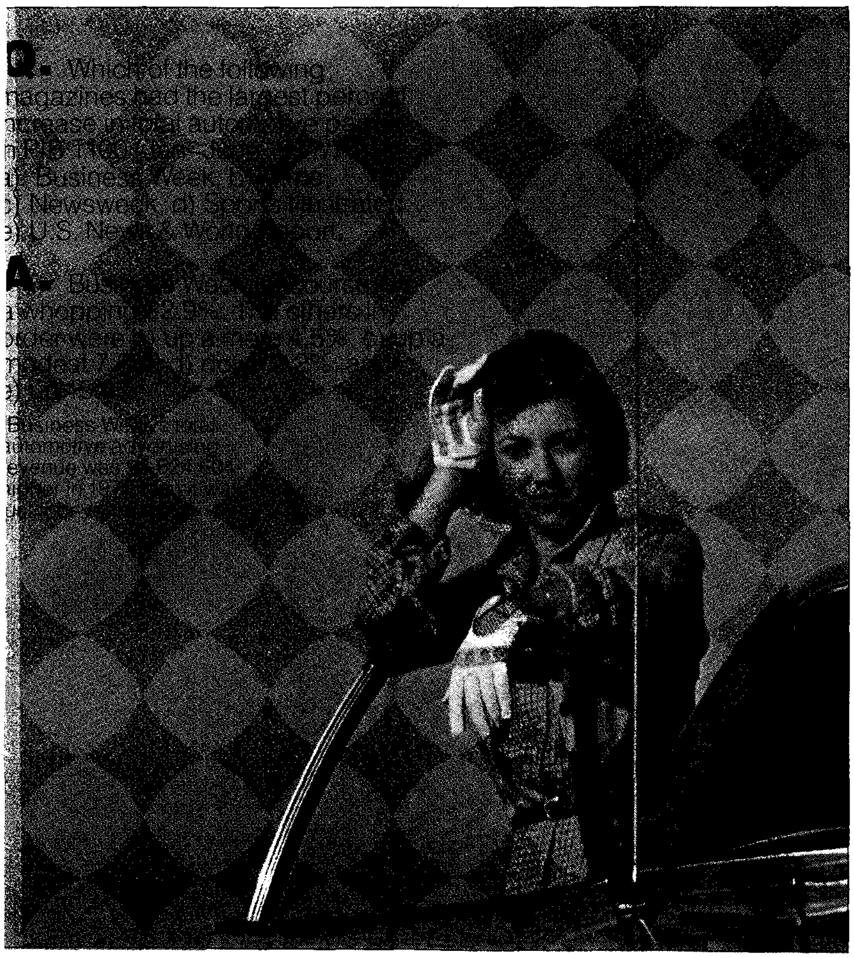
And it's a truly international audience, 82% ıre non-U.S. citizens, 75% are with ıon-U.S. companies.)

Q. True or false. Reducing the work force, a major test of New York City's willingness to balance its budget, is well under way.

A. False. Mayor Koch seems to be delaying city work force cuts in hopes that new federal help will spare him from taking painful actions.

(Business Week quotes a top-ranking state official as saying: "The struggle to reduce budget expenses is not over. There will be pain and outcries. But the city has no choice.")





Q. Which of the following nagazines had the largest [illegible] ncrease in total automotive [illegible] n PIB [illegible] a) Business Week b) [illegible] c) Newsweek d) Sports Illustrated e) U.S. News & World Report

A. Business [illegible]

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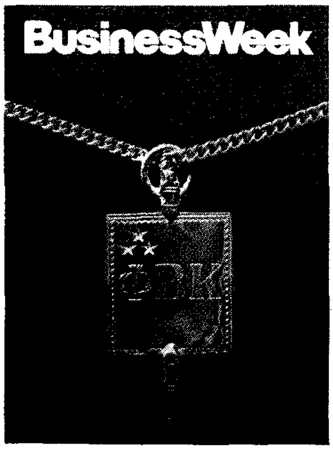

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Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert on the wrong instrument?

One star billed to appear at the Detroit festival failed to turn up. This was Robert Smith's replica of an early-nineteenth-century fortepiano by Conrad Graf. At the last moment, its maker decided that it was not yet ready for a début. So Mr. Bilson played Schubert on his Philip Belt replica of a late-eighteenth-century fortepiano by Gabriel Anton Walter. The program had to be changed: Schubert's A-Minor Sonata, D. 537, and the B-Flat Trio, originally announced, need the bigger instrument. But the Walter (whose clarity, sweetness, and immediacy can be enjoyed on two Advent cassettes that Mr. Bilson has recorded) was a perfect match for the sweet, pure soprano of Susan Robinson and for Sergiu Luca's violin in the D-Major Sonatina. When it accompanied Charles Roe in a big song such as "Antigone und Oedip," it could be struck hard and sound forceful without becoming thick and without drowning the singer. Mr. Roe, a baritone with a tenor extension, and a dramatic artist versed in lieder, as Vogl was, sang a group of nine Schubert songs using Vogl's embellishments. He was impressive. In Mr. Bilson's playing, intimacy, poetry, and strength were combined.

THE Great C Major has been shifted back to 1825, but we have gained a new piece to represent Schubert's last symphonic thoughts. A batch of symphony sketches, numbered D. 615 and dated 1818 in the old Deutsch catalogue, has now—on the basis of watermarks, handwriting, and style—been divided into three: symphony sketches of 1818, 1821, and 1828 (numbered D. 615, D. 708A, and D. 936A in the revised Deutsch catalogue, which has just appeared). They are set out in two-staff particella. For the Detroit congress, Peter Gülke, a conductor of the Dresden Staatskapelle, had orchestrated and recorded them. They contain some of the most adventurous music Schubert ever penned. D. 615 shows him experimenting with a new kind of material. D. 708A shows him pushing more conventional material down astonishingly bold and unconventional paths. From the sketches for D. 936A, Gülke built a full-scale Mahlerian Andante in B Minor which may well come to be loved as Schubert's *Abschied*. Its opening oboe theme (cited on page 218 of Brown's biography) had already suggested Mahler. Gülke claimed, and his versions seemed to confirm, that Schubert's great stride between the Sixth Symphony and the "Unfinished" is no greater than that between the Great C Major and this final unfinished symphony, cut short by death—that these fragments advance far beyond any of his previous essays in the form. The sketches are now published in facsimile by Bärenreiter, and no doubt they will soon attract other orchestrators. (Gülke's reading and realization did not go quite unquestioned.) There is precious music here that is worth hearing. To another rich store of precious Schubert music, contained in his operas, I hope to return. —ANDREW PORTER

CONCERT RECORDS

Trailblazer

FRANZ VON SUPPÉ was an early composer of Viennese operettas, most of which—aside from "Die Schöne Galatea," which is performed today in Germany and Austria—have been forgotten. His earliest work was done prior to that of Johann Strauss and Offenbach, and he therefore deserves a reputation as a pioneer. His ready melodic faculty was remarkable, and his taste in orchestration was infallible. Those of us who have lived long enough will remember his overtures to "Poet and Peasant" and "Light Cavalry" as part of our very musical bones; both items were used as accompaniments to silent movies and were an indispensable part of the brass-band repertoire. Philips has just issued a disc containing these two overtures along with the overtures to "Die Schöne Galatea," "Pique Dame," "Morning, Noon, and Night in Vienna," and "Boccaccio" (9500 399). The orchestra is the London Philharmonic, under the baton of Neville Marriner, and the performances are light and incisive. This music is a total delight.

MAHLER's Sixth Symphony is one of his grimmest and most powerful. To many, its lugubrious military marches have suggested a premonition of the First World War, and part of it does seem to suggest an elegy for the war dead, though it was written in 1904. It has had a number of recordings, but its latest one, with the Berlin Philharmonic under Herbert von Karajan, is special (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 106; four sides). Karajan gives the work a remarkable tragic flavor, more measured than that of Solti's London recording, and quite moving.

Bruckner's Fifth Symphony has also been done recently by the Berlin Phil-

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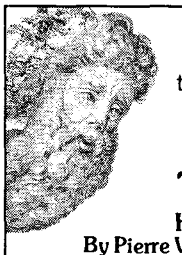

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harmonic, with Karajan conducting (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 101; four sides). This is perhaps the grandest of the Bruckner symphonies—a profoundly religious work often likened to a cathedral in sound. The performers do it full justice, the Berlin brass sounding as if it were part of a huge organ. I recommend this recording highly.

Verdi's early opera "Nabucco" has been given a fine recording by the Philharmonia Orchestra and the Ambrosian Chorus, Riccardo Muti conducting, with Matteo Manuguerra, Renata Scotto, Nicolai Ghiaurov, Veriano Luchetti, and Elena Obraztsova in the main vocal parts (Angel SCLX 3850; six sides). There have been few other recordings of this work, though it contains some of Verdi's more robust writing. Miss Scotto, singing the difficult role of Abigaille, is a little out of her depth here and there—the role requires a super-soprano—but the general level of vocalism is high.

Beethoven's Symphony No. 9 is another recent release by the Berlin Philharmonic, under Karajan (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 109; four sides). It is combined here with Beethoven's Eighth, which requires only one side. The soloists in the last movement of the Ninth are Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Agnes Baltsa, Peter Schreier, and José van Dam, all of them superb artists, and the over-all performance is magnificent. The Eighth is also done well, but it seems a miniature compared with the Ninth.

Beethoven's complete piano concertos—plus the Rondo a Capriccio (or "Rage Over a Lost Penny"), Opus 129; the Bagatelle in A Minor, Opus 173 ("Für Elise"); the Rondo for Piano in C Major, Opus 51, No. 1; and "Thirty-two Variations on an Original Theme," WoO 80 (G. 191)—are performed by the Berlin Philharmonic, under Karajan, with Alexis Weissenberg as soloist (Angel SD-3854; eight sides). There are fifteen rivals to this complete-piano-concerto recording in the Schwann catalogue, two of them with Arthur Rubinstein. Weissenberg's playing is everywhere brilliant, but a shade icy at times.

Beethoven's complete piano sonatas have been recorded by Alfred Brendel (Philips 6768 004; twenty-six sides). Brendel is, of course, one of the most sensitive and authoritative Beethoven interpreters alive today, and he plays with great insight. This enormous and very expensive collection will undoubtedly please anyone who can afford it.

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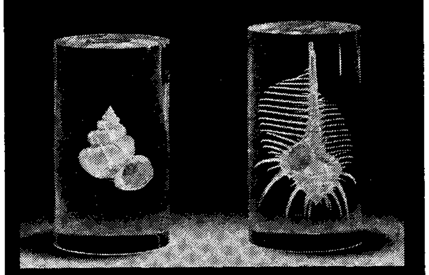

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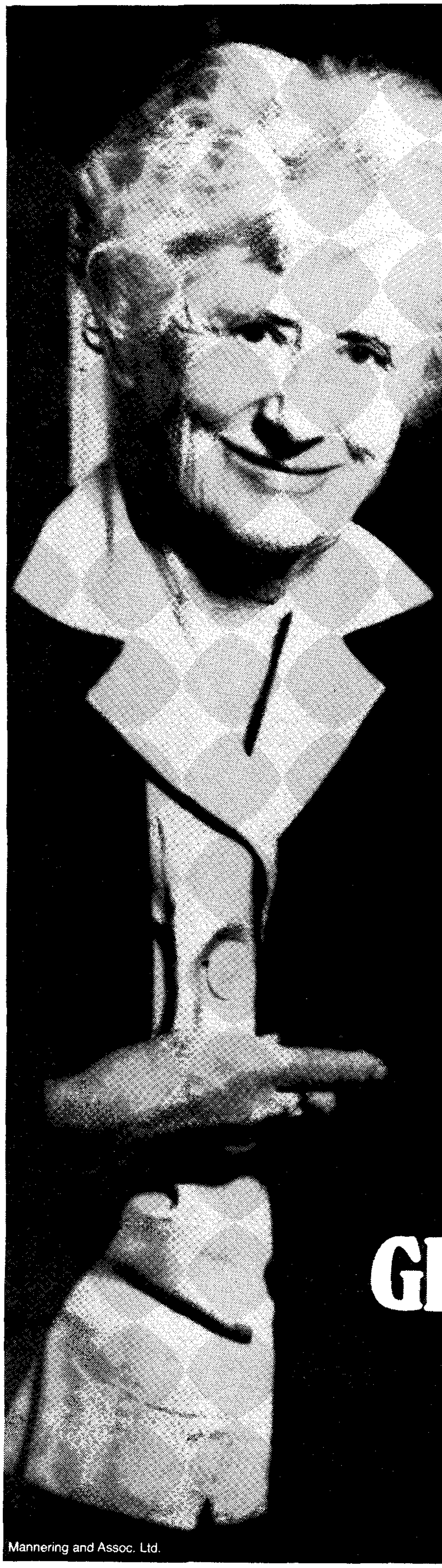

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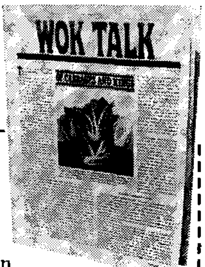

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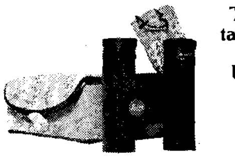

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subject of a new recording by the London Symphony Orchestra and the London Symphony Chorus, Colin Davis conducting, with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Patricia Payne, Robert Tear, and Robert Lloyd (Philips 6747 484; four sides). The performance is a fine one. I have always found the ending of this work a bit inconclusive, but there is no doubt about the beauty of Beethoven's inspiration.

Henri Rabaud's comic opera "Mârouf," about a poor cobbler of Cairo who attains great riches with the help of a merchant who is an old schoolmate, has been recorded, I believe for the first time, by the Loire Philharmonic Orchestra and the Nantes Opera Chorus, Jésus Etcheverry conducting, with an excellent cast including Michel Lecocq, Anne-Marie Blanzat, Dany Barraud, and Franz Petri (Peters International PLE 061/63; six sides). "Mârouf" contains some pleasing exotic music here and there, but Rabaud was a rather weak composer with no definable personal style, and the opera as a whole is without much distinction.

Vivaldi's six Concertos for Violin, Strings, and Continuo, Opus 6, are contained on a disc recorded by I Musici, with Pina Carmirelli as soloist (Philips 9500 438). The sterling performances of I Musici are well known. Miss Carmirelli has a cultivated classical style, and plays sensitively.

FRANZ KROMMER (1759-1831) is an almost forgotten composer. He was a Moravian, a contemporary of Beethoven, and the creator of a wide repertoire of music that deserves greater recognition. His Partitas for Winds have been recorded by the Netherlands Wind Ensemble (Philips 9500 437; single disc). This is probably a first recording of these works. They are played with stunning virtuosity—especially by the bassoonist Joep Terwey. The works themselves are complex but light and pleasant to the ear.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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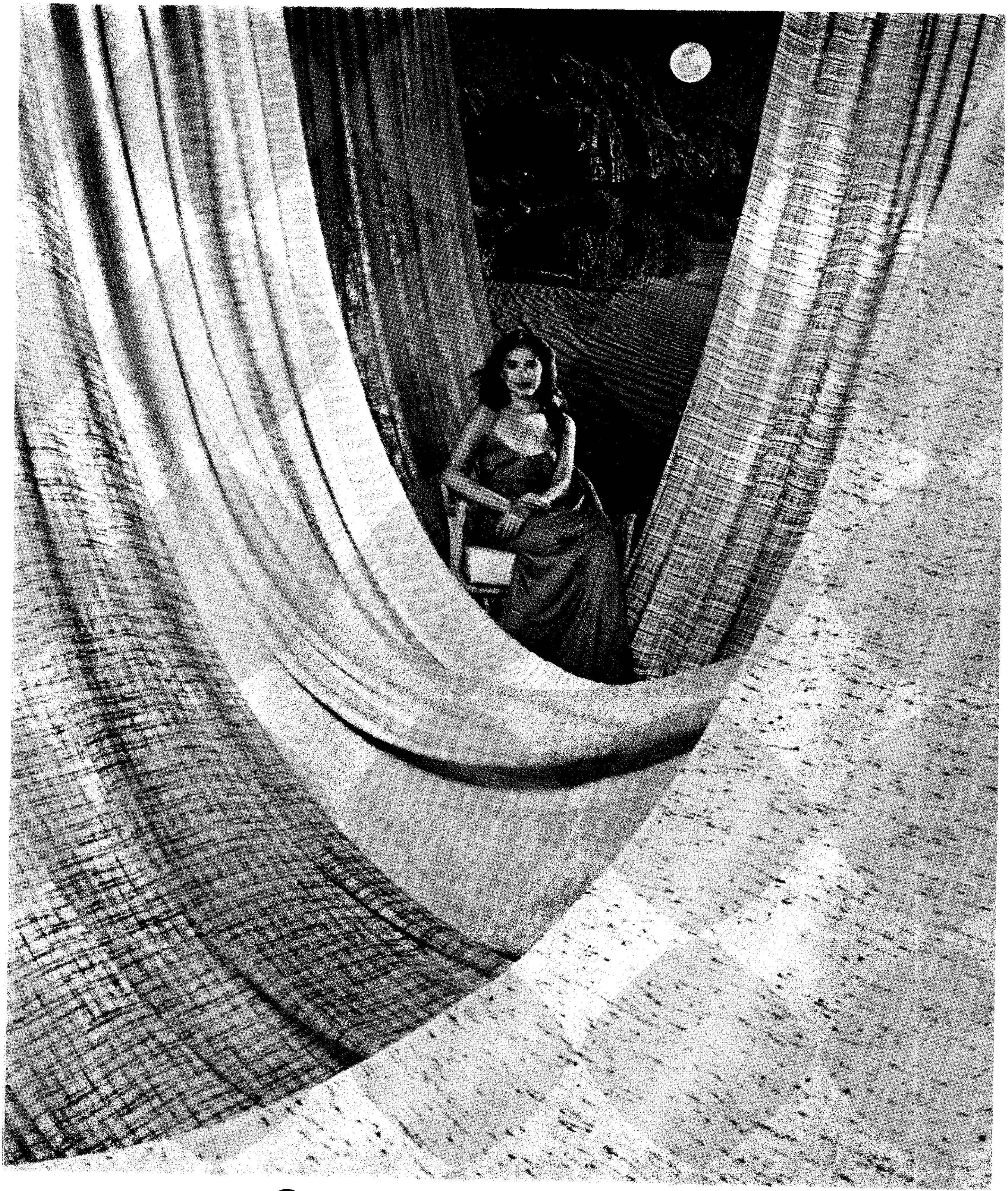

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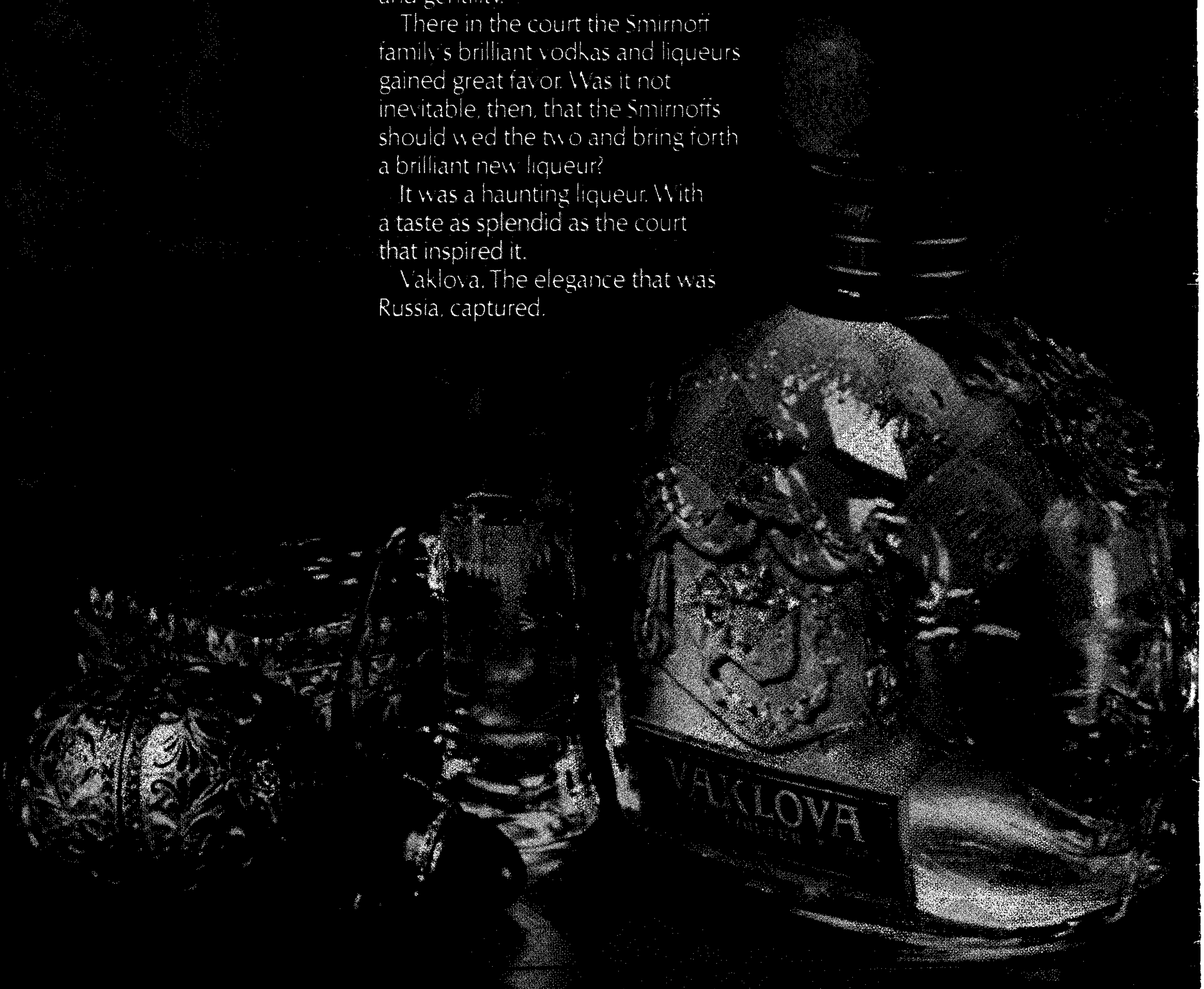

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BOOKS

Fish Story

THERE is much to admire about Günter Grass's new novel, "The Flounder" (translated from the German by Ralph Manheim; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12). It is ambitious and ingenious. It proposes mighty themes—the history of nutrition, the role of women in man-made history. It begins amusingly, and ends movingly. With great aplomb, erudition, and energy, the author ranges from scholarly research to uninhibited confession, from farce to protest, keeping generally but not exclusively to the vicinity of his native Danzig. His two frame devices—the nine months of his wife's pregnancy, and the German folktale of the Fisherman and his Wife—are charming, and his arcana of cookery ancient and modern always fascinate. Any kitchen slave who wants to prepare beef heart stuffed with prunes in beer sauce, or jellied calf's head with diced tongue and sweetbread, or toads' eggs fried in the fat of stillborn baby boys, or soup made from beef bones, a blacksmith's nail, and a calf's tether, with an egg stirred into it for strength, should own this book. But literature cannot be only recipes, and even the most iron-stomached reader must sometimes feel, as he proceeds through this nine-course, five-hundred-and-fifty-page feast, stuffed. Grass has not bitten off more than he can chew, for he chews it enthusiastically before our eyes. But, as he chews, our own empathetic relish dulls; my consumption, at least, of large portions of "The Flounder" was spurred on by no other hunger than the Puritan craving to leave a clean plate.

The novel has, instead of a plot, a program, or, rather, a welter of programs. The narrator, the "I," is not only Grass in his own opinions and personal incidents but the Fisherman of the tale and, as Ilsebill's husband, her male opposite—husband or lover or tormentor—in her successive incarnations as an eternal cook or woman down through the ages. Grass tells us there are "nine or eleven" cooks inside him that want to come out: Awa, the three-breasted goddess of the Stone Age; Wigga, an Iron Age matriarch; Mestwina, who resisted Christian conversion by killing Bishop Adalbert with a soupspoon in the year 997; Dorothea of Montau, a fourteenth-century ascetic who extended Lenten fasting to the entire year; Margarete Rusch, or Fat Gret, a sixteenth-century nun of unbridled appetite; Agnes Kurbiella, mistress to the pallid seventeenth-century poet Opitz; Amanda Woyke, who promoted the potato and the soup kitchen; Sophie Rotzoll, who poisoned with mushrooms some of Napoleon's garrison in Danzig; Lena Stubbe, a long-lived early Socialist; Sibylle Miehlau, a onetime sweetheart of the book's seemingly Grass-like "I" who turned lesbian, took the name of Billy, and was raped and murdered by a motorcycle gang on Father's Day in Berlin; and Maria Kuczorra, the narrator's second cousin, whose husband was slain in the Polish workers' strike of 1970. And the Flounder, who is he? He is the slippery, crooked-mouthed *Weltgeist* of a male-dominated world, advising men since neolithic times how to throw off the matriarchal yoke. One day in the nineteen-seventies, bored by millennia of counselling the lost male cause ("The guys are bankrupt. Abuse of power has exhausted them. They've run out of inspiration, and now they're trying to rescue capitalism by means of socialism, which is absurd"), he permits himself to be caught by three fishing members of a women's-liberation group, who, instead of accepting his generous offer of supernatural advice, put him on a trial before a Woman's Tribunal in an abandoned movie house in Steglitz. The trial proceeds by discussing the eleven quasi-historical women listed above; much inconclusive evidence is tendered on the subject of food and females, while the omniscient but easily distracted author interposes details of his travels to India, his wife's surly temper, and the mood of Socialist congresses he attends, plus a large number of poems he has cooked up in a Brechtian sauce. The jacket flap calls the farraginous result "a powerful brew," and the author gives his recipe as follows: "I write compressed time, I write what is, while something else, overlapped by something else, is or seems to be next to something else, while, unnoticed, something that didn't seem to be there any more, but was hidden and for that reason ridiculously long-lasting, is now exclusively present: fear, for instance." An earlier, and less heavily seasoned, version of Flounder à la Grass is divulged as "At first I was only going to write about my nine or eleven cooks,

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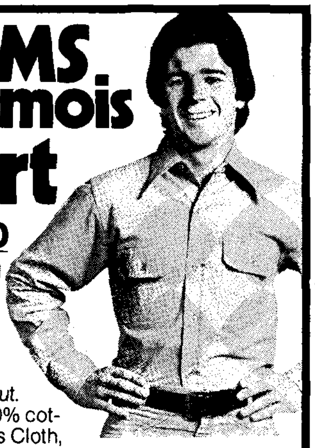

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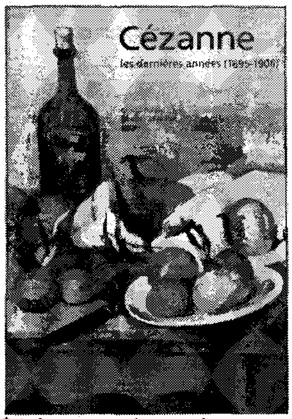

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some kind of a history of human foodstuffs—from manna grass to millet to the potato. But then the Flounder provided a counterweight. He and his trial . . . So what can I do but write write write as usual?" This grafting of the Fisherman-and-his-Wife fable upon the history of human foodstuffs, by way of contemporary feminism and selective autobiography from the public-spirited but privately lusty author, makes a jumble that not all of Grass's wit can leaven. The aesthetic carelessness of "From the Diary of a Snail" is here grossly extended. The writing is animated and the social concern unimpeachable, but while so many lumpy ingredients are being stirred what Aristotle called the "action" is put to sleep in a corner of the kitchen. Rafts of nutritional lore and Pomeranian history are served up, but only two overriding questions of suspense offer to tug the reader along. Will the Flounder be pronounced guilty? Will Ilsebill's baby be born? Both conclusions are foregone.

"The Flounder" is an imposing example of what happens when a novelist performs every service for us but his intrinsic one of rendering the surface of events. Dates, facts, anecdotes are unreeled here in dizzying profusion, but the moments when we touch the skin of a living present, with its unanalyzable complexity and unarguable *Dasein*, are as few as the beads of amber retrieved from the Kashubian potato fields. What, in all this "write write write," tastes of the actual? Far beneath the surface of the compounded allegories, certain marital tensions between the Fisherman and his Wife have a life deeper than that which the author chooses to give them. When Ilsebill, in her fifth month of pregnancy, perversely jumps a ditch, risking injury to herself and the fetus, we believe it, rather than agree or disagree with it; the fictional imagination has for a moment taken over from the political. When, at the end, her husband runs to catch up with her, worlds of rumination about male dependence are compressed into a wordless sensation. And when, near the end, the husband/narrator, watching her undergo a Caesarean operation, notes that "I also saw how yellow, like chicken fat, Ilsebill's belly fat is. A piece of it crumbled off and I could have fried two eggs in it," his tortuously ramifying theme of food is brought to a point that hurts. Show, don't tell, our writing teachers used to urge us; Grass at his extreme of virtuosity, in his confident hold over a national audience, with his hyperactive *engagé* conscience, tells far

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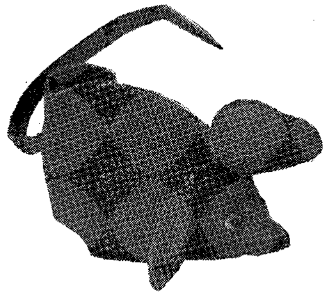

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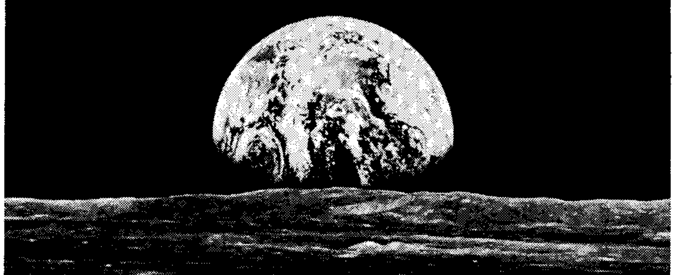

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more than he shows. In the long annals of his historical "cooks," the vivacity belongs nine-tenths to him and only one-tenth to his characters. Certain very brief passages carry into the mind with the force of involuntary significance: the saintly Dorothea's uncomplaining immurement in Marienwerder Cathedral; the poet Opitz primly remaining artistically sterile under the inspiration of the ideal mistress; Grassian rhapsodies on excrement and mushrooms. The book begins with a fine splash of cartoon anthropology ("It was toward the end of the Stone Age. A day unnumbered. We hadn't begun yet to make lines and notches. When we saw the moon lose weight or put on fat, our only thought was fear"), and, after centuries of warmed-over research, the novel warms of its own as the present is approached, and book knowledge is replaced by rumor, memory, and personal acquaintance.

> With onions and remembered marjoram I
> would like to make a silent movie in which Grandfather,
> I mean the Sozi who fell at Tannenberg,
> curses before bending over his plate
> and cracks each one of his finger joints.

Yet contemporary events and persons cannot shake the heavy-breathing, professorial style, which overmanipulates and overstipulates. A random sentence:

> But befuddled as they were from their bottoms-upping, the Teutonia or was it Rhenania brothers were still coming closer, whereas the black angels, on their motorcycles that lacked no accessory, kept as still in their seats as if they'd been turned to stone.

Thickened to a kind of sludge by its silt of accumulated meanings, the action even when it turns violent moves sluggishly, and strikes us as primarily illustrative. There are exceptions. Visiting Calcutta laden with nutrition statistics, the narrator (who fancies himself for this episode Vasco da Gama) spurns a museum visit and asks to be taken to a slum. "The slum dwellers look at him in amazement. He is intimidated by the cheerfulness of these poverty-stricken people and their unconquerable charm." More such intimidation, by unpredictable experience itself, of the omnivorous, overpowering author would have produced a more vigorous novel. The world is ripe for a retelling of this crusty, haunting old fable. But here Ilsebill and the Fisherman vanish in the cloud of personages they theoretically contain. And the Flounder, who should have been the book's presiding explicator, a piscine Mephistopheles testifying in his Eichmannesque bulletproof glass tank, is, like an insufficiently aggressive talk-show guest, shouldered out of the way by the garrulous, information-packed host. Grass ignores the fish's excellent literary advice "But don't forget, my son: no complications. Don't lose yourself in socialist theory. Even when writing about revisionism, always keep it simple."

The jacket flap reveals that "five years before his fiftieth birthday, Günter Grass decided that he would write a major novel as a present for himself." "The Flounder" was finished on schedule and is everywhere proclaimed as major. Thomas Mann once wrote about another German author, who for *his* fiftieth birthday was awarded a "von" before his name. Gustave von Aschenbach's major works were, we are told, with the most delicate quiver of irony, "heaped up to greatness in layer after layer, in long days of work, *out of hundreds and hundreds of single inspirations*; they owed their excellence, both of mass and detail, to one thing and one alone; that their creator could hold out for years under the strain of the same piece of work." The strain tells, of course: the great Aschenbach, *for all his accomplishments* and honors, is suddenly smitten by the beauty of a Polish boy and, paralyzed by love, dies of the plague in Venice. While one would not wish Grass such a fate, one might hope that, as he pursues his strenuous career as celebrity-author-artist-Socialist, he now and then be given pause. His last page is moving in its quizzical simplicity. The narrator and Maria, the eleventh of his eleven cooks, have gone to a Baltic beach. They make love, unceremoniously. She wades into the sea and calls the Flounder. He leaps into her arms and talks. "Maria laughed. I understood nothing. . . . How deserted the beach was. How far away I was sitting. Good that she was able to laugh again. About what? About whom? I sat beside the empty dinner pail. Fallen out of history. With an aftertaste of pork and cabbage." In these bleak phrases of dismissal, his themes begin, at last, to live. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE RED RAVEN, by Lilli Palmer (Macmillan; $8.95). While sitting for her portrait in London in 1947, the narrator, an actress, recognizes in a small sculpture a good friend, named Anabel, from the mid-nineteen-thirties. When she goes home

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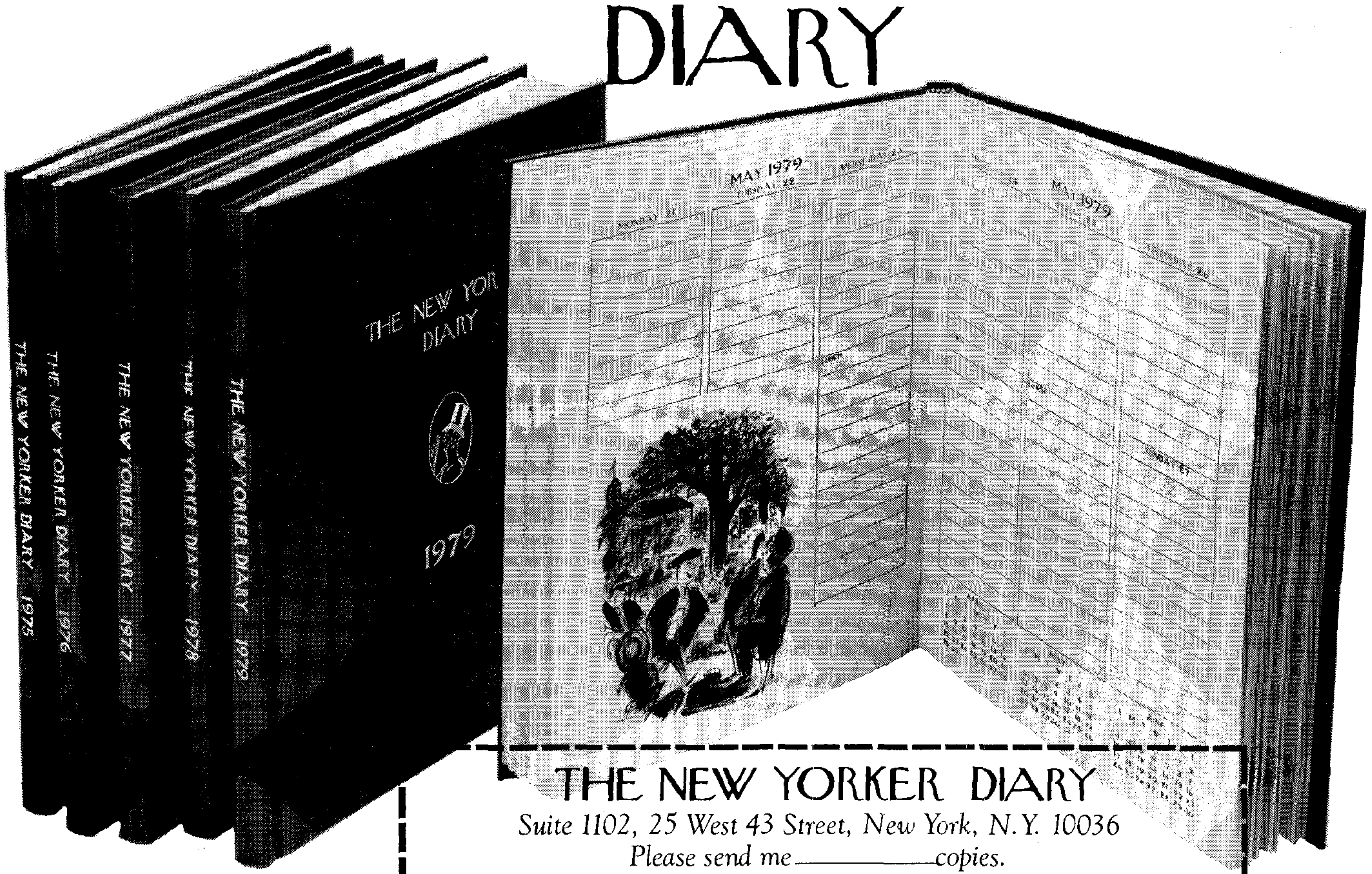
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that evening, she begins to read a diary that Anabel bequeathed to her minutes before she committed suicide; she learns from it that Anabel had conducted a long-running affair with the narrator's own lover, and that the narrator herself had unwittingly assisted them. During the sittings that follow, she thinks back to those years, remembering how she had confided her fears and worries to the woman who was their cause. The multiple infidelities that she unravels with the diary's help involve several eccentric old people, as well as a pack of unhappy ones, living in London and the South of France. Lilli Palmer wrote this elaborate novel (her first) in German and then translated it into English; a sometimes stiff style results, but this befits the cursory and heartless diary entries and the narrator's embarrassed dissection of her own humiliating past.

LADIES' MAN, by Richard Price (Houghton Mifflin; $8.95). A crucial week in the life of the narrator, Kenny Becker, a thirty-year-old upper-West Side door-to-door salesman, in which he descends into loneliness and then makes his way, in spite of himself, toward homosexuality. On the first day, his girlfriend, La Donna, tries out at a night-club talent show, with his moral support; the next day, she walks out on him. Panic-stricken, he begins to try anything—calisthenics, television, movies, singles bars, massage parlors—to keep his sanity, or, at least, to vent his frustration. By the seventh day, he has rid himself of his nostalgia for his teen years (expunged by a night of reminiscing and cruising old hangouts with old friends), of his hope of finishing college, of his desire for La Donna, and of his job, and he is pinning his shaky hopes on a rediscovered friend named Donny. Richard Price makes Kenny Becker write the way he would speak—like a street-wise fast talker who has grown knowing and wary with time—and his portrait of the down-and-out on Forty-second Street, along West End Avenue, and in the Village is witty and shrewd.

GENERAL

A DANGEROUS PLACE, by Daniel Patrick Moynihan, with Suzanne Weaver (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $12.50). An account—politically self-serving, academically padded with texts of related documents, all rendered engrossingly readable by wit and high gossip—of the author's service as our Ambassador to the United Nations during the last half of 1975 and the first weeks of 1976. Moynihan got the job because the foreign policy of President Ford and Secretary of State Kissinger was in trouble; Moynihan, who had written an article for *Commentary* arguing that we ought to stop wringing our hands and start fighting back when we found the Communists and the Third World nations forming a voting majority at the U.N., seemed to promise help, at least in domestic public-opinion polls. Once in office, he proceeded to do just what he had said he was going to do, to the great satisfaction of a number of Americans who had not previously found much to cheer about at the U.N. Others, including the Secretary of State, were not altogether pleased, and when the British Ambassador, who could not have been acting without the knowledge, and very probably the encouragement, of our State Department, likened Moynihan's attitude to that of Wyatt Earp at the OK Corral—a brawler spoiling for a fight—Moynihan knew it was time to go. It was a famous battle, and he is no more gentle with his American critics than with the representatives of international Communism. Indeed, when a full reckoning is made of the number of prominent citizens whom the junior Senator from New York dismisses as fools, liars, or unreconstructed Stalinists, one is almost compelled to take at face value his assertion that he is not a candidate for any higher office.

ON DIFFICULTY, AND OTHER ESSAYS, by George Steiner (Oxford; $10.95). Eight pieces about reading, writing, and the problems of literary criticism today. Dr. Steiner's brief preface labels these "working papers" or "position papers," meant to "elicit . . . rejoinder," and most readers will indeed feel they are taking part in a conversation. The author is apt to have more bright ideas than a single essay can quite encompass—for example, "A Remark on Language and Psychoanalysis" could be considerably extended—but he is no discouraging showoff, and really is interested in sharing his trains of thought. He may be a mite too concerned with theories of linguistics, but he is enormously good at delineating tradition and breaches with tradition, a task for which his learning fits him.

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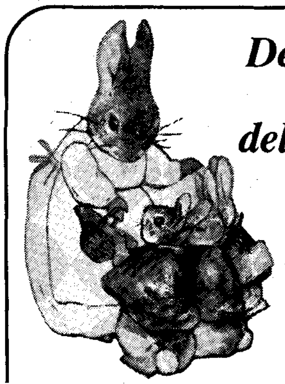

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tary by Robert Phelps (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $15). After seeing a documentary film about herself, Colette remarked, "What a beautiful life. It's a pity I didn't notice it sooner." What attention could she have given to it, in the way of autobiographical writing, that she didn't? She has been the subject of two picture books, both published in Paris, and neither of them as thorough or as interesting as this present volume, which owes a good deal to the fact that Mr. Phelps was provided by Colette's daughter with photographs, documents, and information known only to her, and is himself so knowledgeable. Important though the photographs and caricatures are, the text is more so. One sees Colette for the first time in daylight. Among other things, one sees not only that she was taught to write by Willy and was then victimized by him but also that she learned from him how to manipulate publicity, and that it played a large and continuous part in her life. It may have led her at moments into triviality. She was not seriously contaminated by it. She once said, in an interview, "I am never completely unhappy, because I ask so little of life. . . . You can't imagine how little it takes to satisfy me." It is Mr. Phelps' expressed intention to offer the reader the sort of scrapbook that Colette herself might have kept. To judge by the results, he had another intention up his sleeve. Drawing from her published works and her letters, from the letters, journals, notebooks, and literary criticism of her contemporaries, and from old newspapers and magazines, and throwing in now and then an observation of his own, he has come up with what amounts to a Life—concise, complete, full of wit, and more substantial than any biography of Colette that has appeared so far.

COMPARATIVE URBAN DESIGN: RARE ENGRAVINGS, 1830-43, by Melville C. Branch (Arno; $49.50). This book reproduces forty city plans (from Europe, Russia, and the United States) that were first published in the nineteenth century by England's Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Mr. Branch, a professor of urban and regional planning at U.C.L.A., provides a general introduction, setting forth a number of striking ideas about cities, and also gives us a specific commentary on each city plan. The varieties of city styles, shapes, pasts, and purposes is amazing: watery Amsterdam and Venice, say, compared to

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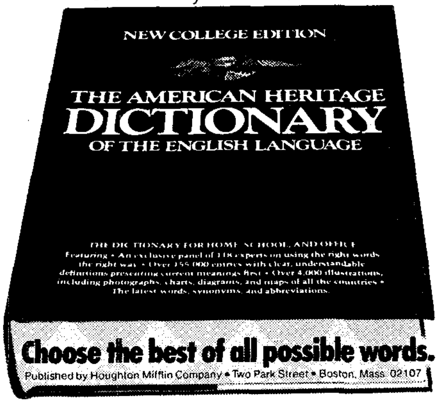

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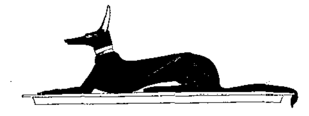

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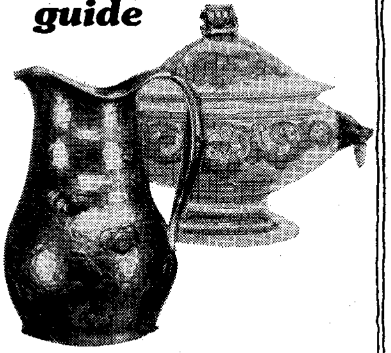

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dry Madrid and Milan, or shrunken Rome beside sprawling Birmingham. The period of these maps is about the last in which city walls played an important part in urban design, reminding us that there is at least one cost of city government we are spared today. The author observes that ancient Rome grew too fast to be planned; Turin's grid, on the other hand, which was laid out in 28 B.C., was in 1833 still more regular than Manhattan's, laid out in 1811.

MARCEL DUCHAMP: APPEARANCE STRIPPED BARE, by Octavio Paz, translated from the Spanish by Rachel Phillips and Donald Gardner (Viking; $10.95). This book brings together two long essays previously published in separate collections: "The Castle of Purity," which is primarily about "Large Glass," the work in the Philadelphia Museum that summarizes the activities of the first half of Duchamp's career, and "*Water Writes Always in* Plural," which revolves around "Given . . ."—a diorama-like assemblage, also in Philadelphia, that Duchamp worked on in secret for the last twenty years of his life. Paz writes about all modern art with the confidence and sweep of someone who knows his subject well but is, in professional terms, an outsider to it. His attempts to define Duchamp's stature and place are astute and broadminded, and he gives us, too, what is probably the most appealingly partisan and idealistic account yet of Duchamp's desire to have the individual work of art, instead of being considered a precious, uniquely beautiful object, represent a stand-in for an already existing idea. The trouble begins whenever (and these occasions form the bulk of the book) he analyzes Duchamp's various paintings, remarks, or the famous assemblages. Piling reference on top of reference, he makes Duchamp's lifework into a poetically logical but, for the reader, not very concrete universe. Sentence by sentence, Paz's perceptions are often striking, but by the time he is through, the real Duchamp, taken as a distinct personality or as a modern symbol, has been lost in a fog of erudite formulations.

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In an interview yesterday, God called the allegation "absolutely untrue" and said he "welcomes an investigation by the Human Relations Commission." —*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

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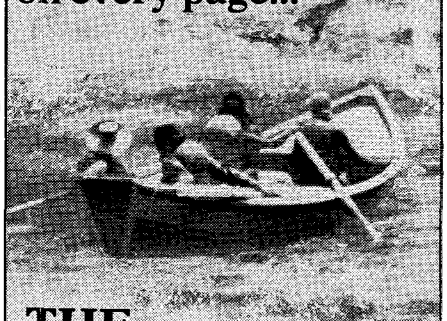

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